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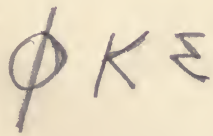

Miscellaneous Works
by
W. J. Linton

Pot-Pourri (1875)
Famine, a masque (1875)
Heliconundrums
Catorinetails, a domestic epic
Broadway Ballads, 1876
James Watson, a memoir (1879)
The Religion of Organization (1869)
Darwin's Probabilities, a review of his
"Descent of Man" (1896)

685 - 38

POT-POURRI

46992
99

PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition.

D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature.*

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1875

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POT-POURRI

THE RUINED PALACE
DREAM-MERE
ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS
THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY
HULLALOO
TO ANY
HANNIBAL LEIGH
RAVING
THE MONSTER MAGGOT
POETIC FRAGMENTS
UNDER-LINES

THE RUINED PALACE

In a green depth, like a chalice,
By most sweet flowers tenanted,
Stood a fair and stately palace.
There a poet soul—now dead—
Lived in days in vain lamented,—
Had lived to-day,
But was wayward—or demented,
Weak or worse,—who dares to say?

For his thought was streak'd with fancies,
To all simple truth untrue:
Bizarre as the hues of pansies,—
The dark shades he knew.

And he wander'd from this Aidenn:
  Wander'd, and was lost, alas!
Though his own belovèd maiden
  Track'd his footsteps through the grass.

He return'd not. Devastation
  Housed in his disorder'd rooms;
On his couch lay Desolation;
  Vampyres flitted through the glooms.
By the pure white Parian fountains
  Lounged the Ghouls obscenely bare:
Never wind came from the mountains
  To refresh the stagnant air.

O'er the garden walks neglected
  Crawl'd the toad, the worm, the snail;
Droop'd the young buds unrespected:
  Loving care could not avail.
For the poet soul, the master,
  Could alone that place
Make beautiful and from disaster
  Free—as Aidenn—by God's grace.

When he the palace left, and garden,—
  The moment that he would depart——

* * * * *

Speech is vain. And tears but harden
  On the world's ice heart.

DREAM-MÈRE

On a root, knobb'd, gnarl'd, and lonely.
Overstuck with toadstools only,
Sits an Eidolon named Night,—
On a toadstool half upright.
I have seen this sprite but newly,
And I look'd at him quite throughly,
In his ultimate dim Thulè,
As he sate there half upright,
In a wild weird clime, and singing sublime,
Out of tune—out of time.

Bottomless hollows and roaring floods,
And caves and chasms and haunted woods,
Forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Shoreless seas that still aspire,
Surging to hellish heavens of fire;
Boundless lakes all lone and dead,
Where sometimes Night lies outspread
In the waters still and chilly,
With his nose in a lolling lily.

By these shoreless lakes outspread,
These lone waters, lone and dead,
These lone waters, still and chilly
(Night's nose in the lolling lily);
By these toppling crags,—no river
Murmurs near, no leaflets quiver,

All so dark and dead and chilly;
By these dank woods, by the swamp
Where the toad and bull-frog romp;—
By these dismal tarns, by the holes
Where dwell the Ghouls—
Poor damp souls!
By each corner most unjolly,
By each crevice melancholy,
By my own poetic folly—
Frenzy of poetic drift,
In an unexpected rift,
There, I swear, I met aghast
In a sheet the unmemoried Past,
In a shroud a Ghost whose eye
Looking into vacancy
Made me shudder, start, and sigh,—
One forgotten, from thought outdriven,
I know not whether on Earth or in Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—
This same desert drear of Night,
Where the Eidolon sits upright
On his toadstool, or outspread
Lies lolling on his lily-bed,—
For the spirit that likes a shadow
'Tis, O 'tis an Eldorado,—
Though the traveler, traveling through it,
Ever fails to interview it
(No one ever openly knew it),
For its mysteries all are closed
By the darkness superposed

Of the Eidolon, who, I ween,
Wills not the formless should be seen:
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Is like a blind ass without glasses.

On his root, knobb'd, gnarl'd, and lonely,
Overstuck with toadstools only,
Squats the Eidolon named Night,
Squats in sad poetic plight.
Is there more, and would you know it,
Fix the headgear of the Poet,
Wandering God knows where, but newly
From this ultimate dim Thulê.

ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS

The Angel Israfel whose heartstrings are a fiddle.

In heaven a Spirit doth dwell
Whose heartstrings are a fiddle
(The reason he sings so well—
This fiddler Israfel),
And the giddy stars (will any one tell
Why giddy?) to attend his spell
Cease their hymns in the middle.

On the height of her go
Totters the Moon and blushes
As the song of that fiddle rushes
Across her bow.
The red Lightning stands to listen;
And the eyes of the Pleiads glisten
As each of the seven puts its fist in
Its eyes, for the mist in.

And they say—it's a riddle—
  That all these listening things,
That stop in the middle
For the heart-strung fiddle
  With which the Spirit sings,
Are held as on a griddle
  By these unusual strings.

Wherefore thou art not wrong,
  Israfel! in that thou boastest
Fiddlestrings uncommon strong:
To thee the fiddle-strings belong
  With which thou toastest
Other hearts, as on a prong.

Yes! heaven is thine: but this
  Is a world of sours and sweets,—
  Where cold meats are cold meats,
And the eater's most perfect bliss
  Is the shadow of him who treats.

If I could griddle
As Israfiddle
  Has griddled,—he fiddle as I,—
He might not fiddle so wild a riddle
  As this mad melody,
While the Pleiads all would leave off in the middle
  Hearing my griddle-cry.

THE GHOULS IN THE BELFRY

HEAR the story of the Ghouls!
Who will tell us of the Ghouls?
Who has been told?
Of the Ghouls, Ghouls, Ghouls,—
Who are neither man nor woman,
Who are neither beast nor human,
Who are neither fish nor cayman,—
Who will tell us, clerk or layman?
They are Ghouls:
Live in holes
Like moles
Under the boles, boles, boles
Of old trees where the forest rolls
Of the mouldy days of old;
Or in tarns, tarns, tarns
Dull and dismal as the yarns
Of morbific spools,—
Dank tarns and dismal pools.
There dwell the Ghouls,
With other tarn'd fowls,—
Not to say fools.

But the high tarn nation place is
The dank tarn of Auber
In the Ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.
There they sit with their faces
Bow'd down to their knees,
At the feet of dead trees,
With the dew dropping down from their hair,
They sit there from the end of October
To the end of the winter next year.

These are woodlandish Ghouls,
Damp, desolate souls
Who have nothing to do
But be haunting the dank tarn of Auber
Through the mildewest part of the year,
That begins at the end of October
In the woodlandish Ghouldom of Weir.

Yes! these are the woodlandish Ghouls—
Ghouls—Ghouls—Ghouls
With no business kind of controls—
Mere shoals.
But busier,—ah! much busier polls
Have the Churchyard Ghouls,
Prowling there for the bodies of poor dead souls;
And who after supper
Take an upper
Climb to their goal in the steeple:
Where they sit, where they brood, where they heap ill
On the people undergone:
Sitting cheeks by jowls.
Now and then they roll a stone,
Having set the bells a-tolling
In a muffled monotone,
On the people undergone.
And their King it is who tolls,
As he lolls, lolls, lolls
On his throne all carved with scrolls
In his palace in the steeple,
Where he lolls among his people:
Ah! his people who roll stones,
In muffled monotones,
On the hearts o' the underfolk,

In the dead of night awoke
By the melancholy yells,
By the miserable howls,
To say nothing of the growls,
Of these Ghouls,
Of these tollers of the bells,
As they toll, toll, toll;
Toll;
Toll;
Toll
A pæan from the bells:
And the merry bosom swells
Of the Ghoul-King as he tolls,
As he dances and he yells
To the throbbing of the bells
As they toll,
Toll,
Toll.

It is so the poet tells
Who has heard these ghoulish bells;
And whose rheumy running rhyme,
Bowl'd in time, time, time,
With the throbbing and the sobbing
And the bobbing and hobnobbing
And sense-robbing of the bells,
Could alone expound their yells,
For the clamor each expels,
From the loud full-hammer'd tone,
Sometime hoarsening to a groan,
Sometime worsening to a moan,
Till one bell tolls out alone
In a muffled monotone

Between murmuring and moan,—
Till the King loll'd there, as shown,
On his scroll-becarven throne,
Grown weary of the yells
And the bowling of the bells
(Well! well!—to be so bold)
As they moan and groan and yell
Pell-mell,
Would be fain to be unthroned,
For the pain too wholly own'd,
Untold but wholly known,
(Toll de roll!)
Of the moans, groans, yells,
As they shake the steeple stone
And awake the undergone
(Rest his soul!)
With the tolling of their knells,
Roll'd like blood-drops from heart-wells,
Misereres out of cells,
Or weird witch-moulded spells
Under fells:
The bells, bells, bells,
Whose tolling ever tells
Of Ghouls, of hells, of knells,
Told by bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
The unholy yelling, knelling, wholly sense-dispelling,
Moaning, groaning, all-atoning,
Rolling tolling of the bells,
Bells,

Bells.

HULLALOO

THE eves were as grey as grey embers,
The leaves dirty yellow and sere,—
They were yellow, but dusky and sere;
That eve was the worst of November's,—
And they are the worst of the year.
'Twas an eve that one surely remembers,
Being out in the dusk with my dear:
For the fire was gone out to weak embers;
So I went out too, with my dear.

Hear then!—Through an alley Satanic
Of hemlock, I roam'd with my love,—
Of hemlock with Sarah, my love.
O my passion was quite oceanic,
With waves like the wind in a grove,
When the wind maketh waves in a grove
And the leaves with a sort of a panic
Seem taken; I thought of the stove
And, shivering, as if with a panic
Was taken, at thought of the stove.

Our talk at the first had been jolly,
But our words soon were slow as our walk,—
Our young memories scarcely could walk;
Then we thought it was right melancholy
To be out in the dark without talk—
For we knew that we came out to talk;
Still we felt in our hearts it was folly
The vast dream of silence to baulk,
Till, whispering at last, I said—Golly!
And Sarah back whisper'd me—Lawk!

And now as the night was senescent,
And some roosters were hinting of morn,—
Foolish roosters then hinting of morn !—
As the night grew more old and unpleasant,
We saw in the distance a horn
Out of which a miraculous crescent
To the sides of the road was outborne;
'Twas Sal's father's horn lanthorn there present,
The crescent distinct from the horn.

And I said—He is better than Dian;
But I wish that his light had more size,—
And the light wasn't much for its size;
He has guess'd—that's a thing to rely on—
Has father, the way our walk lies,
And he has come out like Orion,
The fellow up there in the skies,—
Yes, Sally! those stars in the skies,—
Come out like another Orion
To help me take care of my prize,
To take her safe home bye and bye on
The pathway that fatherward lies.

But Sarah, uplifting her finger,
Said—Surely that light I mistrust,—
That lanthorn I strangely mistrust;
O hasten! O let us not linger!
O fly! let us fly! for we must.
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Voice,—O he'll make such a dust!
In anguish she sobb'd, letting sink her
Sweet voice, as if fearing a bust,—
O but father'll kick up such a dust!

I replied—this is nothing but dreaming;
We need but keep out of the light,—
But he kept dodging us with the light;
And Sarah would soon have been screaming,—
She shook like a leaf with affright,
Like a leaf, or a bird in a fright;
So I lifted her out of the gleaming
Through a gap in the hedge, out of sight:
And her father went on, never deeming
He left us behind in the night.

Then to pacify Sarah I kiss'd her,
And soon took her out of the gloom,—
It was getting quite cold in the gloom,
And she cried; but I said—Dear! desist or
I never shall get you safe home.
Then we ran and in good time got home.
Father said—How on airth have I miss'd her?
She said—I was never from home.
No, Pa! I was never from home.
I have been all the night in my room.

Now my head is as grey as an ember;
And my heart is all crisped and sere,—
Like a crisp leaf that's wither'd and sere;
And yet I am fain to remember
Above all the nights in the year—
Ah, Sally! if you were but here—
That night of all nights in the year—
Ah, Sally! if you were but here—
That cold dreamy night of November,
That night of all nights in the year,
That long ago night of November,—
The night we were out in, my dear!

TO ANY

THANK heaven! the crisis
  Of hunger is past;
And you can't guess how nice is
  This little breakfast,
Now the thing call'd good living
  Is come to at last.

I eat what I love
  And recover my strength;
And my jaws only move
  As I lie at full length.
I might sit—but I feel
  I am better at length.

And I lie so composedly,
  Feeding and fed,
A careless beholder
  Might fancy me dead:
Not seeing my jaws work
  Might fancy me dead.

The grunting and groaning,
  The writhing and raving,
Are quieted now,
  With that horrible craving
At stomach—that horrible
  Stomachic craving.

The sickness, the faintness,
  The emptiness-pain,
Have ceased; and my stomach's
  A stomach again,

And feels like a stomach
  Not living in vain.

And oh! of all tortures
  That torture the worst
Has abated,—the terrible
  Torture of thirst
For a napthaline river
  Or fusil lake burst:
I'd have drunk dirty water,
For quenching that thirst,

Of a puddle that flows
  With a smell and no sound
From a hole but a very few
  Feet underground,
Though I holded my nose
  As I stoop'd to the ground.

And ah! let it never
  Be foolishly said
That this my mahogany
  Is not well spread:
With such victual before me
  I call it a spread;
And such drink—my cosmogony
  Knows nought instead.

My tantalized spirit
  Here blandly reposes:
The upsetting or ever
  'Twas wetting one's nose is
All over. Sweet spirit!
  Thy scent in my nose is.

And now while so pleasantly
Curl'd up it fancies
A fragranter odour
Than rue has, or pansies,
Or even than rosemary
Mingled with pansies,—
The beautiful bourbon
The Puritan fancies.

And so I lie happily,
Drinking a many
And eating a few.
It will cost a big penny.
I don't mind the cost:
For I have not a penny.

* * * * *

HANNIBAL LEIGH

It was many and many a year ago—
It seems so long to me—
That there lived in a city which you may know
A man named Hannibal Leigh;
And this man he seem'd to have nothing to do
But to drink and get drunk with me.

I was a fool and he was a fool,
In this city by the sea:
For we drank and got drunk till we made it a rule
That neither should drunker be;
And we drank till we might have lesson'd a school
Of fishes, such drinkers were we.

And this was the reason that long ago
In this city by the sea
A fusilier spirit of ill distilling
Destroy'd my Hannibal Leigh.
'Twas a spirit of ill when my pal was willing
To drink for ever with me;
And some were saying—it was fulfilling
A kind o' warning to me.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying him and me,—
Yes! that was the reason, whatever was given
In that city by the sea,
Why the fusilier spirit came out a-killing
My still-swilling Hannibal Leigh.

But I drink all the longer and drink it more strong,
For the two, for I drink like three,—
For myself once and twice for Leigh;
And no fusil here nor in heaven along
Nor spirit down under the sea
Shall ever dissever our drinks to do wrong
To the spirit of Hannibal Leigh.

For whenever I drink I endeavor to think
I am drinking with Hannibal Leigh;
And my hand never raise but to drink to the praise
Of my drink-Kaiser Hannibal Leigh;
And in all the night tide I hold on to the side
Of the counter, the counter where Hannibal died;
And I think that I Hannibal see
And I'm Hannibal Hannibal's me.

RAVING

ONCE upon a midnight, weary,
As I maunder'd, gin-and-beery,
O'er an' oft repeated story
  Till my friends thought me a bore,—
Sitting weeping, and half sleeping,
Something set my flesh a-creeping,
And I saw a Raven peeping
  Through my room's unopen'd door.
See that Raven ! said I to them,—
  Trying to get through the door,—
  A black Raven—nothing more.

Now I was not drunk, but weary,
For my head was out-of-geary
With close study of quaint volumes
  Curious in forgotten lore :
(Though they said Delirium tremens)
I'd been reading bits of Hemans,
And some leaves of Jacob Behmen's,
  Two or three—perhaps a score :
And I said—It *is* a Raven
  Rampant just outside the door,—
  Striding through—I said—and swore.

I insisted, and I twisted
And resisted, and persisted
Though they held me and, close-fisted,
  Saw no Raven at the door ;
I forgot all I had read of,—
For that ill bird took my head off,

Like a coffin lid of lead off
The dead brain of one no more.
Would I trust their words instead of
What I saw right through the door?
Through the door—I said—and swore.

Yes! it is a Raven surely,
Though he does look so demurely
Like a doctor come to assure me
I am drunk: not so—I swore,
Drunk? I drunk? I've not been drinking;
I'm but overcome with thinking:
There I saw that Raven winking
In the middle of the floor.
Doctor! there's the Raven rampant
In the middle of the floor:
He has hopp'd straight through the door.

Look! his curst wings brush the dust off
That fallen, broken, batter'd bust of
Psyche,—where it lies in the shadow,
Shatter'd, flung down on the floor.
See! he spurns the broken pieces.
Catch him, Doctor!—when he ceases
He will rend me. Past release is———
Nothing! Nothing on the floor?—
Yes! the Psyche lies in the shadow,
Lieth shatter'd on the floor:
To be lifted nevermore.

* * * * *

THE MONSTER MAGGOT

A Poet!—With never a single theme
  Of glory or delight,
He folds his wings for a gloomy dream
  Of Death despair-bedight;
And, willing not that Beauty use
  His wilderness of soul,
He chooseth for his daintier muse
  Raven or Ghoul.

And now a "Conqueror Worm" he sings,—
  A blood-red crawling shape,
Invisible woe from its condor wings
  Out-flapping, all agape;
While angels bewing'd, bedight in veils,
  Watch mumbling mimes, with tears,
In a play where a maniac Horror wails
  To the music of the spheres.

The play is the play of Human Woes,
  Of Madness, Sin, and Death:
There is nothing else the Poet knows
  God's azure sky beneath
But Madness, Horror, and Sin,
  Death and Sorrow, and Wrong:
Even so doth the Singer begin,
  So ends his Song.

"It writhes"—the Worm,—"with mortal pangs
  "The mimes become its food;
"And the angels sob at vermin fangs
  "In human gore imbued,"—

This monster terrible, formless, huge,
  Means—put in plainest terms:
Our Poet needs a vermifuge.
  The child's disease is *worms*.

POETIC FRAGMENTS

PART OF AN UNFINISHED GHOUL-POEM—

SAID *we* then—the two, then—Ah! can it
  Have been that the woodlandish Ghouls—
  The pitiful, the merciful Ghouls—
To bar up our way and to ban it
  From the secret that lies in these wolds—
  From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
  From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
  From the hell of the planetary souls?

POT-POURRI—

"A ROSEMARY odour
"Commingled with pansies—
"With rue":—
Your poet has fancies:
But methinks such an odour
Were odious to more than a few.

UNDER-LINES.

On a Poet's Tomb.

TOMB'D in dishonor! Not like thine own Ghoul
Have I thus dug thee out, Unhappy One!
For critical devouring; but some words
Writ heedlessly above thee call for words
Of answering rebuke. If Israfel
In heaven needs his own heart-strings for his lyre—
The only organ of harmonious worth—
Shall not earth's poet? And if he be weak,
Rent by ill memories, harsh with sour desire,
Untunable, rejoicing not in good,
Can aught but discord issue? Speech absurd
Of "art for art's sake!" when art is not art
Out of the circles of the universe,
Out of the song of the eternities,
Or unfit to attend the ear of God.

My mocking words aim at, not thee, but those
Who would strain praise for thee, disgracing Truth.

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FAMINE

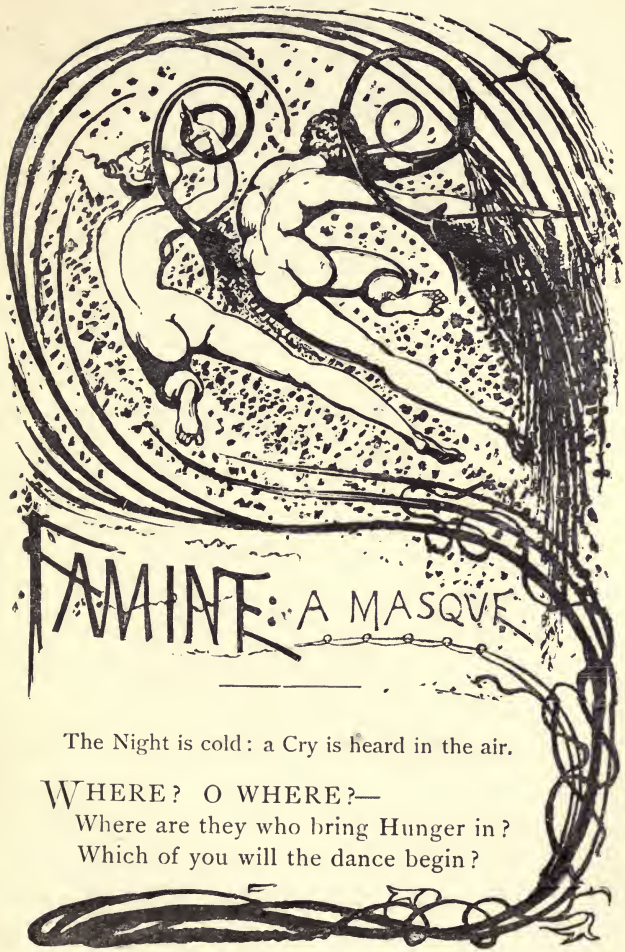
A MASQUE

1875

THE MASQUERS

FAMINE
BLIGHT
THE LOCUST MANITO
WASTE
WAR
TRADE
DEATH AND SIN

CHORUS OF LABOURERS



FAMINE: A MASQVE

The Night is cold: a Cry is heard in the air.

WHERE? O WHERE?—
Where are they who bring Hunger in?
Which of you will the dance begin?

Blight, that spoilest the ripening corn!
Locusts, that make the green earth lorn!
Waste, that tramplest down the fruit!
War, that dost the corn uproot!—
Ye who herald Hunger! hear
Our call to you: appear! appear!

A formless Shadow creeps in through the mist:
Like a black shroud scorch'd by fire.

Hist! hist!
I come
From the fields where the whisper of hope is dumb,
Where the birds forget to sing;
I pinch'd every germ with finger and thumb,
And the charr'd remains I bring—
My Hunger-offering.

Darkness and the rustling of multitudinous wings:
As the darkness passes off a shrill Voice sings:—

We are the myriad-winged race!
We alight on the first green place,
And we strip the leaves and the juicy shoots
And ruin the fruits
And efface every fruitful trace:
Famine! we pray thy grace.
Famine! Famine! we have sped:
The buffaloes out on the plains lie dead,
Too many to count, a goodly sight
For the lover of mere brute misery!
We had stay'd to see,

But thy call wing'd our flight
To Thee.

A King enters, in a palanquin carried on the shoulders of naked slaves:—

Above, below, without, within,
The earth is mine.
These have their graves,
While I dine off a kingdom or quaff my wine
Of great vineyards with blood manured.
What matter how is procured
My pleasure? Am I not King?
Are not my names
Arrogance, Greed, and Waste?
What traitor dare bring
His basket of blames?
Lo! I eat: let the famish'd be glad!
I am clad
In the purple,— they are but dust:
As the dust in my path when I haste
In my lust
To devour and to waste.

Clangour of trumpets: War rushes in, driving a chariot arm'd with scythes.

Amidst the din my voice shall yet be heard.
Let Blight and Hunger's winged hordes and Waste
Collect their tithes;
But haste!

My claim preferr'd, all they have left I take.
And with a rake,
Stirring what Fear conceals,
Want follows at my wheels
Through the red slush and mud
To slake
Her thirst, in blood.

SONG OF THE FOUR

Famine! Greatest of the Powers!
We bring here ourselves and ours:
At thy feet to lay
These our records of obstruction,
These our tokens of destruction,
For thy holiday.

BLIGHT

Mildew I am, the forerunner of Death.

THE MANITO OF THE LOCUSTS

No green thing grows my shadow underneath.

WASTE

My wantonness tramples on all you left.

WAR

The orts from the open mouth I reft.

BLIGHT

They have sown, they have planted,— I hinder'd
the growth.

LOCUST SPIRIT

When the harvest was promised I came,—
Like a flame I devour'd.

WASTE

I more than you both
Have consumed, and had never a care.

WAR

My name is Despair. Who will sow
With War for his foe?

ALL

Famine! we are here, each one
To stand underneath thy throne
Bearer of a corner stone
Of the sepulchre whereon
We would have thee sit supreme,
Leaving us the task to make
Human hope a starveling's dream
For thy name's sake.

Death, the Skeleton, rides in on the pale horse;
Sin on a pillion behind. A rush of wind.
Then FAMINE, a living corse, with hollow cheeks,
is borne in on a shield (the device an empty field),

on the uplifted hands of Skeletons, an army following.

She stands and speaks.

Ye all have done your utmost: but alone
Had not succeeded. Wherefore ye are blamed.
Why is my Mightiest One unnamed?
Weak are Grasshoppers and Blight;
Waste and War may be ashamed:
Ye ministers to my delight?
Ye servants worthy me?
Know I not what each hath done?
Finish'd, ye have scarce begun.
On the trail of Blight I follow'd fast,
For I knew that it could not last:
The desert, barren and drear,
Will blossom again next year.
When the Grasshoppers disappear
They come not for years again;
The corn crowds the prairies, the deer
Hide in herds in the clover,
The birds sing over
The golden miles of grain.
O, ye devour in vain;
And Waste's swift car and the scythes of War
Leave but a scar.
Lo! the earth is now at peace,
And the locusts are no more;
Autumn's days will have surcease
Ere they garner all the store
Of this year's harvest. Yet see! see!
Worshipers crowd unto me—

Crowding in their thousands :— See !
Where is He
Who alone hath made me sure ?
God of the unstarved Poor ! appear !
We wait for thee.

TRADE, the hundred-arm'd, comes on an iron car drawn by women : on his breast a star.

TRADE

I am who giveth to the labourer food !—
Without me were not work, nor life, nor good.
Who marshaleth the labourers' force but I ?
Who sets their tasks ? What other can supply
Their daily bread when the mill-race is dry
And Blight and War and Locusts hover nigh ?
My capital, well saved and well employ'd,
Maintains the poor fool Labour, else destroy'd
By reckless ignorance and folly. Why
Am I, the poor man's help, his bounteous lord,
Who give much more than I can well afford,
Class'd thus with these Abhorr'd ?
What have I done ?
Are not my hands clean ? and the smell of gold
Is it not pleasant ? And my hair is white
With wintry years. For I am very old,
And little hath this world for my delight.

FAMINE

Well phrased, Belovèd One !
But hear what others say !

Thou art too modest — not thy usual way.
What ho, my worshipers devout! attend!
Welcome the Skeletons' Friend!
Tell out his well-earn'd pay!—
Sing! sing to the Spoiler
The hymn your pain wringeth,
The hymn Despair singeth,

THE SONG OF THE TOILER!

Honour the Master
Dealer in clammin'!
Thy husband, Disaster!
Provider of Famine,
World-ruling TRADE.
Honour the jackal,
The blood-hound of Want!
When work is slack, all
The worse for the Gaunt,
Wages unpaid.
Laud him, Applauder!
Him of the close fist;
Hymn the wise hoarder!
Hymn the Economist,
Genius of gain!
Praise him who filleth
With folly his warerooms!
Praise him who killeth
His workers, in bare rooms
Prison'd and slain!
Surely he hateth
Communist dreamers:

While the world waiteth
Yet for Redeemers,
  Silver hath he:
Counteth his pieces,
His thirty per cent;
Counteth his fleeces,
Centuples his rent,
Earth holds in fee.
Praise him who hinders
Division of good:
Peddler of cinders,
Destroyer of food,
  Hirer of Death!
Praise him who playeth
With Death as a doll!
Praise him who slayeth,
And slaying takes toll
  Of his victim's last breath!
Fatten him, labour!
With coin in his purse;
Let pipe and tabor
Keep close to his hearse;
  Pray for his soul!
So wise a reaper
May well own the soil;
Surely thy keeper,
Cain's brother, call'd Toil!
  Thy life may controul.
Work when he chooseth!
Starve when he biddeth;
Tools that he useth

Rightly he riddeth
  Him of, his work done.
Heap him with blessing,
This God of the Ages!
Hope no redressing,
But scantier wages
  As the years run!
His — pick and shovel,
His — axe and ploughshare,
Hammer and trowel,
Shop-gear and house-ware,
  His the machine;
His — the red vintage,
Harvest and profit,
His — the percentage,
Usury of it
  Counted between:
Traffic's great highways,
Gold-room, exchanges,
Labour's least byeways,
All he arranges,
  Ruleth like Doom.
Born when he liketh,
Bred as he orders,
Die when he striketh!
There in Want's borders
  Dig thy cheap tomb!

SEMICHORUS I

We have toil'd, we have striven:
Our horn'd hands have riven

The rocks of the primeval world:
We split them with fingers of iron;
We rent them, we burst them asunder,
Loud-roaring like thunder,
As if heaven's fire on
Their flanks had been hurl'd.
Like beasts were we driven
To labour, from labour returning;
Within us was burning
The sting of the goad:
The scourge in our flesh, in our hearts,
Deeper churning, the sting of the goad.
Our scarr'd backs were raw
With the scourge and the goad
And the weight of our load,
Making bricks without straw.

SEMICHORUS II

In the sweat of thy brow and with pain
Shalt thou labour and till the earth:
Gaining nought from the sun or the rain
Till thy service compelleth worth.
In the red sweat of hope and with pain
Shalt thou dig, and assort the seed,
That the earth may bring forth right grain:
And thy scourge shall be need.
For the days of that first Paradise are not:
Life-pleasure grows no more in idle living.
Man's hard lot
Is in the thorny wilderness, where he must win
By long endeavour,— Nature nothing giving

Except to Strength, Strength able to begin
With craft and with endurance to persist,
Holding with firm-closed fist
Each handful of his patient gathering.

CHORUS

Sing! sing! O sing!
For the Curse is beneath our feet:
Though our gain be incomplete.
We have tamed the untamed Force;
We have ridden him as a horse,
And with Thought as a rein
Have bridled him, never again
To wander at will.
From the loftiest sill
Of walls Cyclopean to the Future shout!
Tell how we builded, what our hands have wrought!
Sing out! sing out!
To the farthest ends of time,
O Javan of the Isles! and Tubal heaven-taught,
The first Artificer!
Who now is skill'd to o'erreach our works sublime?
Did not we build
Thy towers, O Sebá! on the Cushite shore;
Chaldean Ur and Erech too,— before
We aim'd for Nimrod, aiming (so we will'd)
Above his arrows? Later Nineveh
We moulded; and yet later Babylon.
By our strong hands the earth-mounds were upthrown
In the Great Valley 'neath the Western slopes;
Thy water-ways, thy roads, Peru! we made

And temples buried now in many a forest glade.
Force, where to-day enfranchised Science gropes,
Then push'd his simpler way,
And lifted trophies vast to amaze the latest day.

SEMICHORUS I

Day by day we toil and moil and die:
Day after day
Unrestingly
We pour our lives away;
And all our pay
Scarce buyeth oil to soothe our agony
Of wounds: the goad-thrust in the side,
The holes in our feet. To us they have denied
The vinegar with the gall. The wine
Of life we taste not. And those things divine,
Which some have seen in dreams, we never know:
Outwearied long ago,
And sleeping so the weary sleep of death.
And thy long arms, Machinery!
(Envying our little breath
Of the free air are they who invoke thy power)
Reach for the fateful hour
Of surer misery.

SEMICHORUS II

Hope liveth yet. The murderers have set
Their seal upon the sepulchre in vain:
The Master-Builder's secret was not known
To them,— to him alone
Intrusted who but waits to raise the Slain.

Steam's hands Briarean,— they may rob you now,
But shall work for you, earning your release
From brutefying toils! Lift up thy brow,
Bright with intelligence, and welcome Peace,
Worn Bond-Slave of the Present! See thy slave
In each new mechanism: slave and saviour too!
Ye Toilers! welcome powers that human labour save:
Whose savings shall be counted out in interest to you.

CHORUS

Lift, O lift up your heads, ye Industrious!
Lift your sad eyes unto heaven!
Surely you are the Illustrious:
Yours the true yeast that must leaven
Life's bread. And the wine of the Cup
You shall drink — as the Priest.
Are ye last? Yet not least!
Shall not you be redeem'd from your sorrow?
From you the glad tiding,
The dawn-light, the pledge of To-morrow,
What shadow is hiding?
Is a man but a beast —
(And yet muzzled)
To plough and to tread out the corn;
Then unstabled, forlorn,
To be shut from the feast?
Lift up your heads, O ye Toilers!
Look forth, through the Present;
Look over the heads of the Spoilers:
See where the horizon is pleasant!
Lo, Winter departs, and the Spring

Of the Earth and of Man with sweet voices
Welcomes the glory from heaven,
Welcomes the glad Hours that bring
A new God to the earth:
It is WORK THAT REJOICES,
The human God — WORTH.
Many a long year have our heavy pinions,
Sing the Destinies (have ye not ears to hear them?)
Watchful, stoop'd above the dull dominions
Of earth's Anarchs: if you did not fear them,
O men! all your chains even now were broken.
But the time draws nearer, nearer, nearer,
When the Destinies themselves unchain you,
When the tyrant crouches to his fearer,
Giving him the sceptre and the rein ———You
Shall know it by this token, though you now despond.
Across the huddled clouds where Famine standeth
See the Rainbow in its double splendour!
The Storm's sign of surrender
Unto Him who Gloom and Light commandeth.
Who is it that demandeth sight beyond?

So!— Look thou forth, and see
The Doom of the Risen Workman in the wide realms
of the Free!

Then I saw the Future, as a map unroll'd before me:
Homes of jewel'd beauty in a ring of golden meadows,
Orchards, and sweet gardens; and a joy broke o'er me
As when sunlight leapeth athwart tempest-shadows.
Over corn-fill'd valleys, over clear swift-gliding rivers,
Hover winged songsters, echoing yet gladder singing:

Peasant nobles', work-ennobled, a new world's bread
givers,
To the land's great markets for exchange all produce
bringing;
Bringing it unbidden to the wisely order'd centres
And all goods there leaving, the storekeepers hiving,
folding,
For whoso requireth: unto whom the buyer enters
Without fear of fraud or any gainfuller withholding.
One at his own homestead planteth or in far emprizes
Seeketh out new action for a later hope's redeeming.
— So before my eyes the Vision of the Future rises:
When the world awakens from its desultory dreaming.

FAMINE

Not while Trade lives!—
Your dreams are but sieves
Which the Spring-flood prophetic falls through.
Expect ye some Saviour's aid?
Your Saviour, Trade, has departed from you.

Trade was sent to feed the Nations,
To give all at least some rations
In worst times of scarcity.
Lo! I fear'd the Deluge ending
As I saw above me bending
In the brightening sky
Thy arch, Prosperity!
The rainbow of the Free.
But the youthful Saviour met me
In the desert of ambition;

Upon the granite heights he set me,
Where I promised him — perdition.
Ere this God of Wealth be clamming,
Dying for a meal of gold,
While he waits the assurèd damning
For him destined from of old,
Honour him as ye do me!

SEMICHORUS I

We hail thee with curses, O Trade!
Thou hast made God's earth as the Potters' Field,
Where Hope and Effort, the powers that wield
Axe and plough and spade and hammer,
Are sepulchred: the clamour
Of their volcanic anguish rends the world,
Cursing, as we too curse thee, O Misrule!

SEMICHORUS II

The Destinies have hurl'd
Defiance at thee: yet, thou Fool!
Thou settlest tariffs; holdest, loosest Toil;
And rakèst in thy spoil;
Nor hear'st the steps Titanic
Of ONE WHO COMETH, heedest not though he
Shouts to thee threateningly, again, again.
How often shall he warn, in vain?
Thy master — PANIC.

CHORUS

Guerdon for thee, Great Genius of our time!
Anarch sublime!

Everywhere groweth good: thou dost provide;
Thou dost distribute,— to thy knaves rank food,
To the producers bones or hide.
Thou addest field to field, and in thy granaries
Forestallest corn, to rot.
Across the seas thy argosies
Pass to and fro, but not with blessings for mankind.
For this, and more, we judge thee, Giant blind!—
For thou hast choked increase with lies and fraud,
For thou hast made of hope a merchandize,
For thou hast robb'd the labourer of his hire,
For thou hast defiled our wives at thy desire,
For thou hast driven our children through the fire
In sacrifice to the Abhorr'd:
For these things do we laud thy name
And with acclaim
Greet thee as Rapine — Desolation's Lord,
And pray that Famine yield thee her so fit reward.

FAMINE

Now, when you have taken breath,
Our high revels may begin. ———

Reel of FAMINE, TRADE, and SIN.

Then follows the Dance of DEATH.

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HELICONUNDRUMS

Parodies are the shadows of words.

MAHOMET.

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ST. PATRICK'S FEAST

[A POWER OF SOUND]

Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss:
And we keep up the custom from that day to this.

Lover's History of Ireland.

'TWAS at the yearly Feast for Oireland won
By Oireland's Sainted Son:
The Feast we keep in state,
(May be kept up too late),
And meet, nor mate alone,
But whiskey-fixins, I'll be bound,—
Lashins o' that unstinted going round,
So should His mimory be crown'd,
Wid juicy lemons, sugar lumps beside,
An some hot wather too supplied,
But more of the potheen our pride.
Happy, happy thim who share!
Come o'er the wave!
Come o'er the wave!
Come o'er the wave and we'll drink fair!

CHORUS — The whiskey wave, and we'll drink fair.

Tim O' Thews, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
Wid flying fingers touch'd his lyre
(It was a bagpipes, by the bye,—
The more 'tis to admire).
His song began from when
The ugly varmint made their den
(A power of varmint among men)
In Oireland. Dragons there abode
And many a sarpient, many a toad,
Till Patrick to the work address'd
His saintly soul. He smote his breast,
And swore the Oirish waists, where curl'd
The sarpients, should be sarpient-free, the first floor
of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty swear :
St. Pathrick to the fore ! they see him there ;
St. Pathrick ! shure he 's here, so all outside declare.
Wid ravish'd ears
Each Paddy hears,
Flings off his hod,
And, wid a nod,
Repates the moighty shout that seems to shake
the spheres.
CHORUS — Repate, and shake the spheres !

The praise of Pathrick then the swate musician sang,
Of Pathrick wid the oily wily tongue :

The jolly Saint in triumph comes:
Blow the trumpets! thump the drums!
Flush'd, and wid a purple grace,
He shows his honest face:
Now give the pipes your wind! he comes! he comes!
Pathrick, first of saints among,
Whiskey-drinkin did invint:
Pathrick's lavings are a treasure,
Wid matarials, widout measure:
Widout measure
Swater pleasure,
Swatest pleasure widout stint.

CHORUS — Swatest pleasure widout stint!

Soothed with his drink, he sang amain:
Fought the Saint's battles o'er again
And thrice he druv the varmints out and nine times
slew the slain.
Then saw a master madness rise
In reddening cheeks and rolling eyes;
So, while another mixin he supplied,
He changed his hand; his voice it died,
Sinking to a mournful muse,
The Spirit did infuse.
He sang a Dragon purty good
Disturb'd by what he ate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen into a wakely state,
Rejectin of his food.
Refusing at his utmost need

The wholesome drink, and off his feed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies :
The divil a headache shuts his eyes.
With downcast glance at empty glass they sate,
Revolving in each alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And one did sigh and sighing stole
More whiskey for his woe.

CHORUS — More whiskey for his woe !

Then Master Tim he smiled as he
Another noggin mix'd, to see
He 'd but a kindred sound to move,
To lade from pity unto love.
Softly swate, in ladian measures,
Sang he them to dhreamy pleasures.
Life, he sung, 's a wathry bubble ;
Whiskey, is it worth the throuble ?
Ending almost when beginning.
But his joy who loves a maid is
Double, striving for and winning :
Think, O think then of the Ladies !
Lovely They is sits beside ye :
Take the first the Gods provide ye !
Then many smash'their glasses wid applause ;
But others more particular did pause ;
And one, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the Fair
Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, and sidelong look'd, sigh'd,
look'd, and sigh'd again,
Until wid love and whiskey much oppress,
His beautiful head droop'd down on his own manly
breast.
CHORUS — His beautiful head droop'd down on his
own manly breast.
Now blow the bagpipes wonst again !
A noisier yet, and yet a noisier strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him wid a rattlin peal o' thunder !
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has pick'd up his head ;
He awakes from the dead
Drunk and dazed looks around.
Thread on his coat ! Tim O' Thews cries :
That will give him a rise.
See the bhoys all uprare
Their red heads — in the hair !
See the jewels that flash from their eyes !
By me sowl, it 's a band,
Wid shillalagh in hand,
To make ghosts o' the kilt and the slain.
Faith, he 's hit him again !
Inglorious on the plain,
Give the bhoys their due,
Will be very few.
Behold how they toss their shellalaghs on high !
How they jump on each other when down !
And the Ladies look on and don't swoun,

But admire and applaud wid a 'preshative joy,
Till Tim went for the gas-jets in zeal to destroy.
Then they led him away.
Wid no light for his prey,
And no end of hurrahs for a rale Oirish bhoy!

CHORUS— No end of hurrahs for a rale Oirish bhoy!

Thus long ago,
Long as his bellows had the wind to blow,
Till whiskey made him mute,
Tim O' Thews could his bagpipes shute
To saintly ire
Or praises ov the malt's swate juice or rollicking desire.
At last good Father Mathew came
And well-nigh squelch'd St. Pathrick's game.
The Temprate Saint broke all the worms asthore,
Doubled the drinker's narrow bounds,
Caught him upon teetotal grounds,
And stopp'd his native drink with a pledge unknown before.
Yet, ould St. Pathrick! keep thy bays,
Or each take half a crown!
You druv the sarpients to the says;
Both put the whiskey down.

GRAND CHORUS— Put the whiskey down!

MERRY HANNAH

AT HER KITCHEN RANGE

Never say die till you're dead! — Good Old Proverb.

WITH BLACKEST soot the chimney pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The crock was crusted too, and lots
Of soot rubb'd from it blear'd the wall:
The unwash'd sherds look'd sad and strange,
Odd plates and cups that did not match
(He in his cups had smash'd the batch)
Scatter'd before the kitchen range.
She only said — He just was beery:
Where is he now? she said:
I wish he would not get so beery;
It 's time to be a-bed.

And yet she had no tears that even;
And all the morning had not cried;
She was so used to see her Stephen
Beery both morn and eventide.

So, after flitting of the bats,
Before thick dark did trance the sky,
She put the half-darn'd stocking by,
And skurried off the neighbours' cats.
She only said — Again he 's beery ;
He cometh not, she said :
She said — I guess he 's beery, beery,
It 's time to be abed.

Upon the middle of the night
Waking she heard a rooster crow ;
And half an hour before the light
From her near shed she heard the cow
Call to her. Without hope of change
Awake she lay, alone, forlorn ;
So got up earlier than the Morn,
And laid a fire in her kitchen range.
She only said — It 's very queer he
Has not come ; she said —
He must have been so very beery
To sleep out of his bed.

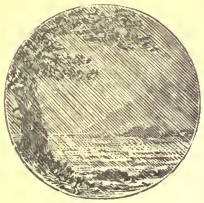
About a stone-cast from the wall
A ditch through willow-pollards crept,
Where poor Lord Stephen had a fall,
And lay there since, and snoring slept.
Hard by his terrier sate alway,
With tender whine or rougher bark :
For leagues no other dog did mark
A sleepier drunkard where he lay.

She only said — I 'd best be cheery ;
And light the fire, she said :
She said — It 's best be always cheery,
And not die till you 're dead.

The sun was getting up, though slow ;
But the quick winds were up and away :
The casement curtain to and fro
Swung, and she saw the shadow sway,
And thought it was for whom she yearn'd ;
And look'd, and found it was a sell ;
And then she went out to the well
And fill'd her kettle and return'd.
And only said — It 's very queer he
Stay'd out all night ; she said,
But in her thought half put the query,
Suppose that he were dead ?

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
A blue fly rapp'd o' the pane, a mouse
Jump'd out, and then she almost shriek'd ;
Her cat went with her all about ;
They saw him sneaking through the door,
They heard his big boots on the floor,
They heard him cursing from without,—
Not he. And yet she kept her cheery :
He cometh not, she said :
She said — He 's beery, very beery :
Quite a long drunk, she said.

She heard the swallows on the roof,
Heard the clock ticking, and the sound
A horse made with his hinder hoof
Against the fore ; she did confound
All drunkards once — for half an hour :
But when the sun at noon of day
Was high, and when the sunbeams lay
Quite level, even when night 'gan lower,
She held her cheer, would not be dreary,
He 'll come some time, she said :
It 's best all ways to keep one cheery,
And not die till one 's dead.



HOW THEY BROUGHT THE NEWS

TO A GENT

Robert's own rhymes.

BOB BROWNING and Timothy Titcombe and Me
Had to take him the news : I was boss of the three,
For I strode a donkey, they stump'd. Peggy threw,
As we left her front gate, for good luck her old shoe ;
Then we heard the door slam, and we started abreast.
Peggy's ass it was lame, and they ran at their best.

Not a word to each other, we just went the pace,—
Me and jack soon ahead, then them two in our place.
I turn'd in my saddle and made the girths tight,
Then shorten'd the stirrups and saw each was right,
And the rein-buckle fix'd, though I knew not a whit
Would that hard-mouth'd old jackass attend to the bit.

'Twas dinner-time leaving : so when we drew near
To the end of the common our stomachs felt queer :
There was blackberries there, quite a plenty to see ;
But Tim said he would not be waiting for me,

Though I tried to persuade him the berries was prime ;
Till Bob bursted out with — We sha'nt have no time.

In the mid o' the common out came the hot sun,
And I thought that my donkey look'd most overdone,
And the thought made me wild as the others ran past ;
But I wallop'd him well till he gallop'd at last,
With ram-headed shoulders a-butting away
At Bob, which upset him. And I let him lay.

Cross the common Tim weaken'd, but choked out —
You Sir !
You wait or I 'll lick you. I thought that that were
A thing to remember ; I saw his weak knees
As he stagger'd and leant against one of the trees,
Out of wind, and then down on his marrowbones sank
And Me and Bob went on, we two in one rank.

We kept a round trot : Bob did, so did I,
Down the hill, up the next one. But Bob he was dry
With the dust. So at that I began for to laugh
('Twas the donkey that work'd, I had leisure to chaff),
Till at top o' the next hill Bob's gills they turn'd white,
And he dropp'd there, quite blown, with the Gent's
house in sight

There I left Robert fetching his breath on a stone,
And Me and my donkey we rode on alone.
I was jolly, I 'd time enough even to wait,
If I look'd out behind, between that and the gate ;
But donkey, it hadn't been all play to him,
And I saw, as his head turn'd, his eyeballs were dim.

So I slid from my jacket, my cap I let fall,
Then stripp'd off my pants, my suspenders, and all
But my shirt and my tie, so of weight made him clear,
And patted his lean ribs and call'd him a dear,
And shouted and holler'd and gave him the wood
On his ears and his crupper ; and he understood.

And next I remember was folk standing round,
As I sate with my knees in my shirt on the ground,
And all of them praising this donkey of mine,
As they fed him with thistles and ask'd me to dine.
I was voted a brick too by general consent :
But nary a nickel I got from the Gent.

THE LAST OF THE HERD

THE ORIGINAL DRAFT

Was it Lamb, or Coleridge in his official capacity as one of the Queen's Beefeaters, who suggested the unlikelihood of a small family devouring fifty beeves, and reduced the supply to mutton, as in The Last of the Flock.

IN distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full-grown,
Weep in the public roads alone:
But such a one, on English ground
And in the broad highway I met.
Along the broad highway he came;
His cheeks with tears were wet.
Sturdy he seem'd, though he was sad,
And at his heels a bullock lad.

He saw me and he turn'd aside,
As if he wish'd himself to hide

Behind the beast, and did essay
With sleeve to wipe his tears away.
I dodged him though, and said, My friend!
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?
— Shame on me, Sir! this bullock here
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetch'd him: on my word
He is the last of all my herd.

When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet so it was a cow I bought;
And other cows from her I raised,
As healthy cows as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be:
Bullocks and cows I told a score,
And every year increased my store,

Year after year my stock did grow;
And from this one, this single cow,
Full fifty cows and bulls I raised,
As fine a herd as ever grazed!
Some black and white and others red!
They throve and we at home did thrive.
— This lusty bullock of my store
Is all that is alive:
And now I care not if we die
And perish all of poverty.

Six children, Sir! had I to feed,—
Hard labour in a time of need!
And never one of us touch'd beef.
So I from the parish sought relief.
They said I was a wealthy man:
My cattle on the uplands fed,
And it was meet that I should cook
My beef before I begg'd for bread.
"Do this! how can we give to you,"
Said they, "what to the poor is due?"

I cook'd a bullock, as they said;
My children ate it without bread,
And they were healthy with their food.
For me, it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me
To see my bullocks cut in steaks,
The pretty bullocks I had raised
All slaughter'd for my children's sakes,
And melting tallowly away.
Ah me! but I was cow'd that day.

Another still! and still another!
A little calf — and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopt,—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropt
Till thirty were not left alone,
My dun cows dribbling one by one;
And I may say that many a time
I wish'd they all were gone:

Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

Sir! 'twas a precious herd to me,
As dear as my own children be:
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time,
Cursed with diminished beefiness.
I pray'd, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week and every day
Cows, bullocks, seem'd to melt away.

They dwindled, Sir! sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A calf, a bullock, and a cow;
And then at last from three to two;
And of my fifty yesterday
I had but only one.
And here it follows at my heels:
Alas! and I have none.
To-day I fetch'd it. Seems absurd,
But 'tis the last of all my herd!

THE PARROT

[WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!]

ONCE, upon a midnight skeery,
Like an eagle in his eyrie,
In my room, a garret cheery
(Reckoning sky-from, the first floor),
Lo, I heard a sound of screeching,
Like some file a saw beseeching,
Or some irate school-ma'am teaching
Stupid school-girls — half a score:
What can that be? said I inly;
Some ill-manner'd wind or bore
At my key hole, nothing more.

In my chamber, yes! my garret,—
Truly I am not a parrot,
I don't care a pickled carrot
To recall it the first-floor,——
I had been — I well remember

'Twas the middle of September,
Sure it was, and not November,
Because August came before
And October after,— so I 'm
Certain, I need say no more :
I remember, nothing more.

I remind me of the ballet :
'Twas "The Vision of the Valet,"
I had play'd the part of Sally
On the very night before.
This an off-night was : I sat there
In my room, a-skimming fat there
Off some broth, and then so pat there
Came the screech against my door,
Such a screech, my poor ears splitting
Through the key-hole of the door,
Screech I never heard before.

Haply, thought I, 'tis a neighbour
(Friends come in to lighten labour),
So my heart play'd pipe and tabor
Though the screech near split the door ;
Then again I thought, what wretched
Thing is this so to have fetched
Such a screech ? My breath I catched
Thereat, saying — I implore,
Wretch or neighbour ! sick or welcome,
Cease to split my chamber door !
Split my screeched ears no more !

Presently my soul grew bolder:
Looking round then o'er my shoulder,
By this broth, I said, I 'll scold her—
Her, I knew that, if no more;
And I call'd out — You just stop that
Screech! if you don't quickly drop that
Screech, by this same broth, I 'll whop that
Head of yours off on the floor!
At my speech there came a scratching,
And the screech-split in the door
Stretch'd twice open, then once more.

Partly bolden'd by the scratching
I began the door unlatching,
Only first, in haste upsnatching,
Spilt the broth upon the floor;
Surely, said I, that the cat is,
Couldn't pass the window-lattice,
She is hungry, knows the fat is
Always her's the skimming o'er;
Let my heart be still a moment
While this mystery I explore,—
It is the cat, and nothing more.

Quick the chamber door I flung wide;
Puss! puss! puss! I with swift tongue cried,
Or had, but my tongue, it hung dried,
For no cat was at the door:
But —— before me stood a creature
On one leg,— it was the Screecher:

Well I knew then every feature
Of a bird —— Not that of yore,
THE RAVEN, Cat-bird then or harpy?
What! a lark? No! at my door
Was a PARROT, nothing more.

But no common parrot, bet you!
No such bird had ever met you
Though in the Brazils they set you
Plump upon that parrot shore:
Blazing brilliant in his plumage,
That had surely devil-groomage,
Like a Jap in it's first bloomage,
Stamp'd wlth colours, three or four.
Like a pansy grown to feathers
So that it might live all weathers,
Proving Darwin's belle of whethers,
How the less becomes the more:
Pansy-parrot, flower of yore.

Why, my last new Sunday bonnet
Has not finer feathers on it,
Though for taste — my word upon it!
Better than a bird e'er wore:
French, surpassing parrot fashion:
It would move a saint's compassion
(Though indeed I may be rash on
Saints, I 've known but three or four)
For such feathers to be worn on

Parrot bodies. Well, no more!
But they were feathers at the door.

Such this Parrot was that, screeching
Of his gentlest, hung beseeching,
Sucking-dove-like, and outreaching
For the handle of my door:
Till my heart; to all things tender,
Made to him complete surrender,
And I said — I can but lend or
Give the entrance you implore;
Pray, Sir! enter, screech and feathers!
Then I open'd wide the door,
And I gave my guest the floor.

Though I held the door wide open,
This strange bird would sidle, slope in,
Just as if he wanted scope in
Getting through the chamber door;
Then, O Babel, Babelmandel!
The wild beast flew in the candle,
And then hung on to the handle
Of my, — a Lady's chamber door,
Claw'd and whirl'd nine times around it,
Round the knob inside the door:
'Twill unscrew, a little more.

Now I 'm fond of all dumb critturs,
Beast or bird, crawls, flies or flitters,
Cat whose glaring eyeball glitters,

Pig, or puppy blind no more ;
But a dumb thing that still screeches
With an echo that outreaches,
I would say to Plymouth beach, is
Worse than even the dumbest bore :
And he screech'd and stopp'd not screeching
And I stopp'd my ears before ——
Dear ! no ! he took breath, and *swore.*

I had dropp'd down in my rocking
Chair, in hope to mend a stocking
While he stay'd, when such a shocking
Word came from his repertoire ;
Swiftly then as thought allow'd me,
Fears and feelings getting crowdy,
I at him the stocking throw'd ; he
Never winced, but from the door,
From the knob he whirl'd on leaning,
Snatch'd it, and again he swore :
Darn'd, he said, and nothing more.

And since then, since when I threw it
(I 'm so sorry I could do it),
Nothing I can say unto it
Takes this creature from my door :
On the door-knob he sits rocking,
Whirling, with his beak i' the stocking,
Muffling screeches, and half mocking
Screeches, swearing, Darn'd ! no more.
But meseems that 's very shocking :

Darn'd ! darn'd ! darn'd! and evermore
That word flung in at my door.

There this Parrot, ever whirling
Still is swirling, still is twirling,
Till my hair forgets its curling,
Horrent at the foul uproar ;
And he hurls his screeches shocking
Through a big hole in the stocking,
Screeching in his parrot mocking
Just the oath I said before.
There he hangs from night till morning,
My unhappy door adorning ——
If the landlord gives me warning
He 'll not let me pass the door :
Darn'd ! darn'd ! darn'd ! for evermore.

THE CUMBERLAND STILE

[NOT IN THE COLLECTED WORKS]

I STOOD with Robin at the four-barr'd stile:
Robin on one side, I stood on the other.
We only stood there a brief kissing-while,
For Robin, you may know, is not my brother.

Rob measures six feet, taking off his shoes;
They call me Little Joan because I 'm small;
Rob ask'd to kiss me; how could I refuse
Him stooping down to me? he is so tall.

I gave him back his kiss: it was not right,
I thought, to take his kiss and give him none.
'Twas evening time, not dark, nor yet so light,
Not light for folk to notice what was done.

Rob set me on the top bar of the stile,
His arm was round me. Rob is not my brother.
We only stay'd there just a kissing-while:
Is it not good we should kiss one another?

OUR RIDE

MILLER CORRECTED, BY OLD REVELS

WE WAS out on the prairies— Jo. Miller and me
And the girl. So far true! There was only us three.
"And Kit Carson?"
O no! All of that is a lie.
Take the truth of old Revels, the man Jo. "saw die!"

This is how it all happen'd. The girl, she was — Well,
We 'd play'd for her, Jo. and me. Dern'd but I 'll tell
The truth all clean out. We had been at the lodge
Of her father. He 's all-free, is Jo. for a dodge,
And had trick'd —— But, no matter! you only would
learn
The rights o' that ride when we 'scaped from the burn,
For we all three got through. It was only a skeer,
And the girl a bit scorch'd. Master Jo. didn't keer
A red cent was she burnt or unburnt: that 's the one
Touch of truth in the vagabond's tale of the run.
For the rest, he was gassing. All that about Kit,—
Why, I tell you again, it 's a lie, all of it.

Kit Carson would never have left in distress
A friend, nor a stranger, a girl too. Ask Jess,—
Well, I 'm rough : I mean Madam our general's wife.
Bless you, she knew Kit Carson the whole of his life.
I 'll read you her letter : just wait till I get
Where she says that Jo. Miller 's a liar, you bet.
Needn't tell you he 'll gas : all us know how he gasses.
Let that go ! As we lay half asleep in the grasses
We saw that the prairie was all in a flame ;
And the smoke druv before as right on us it came.
We jump'd on our horses, we only had two ;
And Jo. took the best. Now don't say So would you !
Though may be I would, for the girl had to ride,
And as he had won her and call'd her his bride
'Twas for him to look for her. He leapt in the saddle
And —— blest but the mean crittur went to skedaddle
And leave her, but she was too spry for the varmint
And clim up behind with a grip on his garment,
So holding him fast, with both arms round his waist.
He had flung her off then, but was too much in haste.
So we start.

What the — "gold-mounted Colt's" ! Nary one
Had we got. And we stript ? The hell, you poke fun
At a fellow. The fire was upon us ; suppose
We 'd stop to be singed while we took off our clothes ?
We just went as we were, with the fire at our backs,
And lost no fool's time, nor no words, to make tracks.
Their horse was the best, by long odds, but for load :
So I kept close beside them, and onward we rode
Well ahead of the fire. 'Twas no great thing to fear,

But that lying scoundrel was bound for a skeer;
And I saw, as the girl only loosen'd her grip,
He was ready and, shifting her hand from his hip,
Twist her off and, one moment, she lay on the sward.
He turn'd to look at her, then spurr'd on more hard.
Damn your soul, you — I leant to catch hold of his rein
But miss'd and I knew there was no hope to gain
On that beast, so I pull'd in my own; you may bet
She was not long awaiting. One moment to get
On the crupper, one look of her thanks in my face,
And we were again making head in our race
With the fire. And we beat.
There is no more to say.
You see I 'm not dead. Nor the girl. To this day
I 've not set eyes on Jo. Yes! perhaps it 's as well.
If he meets me, or Betsy, you bet he gets hell.

MAUD MULLER AGAIN

[LATEST INTELLIGENCE]

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

And so far all of us agree:
Whittier and Bret Harte with me.

The rest — Well, only the other day
I call'd at the House. I need to say

No name but, knowing the family well,
Can best inform you how all befell.

The Judge did marry her: so Harte 's right,
But very far wrong of the after plight.

And the Whittier needed not his moan
For the left or the poorer leaving one.

The Judge was also a man of will:
So turn'd where Maud was raking still,

And on the wind with the scent o' the grass
Fragranter words of love did pass ;

And ever the hay was housed in hold
A llttle circle of purest gold —

His mother's, with just one amethyst,
Was on the finger the young Judge kiss'd.

No Lord of Burleigh he whose pride
Stoop'd to make a peasant his bride;

But a good republican who knew
The growth of a woman simple and true,

A woman whose sons might be real men,
Such as trod on the old hills when

The Sons of Heaven came down to earth,
And giants sprang of heavenly birth.

Poor and low may be yet not rough :
Harte should have better known the stuff

Granite and heaven can make out West,
Due East too when we take the best.

Better than Saratoga knows —
Fashion'd of only whims and clothes.

Her kin were honest and goodly folk :
What if some with an accent spoke ?

If they hadn't a many fine words tu hum,
What is that to the poor outcome

From hearts, that are only diamond dust
Harden'd under the upper crust,

Of those who the human engine shunt
Out of life in a brown stone front?

This is perhaps o'erflow of spleen:
But the thing I want to say, and mean

Is this:— The Judge was a judge of life
When he took a healthy woman to wife;

And Maud, whatever her kith and kin,
Was a woman worth a man's while to win.

They lived together long years of joy;
Fair girls and more than one sturdy boy

Our happy Maud to her husband bore.
Long ere their heads were silver'd o'er

None could have told that higher birth
Was his or whose the more native worth:

For the soul of a queen inform'd her face
And gave to her every motion grace;

And the haughtier Judge's dignified mien
Mated but well with her port serene.

Health she brought to a stock outworn :
And all of his sons were gentle born ;

And her girls had grace to keep their share
Of the proud old family's beauty rare ,

And she and her lover the lesson taught,
How Love and Nature have ever wrought,

Raising the low, redeeming the high,
With strength and beauty for marriage tie.

Sad are the words — It might have been :
And sadder whenever the will was mean.

But a cheerier thought may leap the bar
To what may be from the things that are.

BALLAD

OF A CERTAIN C. KING AND A BEGGAR MAID QUEEN

COPHETUA KING in the days now gone
Lived in a brick house, all alone:
'Twas a red brick house just over the way
With a lean-to beside for a one-horse shay.

Cophetua King leant over his gate,
Smoking his pipe in his kingly state;
"Give me a penny, kind Sir!" she said,—
The beggar maid of whom you have read.

She was only a beggar girl;
But her cheek was red and her hair did curl,
And she stept with a lively hinge in her gait
Noticing King in his kingly state.

The day it was hot, a day of drouth;
Cophetua took the pipe from his mouth;
One glance he gives to the beggar's eyes,
Scarcely a wink, and the girl replies.

Cophetua King thought — Odd 's my life !
I reckon I 'd like this lass for a wife.
So he wiped his lips and proffer'd a kiss,
Like saying — Madam ! you 're not amiss.

The girl she was simple enough to frown
Till the King he promised her half a crown.
It was little perhaps for a wedding gift,
But the Queen was one with a single shift.

The tale is most true : for I 've heard say,
In the red brick house there over the way
King and his beggar Queen still reside,—
And a one-horse shay if she likes to ride.

THE FASHIONS

AN ODE

WHEN BEAUTY, heavenly made, was young
(Time since round Eve the fig-leaves hung)
The Fashions had no wares to sell:
Young Beauty's charms were known too well.
Awaking, sleeping, active, fainting,
She needed nought of Fashion's painting:
Health to her rounded cheek gave bloom,
And freshness was her one perfume;
For stays and suchlike woman gear
She had no heed, she had no fear;
For whalebones to support her round
She cared not, and her lungs were sound.
No thought had she for "taste" or "art,"
Nor dream'd that dress would make her smart,
Till (for Madness ruled that hour)
The Fashions came to bring her dower.

First Love, his loving skill to try,
  Pluck'd the wild blossoms, and essay'd
With trembling hands, he knew not why,
  To weave a garland for his maid.

Then rush'd in Vanity, on fire
To invent and do more daring things,
That all might envy and admire;
And hung her neck with beaded strings.

What woeful measures rend the air?
What shriek is that from Nature's Child?
Poor Nose! the ring is pendant there.
The savage mother saw and smiled.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
And bade the lovely ornaments All hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong
That held o'er natural defects a veil.
She made the feet grow less, the ears more long;
And when a beauteous form she chose,
She hid the native grace in any length of clothes.
And Hope enchanted smiled and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she smiled, but with a frown
More rampant Folly rose,
And tore the old Greek robes in tatters down,
And with a withering look
The shape-distorting corset took
And pull'd and pull'd at every thread.
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon her feet
Set to the back, to make it meet.

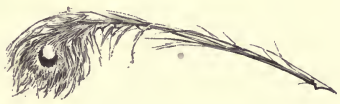
And though at times each labour'd breath between
Pains-taking Beauty to her side
Her supplicating hands applied,
Yet still did Folly's purpose supervene,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from her head.
Fashion ! thy freaks to nought were ever fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
On different modes thy veering wills get mix'd,
And what thou affectest now is what thou
scorn'dst of late,
With eyes upraised as one inspired,
Another Fashion walk'd, attired
In robes too scanty much to meet ;
While her high heels, a daring feat,
Drove down the narrow shoes her crippled toes.
And one stuck small black patches round
Her lips and nose, as if unsound ;
And later Fashions came as strange as those.
Some scented in a sort of hybrid way,
Round a perfumed air diffusing,
Rose or musk or other choosing :
No flowers ever stank as they.
Among them paced a sprightlier scented one,
Hight Full-Dress, nymph-like (some said), pale
of hue :
Nothing across her shoulders flung,
Her jewel'd bust exposed to view,
And an imposing air, and voice that loudly rung
A hunter's call,— to Nymph or Faun unknown,

To oak-crown'd Sisters or their chaste-eyed Queen.
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Low peeping there, the jolly green
Were exercised, the staider thought it queer;
But Sport leapt up and laugh'd and gave a cheer.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
When with faltering step advancing,
And Grecian Bend, the Hump was fully dress'd.
One might as well embrace a physic vial,
Or a lay figure — which perhaps were best.
They who of old admired the virgin train
In Tempe's vale, and saw her native maids
Amidst the festal sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
With tresses flowing loose and zone unbound,
Might wonder if such earnest play
Could be attempted in this Grecian day
By our poor hump'd and high-heel'd fashionable
things.

O Beauty! heaven-descended Maid!
Friend of Fashions, duty paid!
Why, Goddess! unto us denied
Lay'st thou thy pristine grace aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
Unbent thou held'st supremest power,
Thy form, O Mimic most endear'd!

Appear now as it then appear'd,
Where was thy native simple part,
Devote to Virtue, Truth, and Art.
Arise as in that Golden Time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that glorious age
Fill thy recording Sister's page:
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy lightest smile did more avail
Than all the wiles our schools enact.
Thou unadorn'd didst more attract
Than all the modern trappings bound
A spoil'd and tramell'd figure round.
O, bid such vain endeavours cease!
Revive the pure design to please;
And once again in simple state
Attract our love, escape our hate!



THE BURGLAR.

Lady! untaught and without leisure,
Where gat you this heroic measure?
Wordsworth

HE WAS A BRICK! It may be said
Over my noble Burglar — dead.
Dead as a herring and — "well hang'd!"
I know not. Though at times he bang'd
My head about — when he was tight
(I 've had his marks a full fortnight),
He was kind to me out of drink
(I don't care what some folk may think)
And gentle as a wild cat is
When wild cats one another kiss.
He was a brick! I say again.
Let worse men contradict: that 's plain.
Plain as a stale unbutter'd roll.
I loved my Burglar — on my soul!
And many an eve when he had plann'd
To crack a crib with his own hand,

I have said — Jem ! do not go to-night !
Jem Walker was my master hight.
They call'd him Conrad too beside.
But no Gullnary was his bride
Save only me, Dora 's my name :
He call'd me Dolly all the same.
He loved me well : he swore my mouth
Was roses that had been grow'd South ;
And said, though he met unawares
No end of angels on the stairs,
Wide-open-mouth'd to meet his lips,
That nary one of them 'd eclipse
This mouth of mine. He would not kiss
The lips of that Semira miss
(A girl, he said, loved him long since)
Not if the queen made him a prince,
Instead of mine. So wonder not
I loved him. And though you may blot
His record with an ugly word,
He was a brick. Yes ! that 's the third.

And you had loved him, sitting thar
Smoking,— he cared for his cigar ;
Had loved him for his level brows
And eyes — No ! not a bit like cows';
Yea ! loved him for his manly mouth,
Too often drooping in the drouth ;
And for that sinewy crow-bar,
His arm, more nimble-finger'd far
Than any arm you ever knew.

A vice-like grip his hand had too,
A grip that left the griped part blue.
And who would shape a Hercules,
Looking on limbs and thews like these
(I seem to feel them once again)
Had tried to match their brawn in vain,
Ay! though he built a shrine thereat.
And for his spirit: talk of that!
A spirit that would surge and swell
And lash and boom like — why, like hell.
Samoa's heaving seas be blown,
Wreck'd, toss'd, himself a sea alone.

. . . . . .

What strange goat-bearded men were they
Who came to him at close of day!
Men whom you gave the widest berth;
Whose histories, if they were told,
Would make the hearer's blood run cold;
Men who were often run to earth,
But seldom caught, or caught broke loose.
Men with Goliath's, Samson's thews,
Men of the olden iron time
When war and rapine were sublime,
Men cursed for every crime and vice
Except the one of cowardice.

They came, the troop of bearded men,
That eve, and rested in our room.

But when the night was thick with gloom
They took a parting drink, and then
Went one by one into the town.
What for? I ask'd. Jem, with a frown,
Bade me shut up, and follow'd them.
I heard the slamming of the door,
Shut with an oath, and nothing more.
And thought what matter'd it to me?
And said — they 've gone out on a spree.
And I was anxious about Jem.

. . . . . .

He held his head down very low,
A streak of sadness in his air:
Then silent touch'd my yellow hair
And took the long locks in his hand,
Toy'd with them, smiled, and let them go;
And made a sort of awkward bow —
And said some words — I hear them now —
Of Conrad taken, and the how.

. . . . . .

He led us up the marble steps:
He led, his jemmy in his hand,
And closed the door, when down there leaps,
Down the hall stairs, an armed band.
Though coming on us unprepared,
We bore ourselves as men who dared;

Burst through the door and in the gap
Fought rat-like to escape the trap.
Then hot to barter life for life
Did Walker thrust his trusty knife
Through the first man and to the stone,
The brown stone of the outer wall,
Stuck him upright: he could not fall,
Upheld there by the knife alone.

. . . . . .

I never saw my man again.
Long time in quod for burglary
And murder,— so they said to me;
And hope to get him off was vain.
He swung upon the gallows-tree:
An easy death, with not much pain.

. . . . . .

Speak ill or well of him, he died
In all disgrace. Say of the Dead —
His heart was black, his hands were red;
But add — the Law was satisfied.
The captain of a pirate's deck,
He might have slain his hundred men;
A conqueror, he had murder'd then
His thousands, made some land a wreck,
And won like his great namesake praise
From "poet" lips: but evil days

He fell upon, and lieth there
In his low grave, with none to care —
But one, the widow that he left.
And she,— her heart is sorrow-cleft.

Yet was he mean'd for better things, had wrong
Not warp'd him early, crook'd him right along.
Perchance had any taught, the man had known
Some better way of living than the one
He took with no more feeling of remorse
Than redder Walker o'er an Indian's corse.
Perchance —— O vainly curious fool! be still!
The man did but his destiny fulfil
Mark'd out from childhood. Ruffian if he were,
A woman loved — and loves him, whose despair
Has raised the Felon's simple monument.
She faithful spite of all, on grief intent,
Mourneth the wretch none may lament beside.

A SPANISH LADY'S LOVE

WORDSWORTH WITH SWINBURNE

YOU HAVE HEARD of a Spanish Lady:
How she would an Englishman;
How, lest fond arms should persuade, he
From her loving grip outran:
Hear now what he said, such grace had he
Who would not countenance her love, in no
degree.

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Warm glances! hard eyes for an hour
Seeming soft! O most gentle and cruel
Young Englishman, conscious of power —
But he answer'd — The man you adore is
A husband, mayn't marry again:
So it 's best he should leave you, Dolores!
Young Lady of Spain!

O most gallant Captain! have pity!
Though thy wives they were seventy times
seven,

Yet leave me not here in this city,
Still sighing for thee unforgiven —
But he answer'd — Albeit at core he 's
A Mormon and knows not disdain,
They 'd not have you at Rydal, Dolores!
Sweet Lady of Spain!

I am lovely and youthful and tender,
And love is likewise my desert:
When my hope comes to you in its splendour,
Will you call cold despair for my hurt? —
But he answer'd — By all thy soft glories,
Though I love and to wed you were fain,
'Twould be bigamy. That 's so, Dolores!
Fair Lady of Spain!

Ah, beautiful passionless body
That never has ached with a heart!
Ay, kill me! your hands will be bloody;
But love me before you depart! —
But he answer'd — The love you implore is
Not mine: must I tell you again
I 've a wife, and strong-minded, Dolores!
Fond Lady of Spain!

By the hunger for change and emotion,
By the thirst for impossible things,
If you leave me, across the wide ocean
My love will pursue on swift wings. —
But he answer'd — A love gone before is
The oftenest follow'd in vain:

You 'll be safer at home, my Dolores!
Dear Lady of Spain!

O God of moist seasons and moister!
By the pearls on these hot cheeks of mine,
Would that I were the pearl of an oyster
So he were that bivalve divine! —
But he answer'd — The sea I pass o'er is
Too stormy for natives: your gain
Would be peril, not pearl, dear Dolores!
Bold Lady of Spain!

Yet break from the bonds that have girt you,
And sunder your spirit from clay!
Renounce your sub-Rydaline virtue!
My father will give me away. —
But he answer'd — At Rydal my store is:
I go home: no use to complain.
Yet I leave you my heart, my Dolores!
Loved Lady of Spain!

So he left the lovely lady.
But he took her chain of gold
And her bracelets two, which laid he
Down before his helpmate old:
Saying smiling,— Presents these for thee.
I do not tell my wife who gave them unto me.

SAUER KRAUT

THE TEUTON TO THE CABBAGE

NEXT TO MEIN PIPE, a ding for want,
Mein allerliebst is de Cabbage Plant.

Dat 's so: but eince, sweice, in de year
I lofes most vell mein Lager Bier.

Next to them both I lofe de root
Mit leafes of beauty for Sauer Kraut.

Many are Boets, but none like me
Can sing of de brode-leaf'd Cabbage Tree.

Slim is mein bronzèd meerschaum's stalk,
Round de big Cabbage stem I walk.

He folds his leafs across his heart,
As a fat man's arms on a lowlier part.

Full of flavour and shuice is he,
Dreaming where can de pickler be.

Und ven de frosts make clear de skies,
He reaches out to his fullest size.

Quickening odours, salted vell:
Gott in himmel! dass Kraut do smell.

If I vere a king, O stateliest Tree!
Many 's the barrel I 'd build of thee.

Und in dem kellar ein thron for me,
Smokin mein Pipe perpetually.

Mit matches to sét de veeds a-blaze
Und bier for de topers in Cabbage praise.

Und dere vould I sit vhile de bier run out
Smokin und eatin mein Sauer Kraut.

Trinkin large healths to the plant divine:
Und none, O Cabbage! to equal mein.

I lofe mein Pipe aûf's first of all:
Tausend teufels! I make him fall.

Mein beautiful Pipe! mein herz vos its:
Is broken into ein hoonderd bits.

Und de frau she tell me our Sauer Kraut
De lieblich barrel hafe given out.

Angel of Pity! let go a tear!
Dere is nodings to lofe but de Lager Bier.

IZAAK TAILOR

TWO PENN'ORTH O' PROVERBS

"Five bunches a penny, Sweet Lavender!"
London Cries

INTRODUCTION

I MARTIN AM, the most enlighten'd Fàkir.
Rightly pronounce my name, good folk! and hark here!
I wisdom have, although my verses are queer.

1 — OF ENDS PROVERBIAL

Like to a needle whose point protrudes from the side of a hay-stack,
So is the proverb's end, keen but unseen by the eyes of the thousand.
Is it the fault of the proverb? Rather the thousands' when they, slack
To sight any meaning at all, would miss even a four story house-end.

2 — OF TRUSTING IN PROVERBS

Put not your whole trust in proverbs even if Solomon seal them!
Holes may be pick'd on both sides; in a third may be hollow and wrangle:
As this — that keen eyes has Charity, sometimes tho' lashes conceal them.
The same was made known to the soldier, for forty tied to the triangle.

3 — OF IDLE PRAYING

Pax vobiscum! said one to the pedlars, not buying of their wares.
So is the soap-less woman would clean her house with the noise and th' esteam of prayers.

4 — OF GROUNDS OF PROPHECY

A duck laid — an egg (with a hen) that her chicken would turn out a duckling;
And it took to the water at once.
So a man not a dunce
Is much the best fitted for prophet, and a dern'd sight more certain of chuckling.

5 — OF WISDOM ALWAYS

Every goose counts for sage in due season; the wise one is wise in all weathers;
And the wiser may keep himself warm when the fool has been pluck'd of his feathers.

6 — OF A DRUNKARD

The drunkard hath swallow'd a leak : wherefore is his
thirst never sated.
Truly the sire of the Danaids this father of sieves may
be rated.
Through the whole of his life he perceives how man's
debts may be all liquidated.

7 — OF WOMAN

Says David — The virtuous woman is good as a crown
to her gaffer ;
Says Emerson — Happen what may, compensation
will probably follor.
Good balanceth Evil, albeit the rate of exchanges may
differ :
Out of Concord the woman not virtuous her holder
may rate as a dolour.

8 — OF THE WAYS OF INFERIORS

It is well, as old Isaac (not Walton)
Observes, to be duly observant of the ways of inferior
beasts.
Is the Ant (Go to, Sluggard !) at fault in
His store for his Thanksgiving Feasts ?
Shall Man, the beasts' hub,
Be less wise than a web-footed Spider ?
Now sit thou beside her,
And learn — Will they teach us ? the beasts.
There 's the rub.

9—OF MEANS AND NATURE

Though an ass bray in a mortar, yet will the shell not depart;
Though a nut 's stript to the kernel, all the same it 's a nut at the heart.
Means, I remark, may be many: only do thou choose the right!
Nature is one and eternal: her robes fitting loosely or tight.

10—OF TEACHING

Thou canst not hope thy fellow's thought to shape to fit thy frame:
The brain, yea! of the veriest Ape shall escape thy spinal notions.
Wherefore though I should write a book thy need may skip the same:
Leaving my words as weeds, flung from my mind's vast oceans.

CAUDLE CUPS

[A DOMESTIC IDYLL]

Enter from the Club Jerry Caudle, "quite sober."

CAUDLE — My Dear!
MRS. C. Well, Jerry!
C. I say well, my dear!
What have you two — you 'nd Jenny been 'nd done
With the — with the I say — thstreetdoor key,—
I mean the keyhole? Dont I always say
Just leave the keyhole out and — dont — sit — up!
MRS. C. — Jerry!
C. My dear! I'm Jeremiah'dear.
MRS. C. — Mired: that you are indeed. Where have you been?
C. — Been? been to th'Club; they 'dmired me; said they did
When I said wife at home.
MRS. C. O yes! you thought ——
C. — Didnt say thought, hadnt all time to think.
'Postle, or is it 'pistle? one of them
Said good to drink sometimes for stomach's ache;
But woman not 'loud speak: else I'd. The Club

Dont 'dmit young women. Why did — you sit up?
Didnt I tell you t'leave the keyhole out?
Where 's Mother?

MRS. C. Gone to bed.

C. Not sober. So
You 'nd Mother drink while I 'm at Club.
Brandy-in-tea. Why, Bess! you 're not upright:
Nearly upset me. Have to hold you up.
Call Jane! Bring slippers!

MRS. C. Jane has gone to bed.
Aren't you a——

C. Jane gone too? which of 'ems got
The keyhole? Jenny 'nd Mother both gone drunk!
I mustn't go to th'Club, but stay at home
To keep y' all sober — sober. Look at me!
There, you'll be down again.

MRS. C. Look at your boots!

C. — My boots, that's joke, it's your boots never wiped
Boots on the mat. 'D like to know where you been.
Hate tipsywoman. What'd the baby think?
Jane gone t'bed drunk. What 's use of candlestick?
Lay hold o' th' bannisters! I 'll keep you up. ——
Well, if you will sit down on the stairs, I must.
But it is time for bed. You 're drunk, Elithabeth!

THE END OF CHILDHOOD

[A PROSE POEM]

After the manner of Mistress Baabauld

CHILD OF ARTIFICIALITY!— whence comèst thou? Thy nose is red with thy dyspepsia, and the curvature of thy spine increaseth daily.

I come, O my Mamma! from sweet perusal of a tale of good children, and from other rambles through the Magazine of the Daughter of good King Herod.

Truly therein have I found much edification and a fostering of a desire for my improvement.

I come, O my Mamma! from mailing a conundrum for the Magazine of St. Herodias.

And also I have written, O my Mamma! a poem to appear in the forthcoming issue.

Finally I come from founding The Good Children's Society, against abuse of the whole inferior creation; and your daughter, O my Mamma! has been elected President of the same.

Is not this my ninth birthday? O dearest Mamma! Is it not time I was enrolled among the doers?

I come from instructing my ignorant grandparent in the improved method of withdrawing the albumenous particles from a gallinaceous deposit.

I come from thankfully reflecting on the happiness of my own youth. O dearest Mamma! the Magazine of the Daughter of good King Herod was not printed in your childhood.

Sweet is knowledge, O my Mamma! sweeter even than either gum or goodies, or than a large amount of the best maple candy.

And I looked. And that Mother laid her Child on the lap of her motherly solicitude.

There was wailing. Also the Child wept.

The face of that Child was hidden from me. What I saw rejoiced me exceedingly. Verily, I said, there is yet a Mother in Israel. Haply a remnant that has not bowed down to the Baalambs.

TO A SPIDER

SPIDER! Spider! hid from sight
Till some hapless fly alight,
What fore-thoughtful brain and eye
Fashion'd thy web's nice symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Grew those rare geometries?
In what far-off home of fire
Forgèd was that slender wire?

And what cunning, what wise art,
Stow'd all in so small a part,
Prompt to weave and to repeat,
And gave thee such nimble feet?

Not the stars, through myriad years
Traveling in appointed spheres,
Tell more surely of design
Than that frail web's curious line.

What the hand and what the brain
Made thee, and made not in vain?
Did he smile thy craft to see?
Did he who made the Fly make thee?

Spider! Spider! hanging light
On thy web but seen dew-bright,
What fore-thoughtful brain and eye
Framed that fearful symmetry?

BUDDHA

IF the read writer think he writes,
Or if the reader think he reads,
He knows not half their subtil sleights
Whose written rede is writ in deeds.

Read or unread to me is clear,
Downside or up to me the same,
The words between the lines appear,
And understanding is my game.

They reckon ill who leave me out,
I am the writer's, reader's wings,
My voice both whisper is and shout,
And silence is the hymn it sings.

True knowledge hath with me abode,
One word to me is more than seven,
But thou, vain thinker! fling thy load
And mount upon my back to heaven!

E.W.R.

THE BEE

(*CORISCA – NERINA — HYLAS*)

CORISCA

HELP ME, Nerina! it has stung me.

NERINA

Where?
I see: your lip swells. Dear! I know a charm
My mother taught me,— only you must share
Its utterance. Silly child! it will not harm,
But heal you almost in a moment. —— There!
Are not you out of pain?

HYLAS

Help! help! the bee
Has stung me too. Nerina! have some ruth!

NERINA

His lip 's not swell'd: and yet — I would not he
Should suffer —— Hylas! let me go! In sooth
You kiss too close, and leave the sting with me.

QUATRAINS

THE FLY that thought he turn'd the coach-wheel round
Lies crush'd between the iron and the ground:
As silently the wheel revolves again,
Must some memorial of the Fly be found?

What are we? Grains of the wide Desert's sand;
Or as mere rain-drops shaken from Time's hand
Into the Ocean. Shall the swallow'd drop
Pretend the Ocean-Heart to understand!

We live, and work, and through our little day
Our parts conspicuous or unnoticed play:
Some brief Hours may remember us, and then
Oblivion passeth o'er us on its way.

THE KINGS' WAKE

A SURPRISE PARTY

THE KINGS' WAKE

[A SURPRISE PARTY]

GOOD FELLOWS were they all
Who toward Tom King's that winter evening hied,
To give friend King a call:
With drink — they said 'twas fair — and likewise meat supplied.

When leaves nor shade nor strew the street,
And underneath unresting feet
The crunch'd crisp snow we hear,
When in high heaven the stars are hung
So bright they seem like diamonds strung
To grace the new-come Year,
We have a custom like the snow
To go a-drifting, to and fro,
Among our friends:

The when we never let them know,
But for amends
With baskets and caskets
Their tables we·throng,
And bottles, with throttles
Impatient for song.

This party was of various clime:
Beshrew me, they were worthy rhyme
As any of that antique time
Your laureate sings.
Surprises may not be sublime,—
But kings are kings.
King (Tom), of royal heart was he,
And this same day from o'er the sea
Came home: is any doubt that we
Shall be well-come?
His Wife too 'd like us to make free
And feel "tu hum."
So thought our party:—— but ere they 're astir
It may be well to note the kind o' folk they were.

Chief of the gang was Enoch, tall and dry,
Square-shoulder'd, hatchet-faced, lank-hair'd, and spry:
He said Vermont had raised him; others said
He was a right New-Yorker, thorough bred.
Wherever borh, a level head had he,
And spake outside his nose sonorously.
Not quite his height was Bull, but fleshier far,

And ruddy-cheek'd as Baldwin apples are,
With somewhat of a mid protuberance:
Yet was he strong and active, and could dance
With any girl, and sing in tones so sweet
Two or three bars would take you off your feet:
Well-featured, with curl'd hair of chestnut hue,
And all good in him like a chestnut too.
The third was a young German, Ernest call'd
By friends: he wore green spectacles, was bald,
And beardless, but full pleasant was his face,
With kind blue eyes his glasses did disgrace:
His figure short, much rounded, not ill-made:
Serene his look, and his demeanour staid,
And all unlike the Frenchman at his side,
Brave Monsieur Jean Belleisle, quick, lively-eyed,
And windmill-action'd when he 'gan to talk.
Three steps to Ernest's two he took in his walk,
Yet hardly kept pace with him. Behind them
Sandy McIvor came, a man of phlegm
And moods sarcastic,— but he mean'd no harm:
A hard dry-manner'd Scot, but with a warm
Leal spirit. Always he was arm in arm
With Denis 'Shaughnessy, his other self,
His supplement: for Denis was an elf,
Frolicsome, careless, noisy, and o'errun
With mirth and jest and unrelenting fun,
As champagne flasks are overflow'd with froth.
Certes this boy had fun enough for both
Himself and Sawney: all with pure intent
And conscièncе. He shouted as he went

And gambol'd like the Bedlamkin he was.
This was the jovial crowd that mean'd to pass
A quiet night with King, their old-time friend;
And, as the fashion bade, a grace to lend
To their intrusion, take with them their treat,
Some drink material, some odd things to eat:
Mere punkin-pies and strawberry-jam short-cake,
An oyster stew, and eke a fair clam-bake
("Unseasonable," but then for friendship's sake):
These their regalia. Beside these they bore
Crackers and cheese and goodies, a good store,
And fixins whereof rooster-tails are made,
Apples for Jack, and herald-like display'd
A mighty demijohn * upheld on high
As if they thought to flout the temperate sky;
And from their pockets out-poked many a neck
Of bottles label'd variously. What reck
We of the labels till the corks are out?

By now the party passes, with a shout,
Through King's front gate; he, having drawn aside
His window-curtain, look'd forth and espied
His pied acquaintance hammering at his door,
Clamorous to enter. Did I say before
He had that day from a long voyage return'd?
And in his early chamber the light burn'd.
Scarcely a-bed was he when all this din
As of police or burglars breaking in,

* *French*— Dame Jeanne.

And he must rise and don his wearied clothes
(His bettermost suit unpack'd yet, I suppose)
To welcome these invaders, and with thanks:
Welcome as sudden floods that o'er low banks
Some unexpected thaw with thankless heat
Has brought unwanted. On his naked feet
Descends he, and assists them to a light;
Then turns to put him in more guesily plight.
So enter they. And in a little while
King and his Wife bring down a cheerful smile
To help the gas; and all the game 's a-blaze.

Bull first gave tongue: Why, this is like old days.
I said we could not come too soon. Leastways,
Chimed Enoch, Nary one of us could wait.
Too soon? said Denis: shure it's most too late.
But pardon, Gentles! I have left too long
Our hostess standing these wild men among.

A jolly dame King's Better-half, though young:
With a sweet mouth and a sweet saucy tongue.
Well could she meet the wags at any hour.
She came in blooming, fresh as the may-flower,
No one had thought that she could be so quick;
And, leaning on her husband as a stick,
Gave greeting to each unexpected guest,
To each her hand, with proffer of the best.
The fire was not yet out; would they but sit
And wait a while. More silent King; but lit
A spill for all in turn. Not fluent of speech

Was he, but of most things within his reach
Could give account: a fidgety small man,
Restless, although 'twas said he never ran,—
His gait as suited one whose thoughts were wise:
He saw no gain in hurried exercise.
Wrizled his face was, his jaw lean; so thin
His body too, there was no room for sin
If any had suspected him of it.
But they who knew th' inside knew there was wit
With guilelessness beneath that wrinkled crust.
He was a man you might both love and trust:
(*Might* is a wrong word here, I would say *must*).
Grave as he was he could accept a joke;
And gravely smiled when Bull the night-hours woke,
As 'bacco-laureate for the present time,
With hasty snatch like this of Moorish rhyme.

I know by the smoke all so gracefully curl'd
Round the mouth o' the meerschaum that Lone Jack is lit,
And I say, if there 's peace to be found in the world
With a chimney that smokes, this is it! this is it!
And here, if the wine may have leave to come forth
We mad devils have brought into this blissful sphere,
We would pledge to our Host truest service and love,
And the same to our Hostess most charming and dear.
With leave, Tom! (Bull went on to say) I will move
(As he uncork'd the Clicquot) we start fair with this.
And I think you will own, if good wine 's to be had,
Here it is! here it is!

And now, the snow-white damask spread,
The viands in fit order placed,
With Enoch at the table's head,
Tom at his right, the left side graced
By Madam — "next his heart"
(So Denis for his part
Apostrophising as the rest took seats),
They pass'd around the dainty meats,
The sandwiches of chaff and wine.
Admit the chaff is not cut fine:
Say badinage! when hearts are young
Some waggery 's allow'd: the tongue
Serves as salt-cellar. While I prate
These chafferers empty every plate;
And having fully bribed their throats
Prepare for warbling. Take we notes!
Of course Bull must lay down the law.
The Scot remonstrates: Hoot awa!
Let me begin!
A hieland laddie I was born:
A' laaland laws I haud in scorn —
Denis breaks in —
Och! I was born in Liverpool,
And I hate the English laws,
For me father was an Irishman:
Shure I 've the plinty cause.
Then Bull, half wroth, with look to make a pause,
Be hang d t' ye both! we 'll have no politics.
Choose other singing! Denis! do you mix!
Perhaps Miss Belle will favour us the first

With her sweet voice? Whereat a general burst,
Applause! Miss Belle bow'd gracefully at this.
How came she of the party? I shall miss
Her song to tell. A winsome lassie she,
Like yet unlike her sister Queen: some see
No likeness, Belle being little, as yet slim:
If scant of fun, without caprice or whim,
And all straight-forward as an arrow is:
A maiden many have to love, I wis. ——
Unhesitating, although used to sing,
She trill'd unquaveringly a pretty thing
Of love — a man's love-song: it is the way
Young virgins teach shy bachelors what to say.
That over, praised, Bull clear'd his ample throat,
And stuck his thumbs in sleeve-holes of his coat,
And closed his eyes, and lay back in his chair,
And gave as his opinion Jane was fair
But cruel, and his heart was breaking fast,
Nigh sixteen stone. And when that woe was past
Enoch, all asking, led a college chaunt sublime
(Writ by the Sage of Concord in the days
Of studious youth and more poetic haze):
How the Bull-Frog and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel, both one time.
'Twas a mountain of a bull-frog (quite an Og
Of Bashan, said our Englishman): the mess
Was Squirrel he was riled to be thought less
Than this mud-mounting bully of a frog.
But here 's the strain:—
Bull-Frog and Squirrel, turn and turn again.

THE Bull-Frog and the Squirrel came to blows,
Metaphoric: and Skug hit him on the nose.
CHORUS — In among the sedges,
On the edges
Where the bull-frogs doze.

Then Bull-Frog revenged him: Little Put!
You wish you was amphibious. Shade of Phut!
CHORUS — In among the sedges,
The green edges.
Who the bull-frog's Phut?

Phut was that Egyptian who of frogs first ate,
When Moses made them cheap, I calculate.
CHORUS — In among the sedges,
On the edges
Of a China plate.

Then the Squirrel took his tale up, parabole:
Says he — You have a mean and muddy soul!
CHORUS — 'Mid the dirty sedges
On the edges
Of the Bull-Frog's hole.

You sing? you a bull-frog? you? you 're hoarse.
Whereat the Bull-Frog croak'd again with forty
bull-frog force.
CHORUS — In among the sedges,
All their edges
Bow'd to him of course.

But Skug in half a second him upshut
With — You 're not spry enough to crack a nut.
CHORUS — Down among the sedges,
On the ledges
Where the Bull-Frog's mouth is shut.

Needs not be said, at every pause in this
Glasses get emptied, while the refill'd kiss,
Lip against lip, as custom stands with friends.
The punch was excellent. A good punch lends
A fillip to enjoyment. Let them hunch
Teetotal shoulders! Tea, well put in punch,
Helps temperance, corrects the spirituous part,
And cheer'd by it gives warmth unto the heart.
Try tea with lemon-juice! a little bit
Of sugar added: there 's no harm in it.
Good lemon aids the tea. Nor is there wrong
In some stomachic, taken not too strong.
But pass the punch! We wait another song.

Our hostess call'd the German forth:
She knew that he had quires of worth.
He blush'd, but said he vould sing den
(The air it vos by Beethoven)
A German Lied, perhaps vould please,
Translated by an English pen.
They vould not mind his qs and ps.

SILENTLY, silently, did they embrace,
Tenderly, tenderly, face illumed face,

Deliciously beam'd her sweet passionate eyes :
Fondly confiding the maiden's embrace.
Woe for the prize of love easily won !
Dark is the nightfall that follows the day.

Silently, silently, did they embrace,
Gloomily, gloomily, face shadow'd face,
Despairingly gleam'd her sweet sorrowful eyes :
Sadly, despairingly, did she embrace.
Hastily flies the love easily won !
Summer has gone and the winter is grey.

It 's nae so hamely, to my mind,
As our ain sangs. Ye ken that one
Of Bonnie Poll, a screed of Burns.
So Sandy, off fu' yet some turns ;
And scarcely waiting for his wind,
Ere they had ask'd he had begun.

FETCH ME anither stoup of ale,
And froth it in the pewter tassie,
That I may drink — I wadna fail —
A health to her, my ain wee lassie.
The snaw it drives atween my teeth,
The cauld keen wind is na so jolly,
It 's cozie here the neuk beneath ;
But I 'll gang hame to bonnie Polly.

I 'll tak' nae mair, I 'm no that saft,
Tho' unco laith to leave guid liquor,

The winds may blow as they were daft,
And let the snaw be sax-time thicker,
And gin I tint the vera best
O' barley-bree,— it 's aiblins folly,—
I 'll wrap my plaidie owre my breast,
And gang hame, sune, to bonnie Polly.

'Troth, Poll is hamely — wid respect,
Quoth Denis, as the Hostess check'd
His jeering tone; but by me sowl,
It 's our own Oirish lovers bowl
The worrrld of song from off its legs.
Like potheen running out in kegs,
And no one axin' them ashore.
Jist hear this now, by Ror' O'More!

Dermot's Uproar.

OCH, Norah, me jewel!
So keen-eyed and cruel,
Yur heart is as hard as a di'mond or purl:
Me red and white coral!
Ye niver can quarrel
Wid Dermot who loves ye, the jew'l of a girl.

Like the purl o' the mornin,
The daylight adornin,
So early uphoister'd from out the salt sea,
Like a fresh flowrin sea-weed,
'Ts meself has of thee need:
Shure Dermot and Norah were made to agree.

Och, Norah, me jewel!
You can't be so cruel:
Yur heart's like a ruby or tough amethyst.
Ye're a rock, I 'm a- thinkin,
That don't care a winkin
How yur purty white throat by the fond waves is kist.

Is it waves? I 've a notion,
Were Dermot the ocean,
Or say but a bay batt'rin spray at yur feet,
Och, I 'd crown ye wid laurel
If ye 'd make up our quarrel,
And whisper — O Say-God! thim kisses are sweet.

The Frenchman's turn came next. Pardòn!
His hand to ze fair dames he keess,
And he vould sing a small chanson
He turn himself to Eenglish, Meess!
The song, he said, came à-propos,
For Meess had tell him that she know
French of de Beranger, and he
Was proud of taste with hers agree.
Belle smiled, but bravely bit her lips.
Jean kiss'd again his finger-tips;
Then sang, in English beyond quarrel,

How Charles the Seventh loved Agnes Sorel.

I GO combat — thy will, my Own!
Adieu, pleasùre! adieu, repose!

I will have, to revenge my crown,
God and my love and these heròes.
Englishmen! may my Lady's name
Carry into your ranks terròr!
Near her I had forgotten fame:
Agnes me renders to honòur.

Amidst my games — my idle reign
Frenchman and king, from danger far
I did my France let to the chain,
A captive to the stranger's war.
One word my Lady's mous did name
My front with redness cover'd o'er.
Near her I had forgotten fame:
Agnes me render'd to honòur.

If Victory my blood must take,
Agnes! my blood will all run down.
But no! for love and glory's sake
Charles will be conqueror of renown.
I ought to conquer, in thy name,
With thy favòurs and thy colòur.
Near her I had forgotten fame:
Agnes me renders to honòur.

Dunois! La Tremouille! Saintrailles!
O Frenchmen! what a day, how sweet,
When twenty battles going by
Lay laurel crowns at Beauty's feet.
Frenchmen! speak gratefully her name
Of glory and good-hap donòr!

Near her I had forgotten fame:
Agnes me renders to honòur

One guest, yet undescribed, sat Belle beside:
A gentle youth, mustached and tender-eyed,
Of nice behaviour, in his Sunday's best.
How came he there we will not make iuquest
At present. Ere the plausive echoes died,
Was it a blush Belle sought to hide
That made her turn away?
Or something in those youthful eyes
That met her own sweet thought,
Whereat she started as with shamed surprise?
That start the Sister caught,
And at her word the gentle youngster brought
And sang as a true lover ought

A Roundelay.

O LOVE! true love, that asks not for return!
O love, true love, that asks but leave to love!
True love that only lives, and likes, to prove
His own sweet wealth, with never need to earn!

O love, pure love, still well content to yearn,
To stand afar, to pray, yet never move!
O most untired desire to give all love
For love's dear sake and ask for no return!

O love, true love, the loved in vain may spurn!
Unheeded love, that in the desert strove!
Unchanging, faithful, never-failing love!

Be sure some day there shall be fair return !

That 's in the high-falutin' key,
Said Enoch. How in Vairmount we
Go courtin', would you keer to know?
The words are by Hosee Biglow,
Music my own. Yes, Sir ! that 's so.

to query by Sandy.

UNCLE ZEKLE came tu woo —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !
Huldy skeer'd tu buckle tu —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !
Heer'd him hawkin up the street ;
Smiled ez apples wern't all sweet ;
Pucker'd up her mouth tu meet,
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !

Uncle Zek peep'd thru the glaze —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !
She show'd pooty in the blaze —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !
Peelin apples fast ez sin,
Hadn't time tu cry — Come in !
He fer parin wuz too thin !
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !

Uncle's skin wuz crinkled oak —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !
And his v'ice a kinder croak —
Ha, ha, the wooin o't !

Wen he dror his cheer and sot
Jest too near her she look'd hot:
Fire or blushes, which? he tho't.
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Uncle talk'd sum of his hogs—
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Huldy heer'd the cracklin logs!
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Uncle kep in Bank, he sed:
Huldy wuz too young tu wed:
Wintry cold an old man's bed:
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Uncle Zek wuz here tu-night—
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Sparkin in the chimbly light—
Ha, ha, the wooin o't!
Wut does Huldy in the snow?
"One more kiss before I go!"
Mind if Huldy answer No!——
That's our Vairmount wooin o't.

By this the punch was like to fail;
But Denis cried — A double gale!
And echoed all the cry.
A shadow o'er the pale Host pass'd,
A half-rebuke, his first, his last;—
He held his glass on high
And, waving it above his head,

Sang out, as his heart's blood were shed,
Whiskey and liberty!
Another bowl before you 're gone —
Were his last words. And only one!
Our Hostess graciously appends:
Though seldom such a sheaf of friends
(She glanced around upon them all)
Comes with such will without a call.

And now the final punch was mix'd
And every glass refill'd.
Then Bull, supremely rising, fix'd
His hand upon his heart;
And — Ere we must depart,
(So spake he) little as I 'm skill'd
In compliment, you will permit me say —
Of our good friend now sitting here before us
———————— Hip, hip, hooray!
Was chorus.

Who shall count the drinks were had
While mad mirth grew more and more as
Momus steep'd the moments' noses
In the mixture that disposes
Even Sorrow to be glad:
Softer Sorrow!
On the morrow
Sick as Pharoah's Court of Moses.
Fairer fate my Muse discloses,
Lifting of our night the blanket:
No wet Banquo at this banquet;

King's friends' scullery at the least
Brought no death's head to our Feast;
Death was not in pot or pottle.
Shade of Southey (name is Cottle)
Reinspire me, that the end may be
Applied to this high theme with fit full dignity!
Help, Apollo! for the Hours
Are bowling off and, by the Powers,
Night's watchman from his misty towers
Is hurrying down.
Kirke White's the last two lines: I would claim
but my own.
Thou too, Goddess, fancy free,
In heaven clep'd Mnemosynè!
Memory, with the slender waist
And back-turn'd visage, hither haste!
Whether without weight of wage
Thou porèst o'er some antique page,
Some palimpset whose record
Might suffice for thy reward;
Whether thy late thoughts explore
The prehistoric Cushite shore,
Haply looking for some lost
Berosian bricabrac; or, tost
Back from the sharp Sierras' flanks
To muddy Mississipian banks,
Thou seekest amid ancient mounds
For the earlier river bounds;
Or circlest the unwirèd world
For forty minutes; or with curl'd

And radiant head bow'd to thy knees
Dream'st of the far Symplegades:
Goddess excellently bright!
Thou that makèst day of night!
Goddess memorably wise!
Help the tale of our Surprise!
Benevolent Goddess! plume thy swiftest wing;
Attend this fond complaint, and prompt more
words to sing.
Sandy! you do not drink, said Denis. Dry
And sandy 's the same thing — was his reply.
I 'll tak' a mere sup just to moist my mou',
Syne croon my verse again. I 'm no that fu'
But I 'll sing brawly, and the sabject 's guid,
And present Comp'ny! ye 'll no ca' me rude
For singing out o' turns.
I 'm like the burns,
Aye tuneful. So he hugs
Conceit with both arms tightly to his breast,
(His glass got leave of rest)
And flings ane ither Scotch sang i' their lugs.

THE AIT 's a callant fine and guid
To meet i' the mornin' airlie:
But gie me for the ingle neuk
My gossip — bearded Barley!
Kail-brose at noon is weel eneuch,
I 'll gar it welcome rarely;
But ilka hour frae dawn till night
For rantin' Bree o' Barley!

Is it potheen, scream'd Denis, ye mane?
As the song has it, ane o' your ain:—
When Pathrick brew'd a power o' malt,
And Tim Dahomy cam' to prie,
They found the brewin' had one fault:
It was not quite enough for three.
They were na fu'
But yet it 's thrue
That baith thegither counted three,
Whyles each ane saw
The ither twa
Thru mixins o' the barley-bree.

Ye 've corrapted the taxt athegither,
As ye do wi' our auld bonnie sangs,
Meanin' airs. To believe ye the thrang 's
A' frae Ireland. It 's thrue, by the Powers.
Then Bull: Why, the most of them 's ours.
Weel, weel, it 's a' made i' the heather:
There 's little of choice, I 'm a-thinking.
Only gie me the drinking!
Glenlivat or potheen 's all one.
Bedad, but that 's thrue whin all 's done.
Whereat but they all cried Hear! hear!
And Sandy with fresh cheer
Loosen'd anither stave.
(Holy — Madam! without lave.)
I will na ask for silk attire,
And siller I can spare,
Gin I 've a toddy by the fire

And on the sideboard mair.
For Barley is my darlin,' my darlin,'
my darlin';
For Barley is my darlin'———————
His christen'd name is Beer.
Give me our home-brew'd English ales,
For breakfast, lunch, or stirrup-cup,
And our old English madrigals
For music!
— May be just a sup
O' the brandy poonch? You haven't named
your drink.
Waal! replied Enoch, Cocktails, not to wink
At Cobblers in desult'ry times.—
Weel! different drinks suit differing climes.
Let ilka poet choose his rhymes!
We 've nae sae like laws as in France.—
The Ladies might prefer a dance,
Said Denis, and arose,
And tow'rd an Irish jig his toes
Accommodating made advance.
— But hauding wi' our drappies,
Under favour o' the Leddies,
Seeing toddy 's on the tapis,
That 's a vile drink, your Bourbon, sae quickly
it unsteadies.
— Yaas! ze Bourbon is canaille.
— Whereon Enoch took a smile,
Acting contempt; and Wait awhile
Until good Bourbon you 've known.

Mayn't be good for mixing; take it straight!
Then you 'll own ——
But I reckon it 's some late.
And the Frenchman rose with him:
For the dawn a kinder dim
Light slid between the blinds.
Our Host was playing with the rinds
Of lemons; but our Hostess rose serene,
Like as the harvest moon is seen,
And, standing royal as a Queen,
Said — We thank you for your presence here
last night —
Afforded much delight —
King and myself are owing
And beholden to your friendship much
(The slightest touch
Of irony); but King has been
A traveler — travel-spent.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!
We went.

CATONINETALES

CATONINETALES

A DOMESTIC EPIC

BY HATTIE BROWN

A young lady of colour lately deceased at the age of

14

PRINTED AT THE APPLEDORE U.S. PRESS

By special request.

Cat Island discovered by Columbus
1492

THE following brief Memoir, contributed over the signature of F. G. H. to the columns of the Mobile *Record*, at the date of Miss Brown's decease, gives us all that has been brought to light concerning the

AUTHOR OF CATONINETALES.

HATTIE BROWN was born at Natches, Ga., where her parents were field-hands on the plantation of Mr. Jo. Fields. Little Hattie, named after one of the gentleman's daughters, was treated as a pet. Miss Fields, a first-rate musician, had also much taste for poetry, which she was in habit of reciting; and Hattie, with the African faculty of imitation, so picked up the laws of measure as well as an insatiate ambition for original production. After the War the family came North, and earned a modest living in Boston, where at the period we edited the *Girls' Own*. Therein some of H. B.'s early verse had first appearance, submitted to us with a few ingenuous words stating the age of the writer,— 11 years. The lines were distinctly too good for the age; and we could not help instituting an inquiry that led to acquaintance with the family, poor but respectable, an acquaintance very soon ripening into a warm affection only interrupted by her untimely death.

The three dignities of poetry: the union of the true and the wonderful, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.

Triads of Catwg the Wise.

O for a quill from out a cat-bird's wing!

Young's Night Thoughts.

Quoth he then to the Drummer — Lay it on! *Sterne.*

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CATONINETALES

A DOMESTIC EPIC

COMPRISING A VERY TRUE AND DISMAL PATHETIC NARRATION OF THE ENDS OF A MOST WORTHY CAT

KOK ROBYN

BEGINNING WITH HIS FIRST DEATH AND BURIAL AND THE INQUEST THEREUPON

BY H. B.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. *As you like it.*

Robyn, jolly Robyn! *Merry Wives etc.*

Robyn! good fellow! *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I thank you, Sir! I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?
Every man in his humour.

What say you? Simon Catlin! *Romeo and Juliet.*

We have bespoke a CAT.

Anglo-Saxon CAT, Danish KAT, Swedish KATT, Old French, Irish, and Prussian CAT, Low German KATT, High German KATER and KATZE, Welch CATH, Cornish KATH, Biscayan CATUA, Sclavonic KOT, Armorican KAZ, KACH, Latin CATUS, Dic. Var. CATTE, &c.

His titles were

The Most Noble The Archduke Rumpelstiltzchen, Marquis McBum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Ratacide, Waowhler, and Skaratch.

There should be a court-mourning in Cat-Land; and if the Dragon wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape à la militaire round one of his fore-paws, it will be a becoming mark of respect.

Pancattantrums (*Southey's Translation*).

A Cat has nine lives and a woman nine cats' lives. *Old Proverb.*

And as the Katte hath nine lives, so also hath the Katte his taile nine vertebræ, whereof upon echone a several life dependeth.

Browne's Vulgar Errours.

What a monstrous taile our Cat has got. *Carey.*

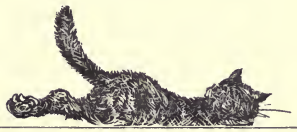
Your Cat a mountain looks. *Shakspere.*

Silence awhile! Robin! take off this. *Id.* Mere cat-lap. *Anon.*

CATONINETALES

IN NINE FYTTES

The Funeral — The Fight — Love — Drowned — Margaret — Hanged — Shot — Thanksgiving Day — Mystery.



And an end.

KOK ROBYN'S FUNERAL

His gite was golden gay with streakis blak. *Chaucer.*

WHO kill'd KOK ROBYN? I
I did, said Fanny; VI
I was set on by Danny: 3
It was I kill'd Kok Robyn.

Who heard his groans?
I did, said Union;
And growl'd in communion
While picking my bones.

Who saw him die?
I did, said Jack,
As I lay on my back
Wide awake in one eye.

Who 's Funeral Boss?
I am, said Nelly,
Though my heart 's all a jelly,
A-quake at his loss.

Who 'll dig his grave?
I will, said Father,
Unless you would rather
Have some stranger knave.

Who 'll bear the pall?
I will, said Timothy;
I 'll mind a limb o' thee:
So the chickens said all.

Who 'll be chief mourner?
I, said O'Donoghue;
And no mother's son o' you
'll do it forlorner.

Who 'll sing the psalm?
We will, said the Mice;
It will be real nice,
We 're so blessedly calm.

And who 'll set the tune?
We will, chirp'd the Birds:
Don't ask us for words,
But we 'll manage a tune.

Who 'll preach the sermon?
I will, prosed a Rat;
I have it quite pat
From the text *Cats are vermin.*

Here ends our first story,
One taile of Kok Robyn:
Let us all stop our sobbin'!
We hope he 's in glory.

And now take note: as here-under wrote.

NOTE — 1 Robin's name, KOK ROBIN, which same did our chief he-cat claim; and VI delicet FAN, a she-setter, a tan. 3 our chore-boy was, DAN. Then UNION and JACK, 4 tabby, 5 black, were our kittens, both born on a midsummer morn of one mother, loved well by 2 Sister NELL. 7 's a name that was flung at our rooster most young; and by 8 sure I mean our great ROOSTER DEAN, of Irish descent. D, LEO, in went denoting a neighbour as payment for labour in help of our plot. Other notes we need not.

Sir Kok's epitaph
Will be utter'd by LEO, D
And his death-song. Laus Deo!
Let no one laugh!

THE EPITAPH

Here rests, his head and chest due-lapp'd in earth,
A Katte to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Much Science troubled not his kitly berth;
Sad Poesy now makes his taile her own.

Now must we diverge to a right tuneful

DIRGE.

Dark Melancholy! mark!
Let never dog bark,
But loving cats hark
And echo our moan!
Though myself but a dog,
Yet I feel that no clog
To my sorrows, which jog
On in unison
With the mourners around,
Who me worthy found
With not too dogged sound
T' accompany them
In these first obsequies
Of the friend that here lies
And to me did devise
His fit requiem.
So I LEO, allow'd
A cat's name, here avow'd,
Of which Popes are proud
In their haught catalog',
Find currage to lay
On this noble Cat's clay
What an advocate may
Who is only a dog.

He was supple and brave,
As was proved by that knave
That brought him to his grave:
  I anticipate here:
But the words may remain,
For he has to be slain
Again, and again
  Till nine lives disappear.

He was striped like a pumpkin,
Had shoulders and rump thin,
And well could a jump win
  With any a-foot;
Sleek was he and dainty;
Steals, so, and why mayn't he?
If not quite a saint, he
  Ain't less of a brute.

So to speak of him present:
The thought is unpleasant
Of him all decessant
  If not all deceased:
Though I 'd say to his face
That not one of his race
Has less call for the grace
  Of dog poet or priest.

For his gifts, they were great;
What he stole, that he ate;
For his faults, who shall state
  Any ill of the Dead?
O, might I be likewise!

Pour, tears! from all eyes;
And the kind Destinies
Heave a stone at his head!

Sic transit Catus Mundi,
Translated Sunday.
And exit Leo.
What recks it me?
Oh!
Though this first fytte be ended,
Thereto is appended
Sir Kok's pedigree:
(Sacrificium laudis)
Which now sent abroad is
As written by me
H.B.

THE PEDIGREE

The cat-log of him. *Shakspere.*

His hatchment hangs "on the outer wall"
For every one to see;
And fit is it the world should know
Kok Robyn's pedigree.
Listen, dear lords and ladies all!
Lend willing ears to me!

He was a Catte of lineage high,
Which well-writ scrolls remark:
Of very ancient ancestry,
The Two Cats in the Ark:
A fact that 's so remarkable,
I could not keep it dark.

'Mong his forbears was Fiddler Kat,
When Kow o'erleap'd the Moon;
And the Cat that Mother Hubbard's Dog
Was feeding with a spoon;
And on maternal side that Puss
In Boots like a dragoon,

Carabbas hight. Even royal blood
He claim'd in line from him
Who, housed with a belovèd witch,
One night went up the chim-
Ney, crying I am King o' the Cats!
The taile is true, though Grimm.

In modern times one forerunner
Was well-sung Gilbert Katte
Who Philip Sparowe slew, rehearsed
By his own laureat. (*Skelton*)
Tho' Cornish cats such tailes deny,
Tailes may be long for that.

Still later, in the ways of trade,
'Mong his grandsires came down
The Patron of Dick Whittington,
Who brought him such renown
He purseveres at top o' 'Change
In Troynovant's great town.

What child but oftentimes has read
Of Goody Two-Shoes' friends?
The chief her Cat, a Cat of birth,
Though here she condescends:

She knows that humble maiden's worth,
And so her countenance lends.

See in heraldic books how high
The House of CAT is placed!
The English Lion without spot, *C.A.* 1
The Scottish ne'er disgraced. *C.A.* 2
What knight could bear a prouder crest
Than Wild-Cat from the waist? *C.A.* 3

Or look again to elder lore!
When Thor in Giant-Land
Put forth his godship in its power,
Which nought else could withstand,
There was the Cat of Destiny
To make him weak of hand. *C.A.* 4

The greatest goddess Cybele,
By Cats her coach is led; *C.A.* 5
And look where, following Bacchus' car,
The wild-limb'd Mœnads spread,
And Fawns with Tigers dance to the tune
In old Silenus' head. *C.A.* 6

C.A. (*Caudal Appendage*) 1 2 Whether the Shield of England first contained Lions or Libbards (leopards) has been the subject of many serious inquiries. In the year 1235 Ferdinand, Emperor of the West, gave Henry III three leopards for his coat. *Casson's Heraldry.*

In the Roll of Caerlaverock the banner of Edward I has 3 leopards.

Lions in England's coat, says *Shakspere.*

Leopards on thy shield, says *Walter Scott.*

C.A. 3 The Catesby crest: arms 3 cates or gingerbread cats.

C.A. 4 The Iceland Cat he could not thaw. *Old Rune.*

C.A. 5 The Scandinavian goddess Freya also has her cat-charioteers.

C.A. 6 Silenus swang this way and that. *Wordsworth.*

And when that loose Saturnian crew
The Titans did displace, (*Ovid*)
And scamper'd the jovial Gods like beasts,
Sol's Sister took Cat-grace
And swore she would die an old maid or
A Cat: so made her race.

An old sky-myth: when storms invade
The Moon-ruled realm of Night,
Diana, huntress chased and fair, (*Jonson*)
Appears to flee; but light
Returns to chase the grey mouse clouds
With re-Olympian might. *C.A.* 7

Wise Egypt held Cats half divine,
Their place to guard the Soul *C.A.* 8
In royal tombs; no people yet
Have Cats consider'd foul,
Though rude art quite mistakingly
Made Pallas' Cat an owl.

The goddess hight of Liberty,
In her most high attaint (*Livy*)
In haughty Rome, held at her feet
A Cat without complaint,
Imaging order'd liberty,
True freedom, with restraint.

C.A. 7 "The Cat-Moon eats the grey mice of the Night." *PanCat-tantrums*, *Book* 1, *chap.* 13. Pan-criti (cretur), the Hindu Goddess of Nature, drives a car drawn by countless myriads of Cats.

C.A. 8 Ælurus was a Cat-headed God.

I pass, lest some deem me profane,
The Cat of Judah's Tribe,
Saint Mark's too; but the Nemæan mark,
To whom we must ascribe
This fame, Alcides claim'd his skin
The gods themselves to bribe.

Sage Æsop fables to us how
A Cat, which loved a man,
Became a woman for his sake
And——— but (the story ran)
A mouse disturb'd their wedded bliss,
Before the bliss began.

Or take the story t'other way,
Of the woman Cattish turn'd,
Saved only when her head was off,
Her taile extremely burn'd!
There really is a power of things
That might from Cats be learn'd.

Of Una and her faithful friend
I may not dare to speak:
The maiden Truth so pure and bold,
And Strength so maiden meek:
To retail Spenser, seems to me,
Should task the soul of Cheke.

And other poems leonine,
Too many much to quote,
Traverse the Nubia of my thought,—
And most are known by rote:

My chiefest care has been to show
There have been Cats of note.

Yet memories, meandering home,
One saintlike Cat behold.
Whom Gregory (Nazianzen styled)
To his great heart did fold,
A nimble Cat upon his knees
To see the nimb of gold.

What families of history,
Vouch'd history, not myth,
And men of might in arts, and arms
Of most heroic pith,
The name of Cat made honourable,
If not so common as Smith;

The Catos, Catius, Catiline,
Catullus, widely famed
For song; also Leonidas; (*S. Catuldus too*)
For race of Cat are claim'd:
Beside some dozen Popes,—of some
Cats need not be ashamed.

That subtil Cat of Medici;
And Russia's lustiest dame;
And Shakspere's Queen, may be divorced,
But not divorced from Fame;
With Kate, the wild Kate of his love
Petruchio cared to tame.

And Caterina Camoens,
The Portingals' sweet flower,

Ay! sweet as Arqua's laurel bloom
That Petrarch had for dower;
St. Catherine of the Wheel, pourtray'd
By Raffaele's gracious power.

So Catherine-wheels, or cat-on-wheels,
As pyrotechnics know:
July, or say November nights,
They make a pretty show,
With boys and belles and squibs and shells
And rockets all of a row.

Fireworks, flowers also named from Cats!
The radiant Lion's-Teeth,
French *Dents-de-Lion*; Lion's-Foot,
Growing moist woods beneath,
Curing the snake's bite; Lion's-Tail
With many-purpled wreath;

Cat-Tail (chair-bottoming); and mint
(Cat-nep) by Cats esteem'd;
The garden darling, Lion's-Heart;
The Lily, Leopard-schemed;
The particolour'd Tiger-Flower,
The flower that Juno dream'd.

How numerous the Cat-Family!
What names of ancient note!
How long the list when Noah discharged
His Mesopotamian boat!
I wonder if the little Noahs
Had all their names by rote.

The tawny monarch, golden-maned;
  Tiger with tabbied skin
(Whence tabard); Panther, Eyra, Ounce;
  Leopard, so lithe and thin;
Rimau-dahan, and Catamount: *C.A.* 9
  These but the list begin.

The Serval; and the Chati, else
  The Chetah, fleet in chase;
The Javan Marquay; Caracal
  (Imperial Rome's disgrace);
The gaiter'd Lynx; the Western world
  Has links of the same race. *C.A.* 10

The real American Wild Cat;
  The long-tail'd Ocelot;
The Puma, Lion of the West;
  The Jaguar,— for no spot
He 'd change with any pard alive,
  However streak'd his lot;

The Chilian Colocolo;— Back
  At the old East once more,—
The sandy Chaus o' Nile; and look
  To Thebes, where dwelt of yore
Our Rob's immediate ancestors,
  Now ceremented o'er. *C.A.* 11

C.A. 9 Rimau-dahan is the Sumatran tree-tiger. *C.A.* 10 Caligata is gaitered. The American wild cat according to Audubon is a lynx.

C.A. 11 Felis maniculata, the progenitor of our domestic cats, their mummies still remaining. See also their monuments at Thebes.

For pole"cats," skunks, and such small deer,
Though, own we must, allied
And Aristotle-class'd as Cats,
But on the sinister side,—
Feline Fitzclarensioux,— in such
No Family Cat takes pride.

Rank,— yes! but not as CATS: the Greek
Might be a martinet;
Mustepha Weasel, not a Cat, (*Mustela?*)
He on his ottoman set.
Faugh! fie! foumarts! what sense in that?
I smell that gaily yet. *C.A.* 12

Of all this tribe, this family,
This gens, this powerful clan,
Their blood from many so noble source
Through our Kok Robyn ran,
As run the rivers to the sea;
No proudest Catalan *C.A.* 13

Had bluer blood; and in his shell
Of tortoise, one to vaunt,
He show'd grand as that Tortoise is
That bears the Elephant
That bears the World. Hyperbolic?
Be more exact I can't.

C.A. 12 The MS. here was doubtful. She might have written galê (Greek for weasel); but very possibly used gaily (N. C. English) like the French *joliment*, as just a strong expression.

C.A. 13 The Tortoise-shell Cat is Spanish.

The tortoise hides (think not I mean
The Hindu) I prefer
To black or white, or black and white,
Or even the tabby fur:
A tortoise-shell Tom-Cat, they say,
Is rare. Or say it were.

And such a tortoise-shell! No comb
No coxcomb brought his bride
In variegated vanity
Our well-comb'd Kok outvied:
No limner hand might paint that skin.
And yet Kok Robyn dyed.

R. I. P.
Requiescat in pace!
English'd, Let him lie still!
Or, His cat-bones be aisy!
That 's pat,
By CATEQUIL.

NOTE. Reader! don't wonder at the oath I use:
Catequil is Peru's God of Thunder.
What could be more appropriate?
Kok Robyn is consecrate to Thor.

Cat-god, Purrsepolis.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

The pedigreeable portion of the fore-going fytte appears to have been borrowed from or at least suggested by an old poem of the sixteenth century, by Lydius Cattus, put afterwards into Dutch by one Jacob Cat, Cats, Catts, or Catz, for the spelling cat-like is various. The FIGHT to come follows the account of an affair with the Catti, after the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, as translated by the French historian, Catrow; and is in some measure an imitation of the *Galeomnomachia* of Theo. Prodonius.

From an ancient monument in
Pussé Church, Gironde.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DOG

By biting and scratching dogs and cats come together. *Proverb.*

WHEN we got home from his funeral
Kok Robyn came from the door:
Quoth he — I know I have lost a life,
But my quoter says 8 lives more;
So, rubbing his ears against our legs,
Went purring our steps before.

And now would you learn how Kok Robyn
Again hath lost his life,
It was all along of his hob-nobbin'
With a lady not his wife.
Love like Atropos' scissors can shear:
Though my verse requires a knife.

This Lady Katte was a nigh neighbour,
A Bywater by name;
Wherefore it happen'd that by water
Our Kat his end became.
As well this end did him become:
May my taile prove the same!

Kok Robyn, I 'll own, had a character
For wandering out o' nights,
Whereat no doubt, if some were glad,
Some might not like such flights.
But who can stand in the window way
Of an honest Kat's delights?

That ugliest Dog of Smith's you know,
Half bloodhound and half bull:
He 'd watch'd to see sweet Robyn go,
And he promised him to pull.
O the ways of this unkinder dog
Are verily sorrowfull.

Kok Robyn climbs to the top of the fence,
In the smile of the honey moon;
Amuses his love with his mews and miaouls,
Nor thinks to be maul'd so soon.
'Twas sweet to listen, his pleasant voice
Discoursing to such a tune.

Very lightly down he alighted thence,
But ere he could touch the ground,
Between a brace of wide-gaping jaws
He met with a toothsome wound.
Never he dream'd that a dog of choice
Would be prowling there around.

Yet brave as a lion our darling turn'd
A spirit inform'd his paws,
His catly heart within him burn'd,
In the foe he flung his claws;

A spit between the bark and the would,
And then ——— terrific pause.

And away and away over fence and wall
He flew, and the blacksmith after,
With many a stumble and many a fall,
And a roar that was not of laughter.
Night heard the howl and the caterwaul
And the sky-roof shook, each rafter.

And over the fields to the river-side
The Dog and the dogg'd Cat sped,
All hidden in wounds too wide to hide,
As each hied o'er the other's head.
And the smith the death of a dog has died.
Then Kok Robyn fell down dead.

We found them so on the morrow morn,
A sorrowful sight to see;
And our feelings all were quite forlorn
Through feline sympathy.
For the dog we cared not so much as Adàm,
Had he died by the Apple Tree.

Our will was wild to bury our Dead
Under an apple tree;
But among the "greenings" we 'd a fear
A "cats-head" sort to see;
And what if every apple s'talk
Kok Robyn's taile should be!

By certain of us it had been well held
Where the streaked punkins grow

To bury his bones, and Nelly implored
  Indeed that it should be so:
But then to see punkins tortoise-shell'd
  And fiddle-strings inside. No!

So we back'd him out across the road
  O'er the marshes with never a halt,
Not minding the trouble of such a load,
  For we loved him to a fault;
Shyly and sadly we laid him out
  With an elegant sum o' salt.

And very much like a wail it was
  That rent the mouth o' the sack,
As Rob pass'd down to his ocean doom
  And the sea-nymphs stroked his back.
Seem'd that the heaven was only glass,
  And the world had gone to wrack.

My rhymes are wanting poetic guile:
  Could I rhyme like my master Poe,
It mightn't you rile to place your pile
  On the tears I would bid to flow.
A dead taile, hardly worth wagging-while
  I sprinkle damp words on now.

Moral:— Would Cat and Dog agree,
  As Watts his name once tried,
As it is their nature too,— says he.
  Our Cat and Dog first died.
Yet the lion lies down with the lamb,
  When the lamb-chops are inside.

Kok Robyn's name is on the wind,
His body has gone to sea:
He has yet seven other lives of a mind
To lengthen his memory,
Beyond this taile just left behind
For the Mews of History.

LOVE

With cat-like watch. *As you like it.*
Care will kill a cat. *Wither.*

DAN CUPID, 'tis well known,
Both men and cats doth own:
No creature left alone
By him. Here make I moan
Of wrong that he hath done
My Catte, my Robyn dear,
My favourite, my fere,
My Catte withouten peer.
Would Cerberus he were here!

My Robyn! — Every dame
Who cattish blood could claim
Held Robyn well in mind;
As favourably inclined

Cat damosels were also.
Many a pleasant throe
He flung in Misses' hearts,
So perfect were his parts,
So lovely eke his looks,
Like cats in gospel books; (*Roydon*)
And his demeanour staid,
That never properest maid
Need be of him affray'd,
So debonair and meek.
He had too little cheek.
And his best coat so sleek!
He never miss'd a week,
Nay! never miss'd a day,
To brush the dust away.
His sleekness took no hurt,
For the least speck of dirt
He wiped off with his tongue.
His whiskers too were long,
Becoming one so young;
His eyen were so clear;
And on each pretty ear
There was a tip of black,
The same along his back;
And his fine mottled sides
Were beauteous as hides
Of tortoises, or shells
Which whosoever dwells
By the sea-shore is apt
To value. When he lapp'd
His cream you did perceive
'Twixt jaws a foe could reive

His tongue's rich coral red,
Fit tongue of so rare head!
And when he flung his taile,
As thresher throws his flail,
You felt he could not fail
In fight with other male.
O Catte delightful! hail
Even to that form so pale,
Dim and untortoiseshell'd,
In visions oft beheld!
My grief is partly quell'd
By history of his fate,
The taile I here relate.

Be sure that highest dames
At Robyn took their aims:
A hope no mother shames.
Each sought to fix for life
Her daughter as a wife;
And all the neighbourhood
And to a distance would
Echone have wed her child
To him, the Unbeguiled.
The girls, they all were wild
To win the love of him.
Many bright eyes grew dim
Weeping for him away;
Many a maid would stray
From the parental home,
And anywhither roam
In vain hope to surprize
One glance of his dear eyes.

And if by chance they met
The welcome he would get
From virgin looks abash'd
All daring hope had dash'd
Of other loving swains.
I tell not of the pains
Mothers and daughters took
That he might only look
With favour on love-chains:
Labour that had no gains,
For no chains did he brook.

A lusty bachelor
Was he that time; and for
The love of cats most fair
And tender had no care,
No more than a cold frog.
His heart was yet a Log, (*Æsop*)
Nor apt his neck to crane
After sly Beauties fain
To love him and complain
Not being loved again.
He better liked a sweet
Nice juicy bit of meat,
Of mutton, beef, or pork,
Which he took on a fork
Full seemèly, nor raught. (*Chaucer*)
Delicate mice he caught
Were daintier, he thought,
Than school-girl cats, howe'er
Fine-eyed or fine of hair;
And many such there were.

No Chartreuse pious grey,
No lop-ear of Malay, *
Or Madagascar Miss
With twisted taile, to bliss
Of Hymen could twist him ;
White Persian hope grew dim,
Silky Angora's slim,
As certain both to fail
As Manx Maid scant of taile.
No wooing might avail
With this unfeeling male,
He wanted no sweethearts :
The gizzards and tit-parts
Of chickens he prefer'd,
Or a plump youngling bird,
Or toothsome tender rabbit,
Had he the luck to grab it.
Even tailes of rats or mice
Were to his taste more nice
And held of more account
Than all that love-amount.
Love-tailes were so absurd :
For he if young had heard

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* NOTE by the Editor. The Chinese Cat has long pendant ears, rabbit-like. The Malayan Cats and those also of the Isle of Madagascar are distinguished by their tails being curiously twisted or knotted. Miss Brown's natural history is generally most remarkably correct ; in the present instance however she has, it would appear, confounded the peculiar characteristics of the Chinese with those of the Malayan variety. She will not often be caught tripping, even in her liveliest moods.

A scrape of wisdom's saw
From his old grandam; Law!
She used to say: my dear!
You keep from misses clear!
Quite time enough to wed
When I am gravely dead.
Certes she did not care
To have her easy chair
Invaded by a wife;
And she mislikèd strife,
And would not be too free
With Mrs. R. — not she,
For worlds. I lose my taile.

One night they did prevail
On Rob. It was a time
Of early frosts. The rime
Just whiten'd like a cake
The very first day-break,
But had not strength to hold.
The evenings were that cold
That schemers young or old
Might find excuse to sleep
Before the fire, or keep
Alive with moving tailes.
Well, one of these females,
An old cat-dame, prevails
On Robyn to attend,
And Bob White too, a friend,
Their dozings to partake.
Or join them in a wake,
A soirée musicale,

Anglicè Cattes' night squall.
Venìt, vidìt, vicìt!
The English, Ma'am! of it
Is first — he came and sat;
Second — he saw his Catte;
And third — what hap'd of that.
Such poor Cæsarean wit!

The Catte he sat beside
Was comely and her hide
A pleasant kind of black. *C.A.* 15
Well could she arch her back,
And ripply as a river
Her slender taile would quiver
When sadder tailes oppress'd
Her gentleness of breast.
But if she were but pleased,
She musically eased
Her bosom with a purr,
Persistent as a burr
Upon a length of fur.
Black was she, as I said,
But when the sunshine play'd
Upon her velvet skin,
Outsiders, taken in,
Took her for tabby,—— lo!
Gold stripes appear'd in row

C.A. 15 "Black but comely" is, I am told, the true rendering of the text of Solomon; but in our American Bible (published in 1842 by the Messrs. Lippincott of Philadelphia) which my dear Miss Fields gave me when we came North, I find it corrected to "dark but beautiful."

Along her sides; taile, head,
Were fairly zebraèd,
And radiant grew each hair.
For grace she might compare
With best She in a year
You 'd find. Her eyen clear.
Right proper she, I ween,
To be our Katt-King's Queen,
Majestic although slim,
A consort worthy him.
So leaping at her side
His heart chose her for bride.

And she mew'd up, unwoo'd
Before, would what she could,
A virgin young and raw:
She lifted up his paw
And lick'd it, as to say
"I 'm yours, to love, to obey,
And honour,— or of that
All may become a Catte."
I am not rude to tell
Young lovers' transports. Well!
She loved and troth did plight.

And he loved her. Next night
He for his Lady's sake,
His love-thirst too to slake,
Bethought him he would take
His presents to her bower:
No matter what. The hour
Was right for a cat-call.

He nears the house —— A squall,
A spit, and over the wall
A skurry! What is she
Those revels leads? Ah me!
What is it that he sees?
That Most Adored of Shes
Coquetting: on his knees
A male Catt, his friend White.
Dark Fate! how fell thy spite.
Home went he back that night,
Thought of his yester-kiss,
Thought of his now lost bliss,
Thought all the world a miss,
Saw all her falsehood through,
Foresaw young piebalds too,
Forgave her, knew his part
Was play'd.
Then broke his heart.

GLOSSARY

AND TABLE OF EXPLANATIONS

for the occasions of the unlearned and undictionaried:
(*authorities varied.*)

CATALEPSY — When the cat-ropes are over tight in the fit. Heart-action however may continue.

CATAPASM — *v.a.* To dust: *e.g.* a boy's jacket. Found efficacious in cases of feint.

CATAPLASM — Mustard or other provocative or preventive according to the mode of application. An epithem.

CATSUP — Favourite drink of Cats; made of mushrooms.

CATONIC — The old Roman hari-kari.

CATAPULT — An engine of peculiar cataballative quality. P. Cox *Headlong Haul.*

CATADUPE — When a Cat is fooled by being flung into the river, as in our second fytte.

CATAMARAN — A flat-bottom'd Cat's boat for fishing.

CATANDROMOUS — Going seaward, returning salmon-like.

CATABASIONED — *v.p.* To be preserved, in sea-catacombs pickled, as a relic.

CATALYSED — Thawed, resolved into adieu. *Shakspere.*

CATAGMATIC — With a view to bone-mending.

DROWNED

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. *Shakspere.*
Never was cat drowned that could see the shore. *Proverb.*

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK proclaims our supper-time:
Not often at this hour doth Robyn leave.
Surely he must have heard that cheery chime!
Where is he wandering this wintry eve?

Stare not at me apostrophizing so
Our dear dead Robyn of whom late I spoke
As broken-hearted! He is dead, I know;
But hearts are patchwork, to be mended broke.

Yes! he was dead. The morrow of that day,
More truly of that sad eventful night,
Found was he, stark and stiff; my sister May
Ran to me horrent-hair'd in tremulous fright.

'Twas catalepsy, said they,— a mistake!
The cataleptic is devoid of sense:
Dead or alive his sensitive heart would ache.
And some brute said, may be it 's all pretence.

We catapasm'd him,— tried sorts of salts,—
Hot irons,— brimstone baths,— of no avail :
We might as well have taught the Cat to waltz
Steeping in catechu his stiffen'd taile.

We wrapp'd him in a potent cataplasm :
It took the skin clean off his stomach fair,
But gave him no relief. One wrinkling spasm,
And he was off again. like a singed hair.

At length he oped his melancholy eyes,
One little crack in the iris of our hope ;
Sigh'd, wink'd and sneezed, so wink'd again and sigh'd
As taking side with life : as one the rope

Has fail'd to finish on the gallows tree.
Such similes be hang'd ! We brought him to ;
But knew three lives were gone, yes ! surely three,
A third of his nine tailes, if tailes be true.

And since that death he was an alter'd Cat :
Took much to drink, catsup ; stay'd out o' nights,
In spirit haunting her. Blame not for that !
He only did according to his lights.

Heart-broken quite, his little bark a wreck,
Grown cynical, he reck'd not where he sail'd :
Some times his fancy paced hope's frailest deck,
Others his fancy's tether was curtail'd.

Who, who shall medicine a mind diseased ?
Throw physic to the dogs ! Why catechise ?

We gave him sedatives,— he only sneezed ;
Gave morphia,— and we slept not for his cries.

For in his dreams he saw that heartless thing
That slew him ; then did he unsheathe his claws,
His taile stood up on end, and he would fling
His wild legs out without a thought of pause.

And day and night he 'd wander, sighing sore
For that so beauteous and most faithless sake.
Dead was he, could we but have said no more :
Alive, a set of bare bones with an ache.

And he perhaps had slain himself again :
Once, twice, upon the sharp sword of his woe
Had harikaried, but for this refrain—
He might miscarry throwing six, you know.

No laws of honour or the best Japan
Prescribe continuous Catonics, so he
Dead might survive, to endure for yet a span
The hopeless lover's love-lorn agony.

From the poetic vision nought is hid :
This asking why he comes not is a sham ;
I knew while looking at the tea-pot lid
He could not come, no more than a dead clam.

The eyes of sense were on the coffee-grounds ;
My spirit track'd him as he slowly pass'd
Along a field-side, then with sudden bounds
Beheld him over the fences, till at last

I watch'd him by the river, glancing down
  Sadly upon the tide, high tied with frost;
I knew the ice was thin, to him unknown;
  I knew if he should try it he 'd be lost.

I saw him gaze (O that disconsolate gaze!)
  Upon the desolate waste; then in a trice
On his four legs his heavy body raise
  And catapult-like heave it on the ice.

A cataract supervened. I thought his eyes
  Must suffer from the cataract or the scratch;
I thought of his weak health,— 'twas so unwise
  To marshal strength a mere catarrh to catch.

When last we cataduped him he came back:
  Is he catandromous now? To let him through
The ice was thin enough, but not to crack
  From underneath. What will poor Robyn do?

O my, Kok Robyn! why is Death thy foe?
  Where art thou now? my Cat, my gracious!
Under the grim flood of Cocytus slow (*Spenser*)
  Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house.

There the young imps of Night, first wife of Death,
  Play "cat" with thee, and find their fell delight
Striking thee up, seeing thee out of breath
  And falling headlong like a tail-less kite.

Reflection brings thee to thy briny grave,
  Dump'd on a heap of grimy oyster-shells,

Where o'er thy corse funereal sea-weeds wave,
And nasty sea-nymphs hourly ring thy knells.

A damp ghost in a catamaran he roams
A-fishing through the forests of the sea,
His catabasion'd bones in the catacombs
With piscid skeletons of high degree.

Or if not yet quite thoroughly catalysed,
Can he get flesh on clams? O Cat alive!
Albeit some squalid cat-fish (*squalus*) so apprised
May hospitably for thy health contrive.

Mayhap some blue-hair'd Nereid pick'd him up,
Catagmatic: on her cold knees he stays,
Learning on sailor sausage how to sup,
And sea-cow's milk. I hate their fishy ways.

Perchance some whale like Jonah gobbled him:
Will he return like Jonah? Who shall say?
Five-lived he roves in those recesses dim,
Praying for him who took him for a prey.

If the same whale as Jonah's, may it please
The Prophet, might such be his horrorscope!
That whale, so is it writ in Portuguese, (*Southey*)
Doubled as Jonah's bark the Cape Good-Hope.

I can not think him lost to me: perhaps
Some cataclysm may lend a helping hand,
Picking our darling's bones from marine laps,
Throwing him up upon his native land.

Time has to show. But, Hattie! while your gaze
Intreats the Future for his welcome ghost,
The tea is cooling. And her father says—
The Cat be d———d (that's drown'd)—
Pass me the toast!

For hard words turn back to Glossary at page 32.

MARGARET

In Sanscrit Margaras or Margery, Cat-liking.

THE NEXT TIME our Kok Robyn died,
It fell upon this wise,—
A foolish thing, but children's deeds,
They need not much surprize:
The biggest baby may not know
The reason of its sighs.
Men are but children of a larger growth,
And groaning an accomplishment of both.

A gentle girl was Margaret, (*Nell's sister*)
Yet sturdy therewithal:
No lass was nimbler on her pegs,
And, good in Spring or Fall,
She liked fair weather courtesies
And didn't mind a squall.
Upon our back-door step this happy child
Sat with a lunch in hand and eating smiled.

Our rare red Margaret! her cheeks
Like tips o' the daisy-flower,

Our Pearl of girls, with divers gifts
Of loveliness and power:
Her smiles were like a morn of May,
Her tears an April shower,—
Of May and April in those steady climes
Where months return at their expected times.

It was the pleasant time of Spring,
With Summer coming fast;
The frogs were all a-caroling,
Old Winter gone aghast:
Though frogs sing well he better likes
The song of a Nor-east blast.
De gustibus non est—— I 'd rather hark
To a full bull-frog chorus, after dark.

A chunk of thickly-butter'd bread
She held in either hand,
The butter under,— 'tis a thing
That children understand;
And our Kok Robyn went and came
At the dear child's command,
Well pleased to share his lady's humble fare.
'Twas partly with that purpose he was there.

Now Meg, though not a miller's girl
Nor Trulliber at all,
Did like her bread and butter and,
When chanced so to befall,
A puff of jam. Her appetite
Was certainly — not small.
She gave a solid magnum to the Cat;

But he Tom-like was not content with that.

And as he ate she would him chide,
With "Daddy! why is this? *C.A.* 16
You 've been away so long of late
From me, a woeful miss.
For I did miss you, Robyn dear!"
Here she gave Rob a kiss.
"How wet you are, my love! and, dear! your skin
Tastes very salt: my sweet! where have you been?"

She spoke but truth: much had she grieved
For Robyn, lost of late,—
For she had loved him from his birth,
In his most kittenish state.
The fourth abduction of her dear
Had left her desolate.
She spoke as mothers do when their lost heirs
Come home escaped from drowning unawares,

Scolding to hide her pride of heart,
For she on him had spread
Love butter-like; he calmly lick'd
The butter from her bread.
"O Robyn! you are naughty, Sir!
Get off my lap!" she said,
And push'd him off; he coming to the ground
Chevied his barr'd tail for a moment round,

C.A. 16 In Sanscrit Dadhi-karnas, or Butter-ears, is the Cat with the white or butter (cream) coloured ears which my Robyn had. See the *Pancattantrums* again. The jackal is Dadhi-pucchas, or Butter-tail.

Then stroll'd away, displeased, in scorn
Of bread and mistress' wrath.
Near by the ash-barrel stood, in which
He jump'd, and quickly hath
Pick'd out a fish-bone. Will he take
Again a fishward path?
I can not tell you what kind 'twas of bone:
Perhaps the name to him was not unknown.

I said that he was Margaret's pet:
In youth, even now not old,
She 'd bear him in her pinafore,
Or wrap him from the cold
In her warm cloak: but little chance
Of straying from that fold.
Yet he would stray, the Irish Scripture says —
Skedaddle, scattering on many ways. *C.A.* 17

So pretty was it in that time
To see the child-like Puss
Chasing his shadow and racing like
Some little human cuss,
Frisking about so frolicsome.
It was great fun to us,
The elder children, but to Margery
It was a play she never tired to see.

For him she 'd drag the ball of thread —
'Twas mostly worsted, drew

C.A. 17 This in an old Irish Bible: I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be "squdad ol." *Mark*, *chap.* 14, *ver.* 27, and elsewhere.

For him an imitation mouse,
Or made the kit leap through
Her guardian hands; and many a trick
The merry playmates knew.
He was her brother, lover, and her child;
And he then young was also love-beguiled.

It was her wont to watch the birds:
The thrush's scarlet throat
Pleased her, and of his namesake she
Had learn'd the fate by rote,
Indeed by heart, and of Jane Wren
To Robyn so devote:
So she unto her favourite gave the name
Of Kok Robyn, and this one is the same.

What ails him now? thinks Margaret.
Upon the grass he lies.
What strange reflections doth he make?
How opalesque his eyes!
And from his mouth projects a bone
Which with forepaws he tries
To wrench away. Alas! the bone is stuck
Too fast. O woe for her poor Robyn's luck.

Her end of bread and butter dropt,
One rush into the house,
A scream, a real Spring burst of tears,
And then her head falls souse
Into her marveling mother's lap.
No little cat-scared mouse
E'er faster ran than she from fear of Rob,

And scarce could speak for interpose of sob

That shook her. But at last between
Her sobs came out one word:
"Rob," sob, then "Rob," then sob: in this
Same order they occurr'd.
'Twas quite a while ere any one
The true adventure heard.
Then we went out and found him lying there,
Dead, choked, with all his legs like telegraph
poles in the air.

Nothing is gain'd by sighs, my dear!
Musing to Meg I said.
Though you were twice as big, I fear,
The Cat were no less dead.
These things remain among the queer;
And now it 's time for bed.
So I choked off the choked one's little mourner,
And happily swung my taile to Finis Corner.

HANGED

Hang me in a pudding-bag like a cat! *Shakspere.*
As a cat likes mustard. *Proverb.*

O HANG THE CAT! said Martin:
But before it went that rough
We had suffer'd no end of trouble
And given him rope enough.

We had spring chickens that summer,
A very promising brood;
And Robyn he went a-poaching
Like any Robin would. (*Hood?*)

Poach'd eggs we never had minded,
But chickens black and tan,
Poach'd in the cook's own manor,
And not in a frying-pan.

Three black, and two of a lovely brown,
One speckled, and one all white:
And the nasty thief, he ate them raw;
And the last was a favourite.

I have implored him, almost with tears,
In a most intreating tone,
Assuring him when the chicks grew up
He never should lose a bone.

I 've even been on my knees to him,
Many a time and oft,
Proving how wise it would be to wait:
But he never was that soft.

I pray'd him for love of his mistress dear
To let those nurslings alone;
But ever he turn'd a deafer ear,—
He "liked them not full-grown."

Then we muster'd two or three deceased
(Mustard, they said, would check
His appetite), and we tied the least
Tight round the caitiff's neck.

We laugh'd at the grim grimace he made,
O we all did laugh amain
As he tasted it first, but he muster'd hope
And went for a lick again.

Why, the chick was just as yellow all o'er
As if it wore down of gold;
I felt how his poor mouth would be sore,
And I hadn't the heart to scold.

He tugg'd at the string, it didn't break;
Then he lick'd the mustard off

And ate up his necklace all but the string
With never a sneeze or cough.

Nothing he cared: he the mustard lick'd
And he neither purr'd nor swore;
But, the second drumstick nicely pick'd,
Went off and drumm'd for more.

And every season following that.
With seasoning or without,
He seem'd to savour his poultry more:
Our broods so came to nought.

So Cook and Martin a plot they laid
To bring Kok Rob to grief.
They borrow'd of Pa a ball of twine
To cure the chicken-thief,

They gave him hinder quarters in
An elegant pudding-bag,
And tied his fore-paws up with tape,
And stopp'd his jaw with rag.

They drew the cord of the bag quite fair,
One end of it held by each,
Not close,—with just enough of room
For a penitent's dying speech.

Draw tight! said Martin, and the twine
He pull'd. The Cat was dumb.
'Twas Cook that yell'd: inside the cord
The Cook had poked her thumb.

And Robyn, he dropp'd into the bag,—
They dared not view his corse.
And if he shamm'd, or if the Cook
Was smitten with remorse,

Or of mere tender-heartedness,
As cook'd hearts may be so,
She thus had kindly thrust her thumb,
Intent to let him go,

Or if a miracle (who knows?)
Had spared his sixthly breath,
Or if one of his four-left lives
Was forfeited to Death,

Shall not be known until the end,
When all nine lives are gone
And he arises to reclaim
His last vertebral bone.

The pudding-bag, Kok Robyn's shroud,
Was missing from that day.
Was Robyn buried in it? or did
He carry it away?

SHOT

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine and thrice again to make up nine.
Shakspere.

SWIFTLY our Indian Summer came and went:
The crimson maple leaves were trampled down,
The yellow chestnuts in one storm had spent
Their gold; and now the woodside all was brown,
Save for some hemlock standing in its gown
Of green perennial. Then there came a snap
Of biting cold. That too had come and gone;
And warmer days return'd, with pleasant hap
For the sun-loving things on kindly Nature's lap.

The birds, collecting for their southern flight,
Drifted around our homestead. Fine times these
For Master Robyn,—who ere morning's light
Clomb to the roosts upon the leafless trees
And caught the helpless sleepers at his ease;
Then to his larder, the top cellar-stair,
Took them, a sight that might his mistress please
Thought he. She waken'd, he would make repair
To show her of his prey and providential care.

But not content with plentiful supply,
Brought daily to his board, of choicest food,
His greed, or wantonest fancy, would set by
Home-sureties for chance forage in the wood,—
In sooth a too inviting neigbourhood.
Here would he roam, still seeking newer game;
And of his prowess proud as Robin Hood
Rejoiced him in the wild,— he scorn'd the tame.
Meseems that beasts and men are verily the same.

For also through this woodland often pass'd
The idle fowler out for holiday.
Well, Robyn, fowling too, his quick eyes cast
Upon a tree whereup a squirrel grey
Was running, like a lightning run wrong way.
Good cheer! said Robyn, following up the tree.
The fowler saw but Skug; ere one could say
Back, Robyn! he had fired; and Robyn he
Received the leaden fare sent as the squirrel's fee.

And like a lump of lead, so Robyn fell.
A Cat-bird, close at hand, beheld his fall
And caught the accents of his passing yell,
Forthwith repeating it with sudden call,
So like unto a four-legg'd caterwaul
That all the birds were frighten'd at the sound;
Till he, the many-voiced, address'd them all
In their own music, hastening them around
To note the Cat as trophy lying on the ground.

Bidding them to the great Cat's funeral games,
And calling on them, each and every one,

With summons to them by their several names
To attend. But willing answer he gat none,
Perch'd on his bough, the dead Cat o'er, alone.
Only the hawk high hovering, skied and free,
Shriek'd from his poise "the game is all my own."
And the half-waken'd owl, hid in his tree,
Repeated "all my own" and hooted out his glee.

The other birds,—the bobolink, the thrush,
The oriole, the wren, the chickadee,
And every bird that singeth from a bush,
Or skyward soars, or through the grass goes free,
Gave answer, one and all, "What fools were we
To honour him with mourning who hath slain
So many of us. Our worst foe was he.
Wherefore instead of sorrow let us strain
Our tuneful throats in thanks to the Caticide again"

Thus they exultingly. Meanwhile the Dead,
Only cat-dead, crawl'd painfully away.
He could not die in peace so canopied
With just reproach. All through that weary day
He dragg'd him step by step; oft had to stay,
For pain; but reach'd at last our garden fence,
Powerless to clamber o'er. There let him lay!
False grammar? Byron wrote so. What pretence
Have I to better him? You understand the sense.

Next morn was bright and sunny; he lay there
(Lay there is right) all motionless, quite dead.
What wandering voice, or wind, or bird in the air,
To the other side his hapless story said?

Said, sang, or scream'd in strophes doleful, dread:
Scarce heard when lo! upturning all the mould
  Of the garden plot, and resonant in the red
Glare of the morning, rose a hubbub bold,
A full funereal catch, madriggled, manifold.

For all the creatures which had cause to fear
  The lives of birds redeem'd by Robyn's death
Came swarming forth, with lamentations drear
  For him to whom they owed their lease of breath;
  All things above the earth or underneath
Whom birds feed on came out to proffer grief,
  With ceremonial dues of dirge or wreath,
For the great Bird-Devourer. Forth from leaf
And bark and root they came, a number past belief.

The Caterpillars first, as next of kin,
  The sad procession headed. First of these
The Arctian Tiger fleet of foot and thin, 1
  Though seeming bulky in his coat of frieze,
  Bristly and tufted. Next, in their degrees,
The Leopards, Yellow Bears, and Ermines paced;
    2 3 4
  And Salt-marsh Caterpillars who from seas 5
Unable to escape, by the tide out-raced,
Roll themselves up in balls, so are in safety placed.

These more or less were kinfolk. 'Mong the rest
  In the front rank with mighty Polypheme, 6
Was seen Ceratocampa's royal crest 7
  Of orange black-tipp'd horns that almost seem
  To hurl you high defiance,—one might deem

Some warrior donn'd such head-gear, natheless he
Foe-ward is harmless as an infant's dream.
With them green-clad Cecropia. All the three 8
Were giants. Follow'd them a lowlier company.

The warted and scant-robed Liparians; 9
The crested Sycamore with orange hood; 10
The thornless, downy, soft Egerians; 11
The pale blue Communist, misunderstood; 12
The Zebra, learneder than I who could 13
Those runes decipher written on his back;
The Velled scarce distinguishable from wood; 14
The Loop-worm, archly bent upon his track, 15
As fear'd to march too fast, in dread of some attack.

The Skipper, noted for his cleanly house; 16
The tufted, particolour'd Harlequin; 17
The tufted Owls, that on the maple browze; 18
The slender Spindle-worms with hairless skin, 19
Corn-witherers they; Tent-Habiters who spin 20
Their path from twig to twig, from leaf to leaf,
Holding a clue for safe returning in
From foraging; the Cut-worm, greasy thief! 21
Whose greed to the gardener is so daily ground of grief.
The naked Hunchback with his sixteen legs, 22
If legs which sometimes barely pass for feet;
The Apple-Attila, whose hundred eggs 23
Lie in one patch till hatch'd by summer heat;
The Wood-Nymph and the Ruiner of Wheat, 24 25
Venomous Maia, and Ephestion brown; 26 27
The Borer of the Peach, who hath his seat 28

Within the bark; the Tussock, hickory-known; 29
And Dryocampa who sets stoutest oaks to groan. 30

The Parsley-worm in robe of apple-green 31
Spotted with black and yellow alternate,
With orange-colour'd horns,— he came between
The pale green Cabbage-Eater and the great 32
Thorn-tail'd Potato-worm; the elm-tree's hate, 33
Horn-shoulder Sphynx and poplar Porcupine; 34 35
The grape-destroying Hog, in native state; 36
The dog-tail'd Devastator of the Vine:— 37
Slowly they crept along, a long funereal line.

The bristly Hedgehog, brush-like closely shorn; 38
The Fall Web-worm, of greenish yellow hue, 39
Black-dotted and black-striped, who leaves forlorn
Our autumn trees; the Luna, greenish blue; 40
The Forest-Pest, black yellow lined, that thro' 41
Great woods devouring passes; Io spined; 42
The Locust Cossus, the Sack-Bearer too; 43 44
Slowly, with lingering steps, came on behind 45
The Shrivel'd Hag, or Slug, so sluggish is her mind.

After these march'd a multitudinous crew:
All shapes, all colours,— greyish white and red
And tawny yellow, black and green and blue,
Orange, ash-grey and purple, striped, or spread
With various spots, some horned, some with head
Crested and body many-legg'd and long:
Fruit-spoilers, borers, spinners of the thread,
Six-eyed, and claw'd, with jaws and nippers strong:
A motley many-visaged life-destroying throng!

This monstrous swarm of Lepidopterous birth,
Too numerous to recount, such hosts are here,
Came honouring the virtue and great worth
Of Him the BIRD-SLAYER who year by year
Had charter'd them to live unvex'd by fear,
To increase and multiply. Protector now
Was none save men or boys who nought revere,
Who shoot poor birds at rest on some near bough,
Or rob their nests: such thefts O why does Law
allow?
The Lepidoptera past (all silent they,
Too fresh their grief for intermit of word),
Above the trampling of the funeral way
A sound of mournful music might be heard,
As if remorse for silence just then stirr'd
The monotone of sorrow. So it is:
Even too long sorrowful silence seems absurd;
The heart must speak. And better suffer this
Than the melodious moan of melancholy miss,

And also lose the pure heart-moving tale,
The poet's minor song, that plaint most sweet
Which from the full jug of the nightingale———
But such reflections vainly now intreat,
Albeit for our sad subject not unmeet.
Speaking of music,— as I speak there comes
A clearer sound; and now my sense complete,
As one at feasts discriminates the crumbs,
Mine ear distinguishes the bray of kettledrums.

Broad-headed, prominent-eyed, and shortly limb'd,
Straight wings diaphonous now undisplay'd

The Kettledrummers pacing slowly hymn'd, 46
In kettledrummish language be it said, *C.A.* 18
The laud of that great Cat so grandly laid
Beneath his catafalque, for whom they sang
(Or instrumented—are not throats too made?)
Their high Magnificat, with mile-heard bang.
Deafen'd I was as near arrived the tuneful gang.

When these had pass'd, ere yet the hymn was hid
In the dim distance, came the Grylli by, 47
Crying capriciously "This Cat, he did,
He did, he did," with iterative cry,
As at an Irish wake — why did he die?
And following their untuned, unvarying din
Cymbals and Tabors echoed swift reply, 48
The while the Players on the Violins 49
Their bow-legs plied,— one tired, the other leg
begins. *C A.* 19
All leaping as they went; and in their train
The Meadow-Dancers, dancing as in Ind 50

C.A. 18 "These drums are formed of convex pieces of parchment, gathered into numerous fine plaits, lodged in cavities on the side of the body, behind the thorax. They are not play'd upon with sticks; but by muscles and cords fastened to the insides of the drums . . . which enables them to emit an excessively loud sound, which may be heard at the distance of a mile." *Harris, on Insects &c. page* 204.

C.A. 19 "The males have not the cymbals and tabors of the crickets and grasshoppers; their instruments may rather be likened to violins, their hind legs being the bows. . . . When one begins to play he bends the shank of one hind leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down. . . . He does not play both fiddles together, but plays them alternately." *Harris, on Insects &c. page* 165.

Those dervishes whom fraud or pious pain
  Compels; and then a sound of rushing wind
Fill'd all the space, and hearers' ears were dinn'd
As swept the locusts by in hot desire,
  Like noise of chariots yet by war unthinn'd
With many horses charging in their ire,
Or crackling of the prairie overrun with fire.

These broke the long procession's equal line:
  Soon link'd up by the Scarabæian guards,—
Each one with vizor closed, as sorrowing sign
  Respectful for the Dead. All eyes towards
  Their glorious panoplies with keen regards
Were cast, some bright with cataphracted gold,
  Some fairly striped and beautiful as pards,
Others in splendid colours manifold,
Catadioptrical, most lovely to behold.

Muse! name a few before they quit thy sight!
  Proclaim their blazons so the world may know
How Robyn honour'd was for all the spite
  Of Fate, too frequent worker of his woe!—
  The shining Areods led in the show, 51
With golden helmet, lemon-colour'd cloak,
  And breeches brown but with a brassy glow,
Shaded with green. No Morning ever woke
More radiantly attired; each bore a sprig of oak.

The spotted Pelidnotæ, plainer dress'd, 52
  Be noted next! with mantle dully red
Spotted with black, and darker bronzèd vest,
  Their nether limbs in bronze green garmented.

With a broad vine-leaf shadow'd each his head.
The Omalophians mark! in chestnut gown.
But look again! The chestnut-colour fled,
'Tis red, 'tis green that overcomes the brown;
And now it takes all hues to Iris' self beknown.

In creamy white, with train of blue, array'd,
The Melolonthans carry each a rose,
A damask rose-bud on a vine-leaf laid.
Lo where behind them black Atrata goes!
Indian Cetonia follows: as he throws
His overcoat of brownish yellow back
(Sprent with black spots irregular) it glows
With pearly tints. His undercoat is black;
His pantaloons are red. No glory doth he lack.

Humming a tune, he nibbles at a peach,
Which scarcely tasted he will fling aside:
A reckless rout of ruffians, all and each,
Cetonia leads. With him his brother, wide
Across the chest, and strong, with martial stride;
His armour coppery-lustrous, purplish black:
One knows him better by his scented hide,
Like Russian leather. Well betray'd his track!
He hopes not for escape unless pursuit be slack.

See where the giant-born Lucanians stalk!
The after dwarfs will the Snout-bearers be;
These Pea-Devourers, stealthy in their walk;
Red tails foretell the Attelabidæ;
Corn weevils these Curculionidæ,—
Garb of deep brown cream-spotted they affect.

In violet tinged with green Cerambix see! 63
With velvet black and gold is Clytus deck'd: 64
The golden zigzag bands adown his sides deflect.

As at some noble's funeral may come
After patrician carriages the shay
Or commoner waggon, so behind this scum
Of pride in its magnificent array
The dregs of mourning follow'd: not that they
By me are deem'd unfitted to a Muse;
But that time fails me at this turn to say
All their distinctions. Yet a few I choose:
The true historian knows no insignificant news.

The whole tribe of Aphididæ was there,—
Saltatory Psyllæ and the Aphides:
The last a crowd innumerable,—no pair
Of eyes could separate such swarms as these,
Nor quickest thought their differences seize.
The Coccidæ apart were from the rest.
Little in any was the eye to please:
Some in some kind of tawdry finery dress'd.
Some shabby, taken in mass a lousy lot at best.

Hopp'd next the Tettigonians; and then came 65
The sad Corei: well might all be sad, 66
These and the hosts forerunning, for the same
Knew of the potent enemies they had
In honest birds, in humane service glad
To rid the earth of predatory kind,—
White-wing'd Lygæons and such robbers bad, 67
Who with the Phytocorians came behind. 68

Many are there the like, who throng into my mind.

I would go on, and tell you yet of more
Who interest took in that dear Cat deceased,
Dreading bird-enmity: ay! count the score
Of trespass, nor omit the very least,—
Since Curiosity, insatiate beast!
Asks nothing less of me: but I am tired,
And Pegasus demands to be released.
He 'll budge no farther for cat's sake, tho' hired,
Well-fed and ridden well and never more admired.

I could go on. Do not I hear the wings?
They croud upon my gaze! my poor brains whirl!
The Urocèrids, with spear-headed stings,
Harpies that at our feasts their canvas furl,
And Tortrices — My note-book's leaves upcurl
As they ———
At this the wondrous vision fled.
I heard Ma talking with a neighbour's girl.
"It is that insect Harris book," Ma said,
"The nasty insect book put maggots in her head."

A Harpy

FUNEREAL CATALOGUE

THE PERSONAGES OF THE PAST PROCESSION.

Lepidoptera

1 Arctia Virgo, 2 Arctia Scribonia, 3 Arctia Virginica, 4 Arctia Urticae or Erminia, 5 Arctia Acraea, 6 Attacus Polyphemus, 7 Ceratocampa regalis, 8 Attacus Cecropia, 9 Liparidae, 10 Lophocampa tesselaris, 11 Aegeriadae, 12 Clisiocampa silvatica, 13 Mamestra picta, 14 Velleda, 15 Geometra, 16 Eudamus Tityrus, 17 Asclepias Syriaca 18 Noctuae, 19 Gortyna Zeae, 20 Clisiocampa Americana 21 Agrotis Devastator, 22 Notodontadae, 23 Pygaera ministra, 24 Eudryas or Bombyx grata, 25 Noctua cubicularis, 26 Saturnia Maia, 27 Nymphalis Ephestion, 28 Trochilium exitiosum, 29 Lophocampa Caryae, 30 Dryocampa senatoria, 31 Papilio Asterias, 32 Pontia oleracea, 33 Sphynx quinquemaculatus, 34 Ceratomia quadricornis 35 Vanessa Antiopa, 36 Choerocampa Pampinatrix, 37 Philampelus Achemon, 38 Arctia Isabella, 39 Hyphantria textor, 40 Attacus Luna, 41 Anisopterix, 42 Saturnia Io, 43 Xyleutes Robiniae, 44 Perophera Melsheimerii, 45 Limacodes pithecium.

Hemiptera

46 Cicadae (Harvest-Flies, misnamed Locusts).

Orthoptera

47 Platyphillum concavum, 48 Achetadae (Crickets) and Gryllidae (Grasshoppers), 50 Orchelimum vulgare.

COLEOPTERA

51 Areoda lanigera, 52 Pelidnota punctata, 53 Omalophia sericea, 54 Melolontha subspinosa, 55 Melolontha atrata, 56 Cetonia Inda, 57 Osmoderma scaber, 58 Lucanidae, 59 Rhyncophoridae, 60 Bruchidae, 61 Atelabus analis, 62 Curculio Pales, 63 Callidium violaceum, 64 Clytus speciosus or Hayii.

HEMIPTERA

65 Tettigoniae, 66 Coreus tristis, 67 Lygaeus leucopterus 68 Phytocoris lineolaris.

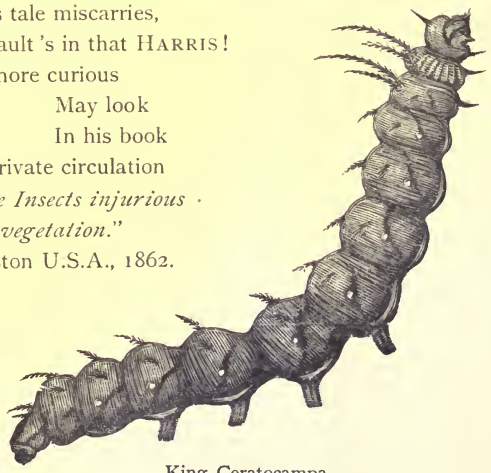
HYMENOPTERA

69 Uroceris albicornis.

DIPTERA

70 Musca Harpyia or domestica.

If this tale miscarries,
The fault 's in that HARRIS!
The more curious
May look
In his book
For private circulation
"*Of the Insects injurious*
To vegetation."
Boston U.S.A., 1862.



King Ceratocampa

THANKSGIVING DAY

Every day 's no Yule: cast the cat a castock. *Proverb.*
To go like a cat on a hot bake-stone. *Id.*

THANKSGIVING DAY is once a year:
Thanksgiving cheer—— Ah, well-away!

Forgive a rhyme like broken sherds!
For length of words grief hath not time.

Sad, sad my tale; my tears drop hot:
Vain tears, God wot! they nought avail.

Yet, when I think of happier days,
And all the ways that did so link

My life to his, the tears must fall.
Bliss to recall is bale, I wis.

I see him still, his eyes on mine,
Through woeful brine my eyes full fill.

Again he stands and curls beside,
To have his hide smooth'd by my hands.

That sleek soft fur,— I see it now,
And hear his low contented purr.

I see his stripes of gold and black,
The well-arch'd back, the nose he wipes

With cleanly paw, and that spry taile
(Might bear a flaile — upright as Law),

His shapely legs, stretch'd tow'rd the fire
When hot desire for solace begs,

His comely head hid 'neath his thighs
When coil'd he lies upgathered

A blessed heap snug on my lap —
Asleep mayhap or feigning sleep,

His eyes that blink in light of day
And seem to say "I think I think,"

His gentle claws which hurt not much,
The tender touch of his sheathed paws,

His pretty ways, his clever tricks:
Here, Memory! fix thy foolish gaze!

Again he climbs my shoulder's height —
His old delight —— O happy times!

No more, no more can ye return ———
Fire! wherefore burn? O oven door!

O sad cook wench! Her fingers ply
The dough, for pie, while on a bench

Beside her lies Kok Robyn, who
Hath nought to do but wink his eyes

And watch her work. Alas! who knows
What direful woes in the future lurk?

Now in the dish plump chickens laid,
The white paste made quite to her wish,

She places it on the oven shelf
And turns herself for another fit.

Dear Robyn owns one weak defeat:
He loves the meat on chicken bones.

Her head is turn'd; he enters, sly,—
Behind the pie lies undiscern'd.

Now punkin pies in turn are made,
And, unaffray'd by prophecies,

The making o'er, the pies are slid
Where Robyn 's hid, she slams the door,

Heaps on the coal, the oven heats;
Kok Robyn sweats: Saints save his soul!

Muse, draw thy veil! no mews we heard,
Deaf as a Kurd, she miss'd his taile.

But when the oven yawn'd to yield its freight
Of culinary gifts, what squall was that
Scaring the guests whose hunger had to wait?
The astonied Cook drew out in scatter'd state
Some piecrusts, chicken bones, and one
DEAD CAT.

---

* * Our dear Hattie in her fond appeal for the soul of Robyn had no thought, we are sure, of speaking in any way profanely. Allowance may be made for the unpreparedness of the sudden horrific catastrophe. And she had probably read the writings of that eminent divine and scholar, Mr. Jno. Skelton, rector of Dis and poet-laureat to his late excellent Majesty Henry VIII, in whose erudite poem of "Phyllip Sparowe" we may read—

"Good Lord, have mercy upon my Sparowe's soul!"

Also the Rev. Mr. Sterne appears of the same thought, as—

"A Cat has a soul, an't please your Honour."

Which is more to the purpose. Absolute originality we do not claim for Miss Brown, and she should be judged accordingly.

EDITOR.

MYSTERY

What a caterwauling you do keep. *Shakspere.*

WE KNEW on what a thread hung Robyn's life,
And pray'd him to be careful; but as rife
As ever were his wanderings in and out.
We seldom learn'd ought of his whereabout.
Still, when a week had gone without a sight
Of his fool's tabard, anxious love grew white
With apprehension, troublesome for news.
I did not mention that all kinds of stews
And broils and pies and funeral baked meats,
Even cold, he hated now; and made retreats
From coals and cinders out into the snow,
Which was quite deep, and never let us know
How to provide for him, so had to fast
For days and days, his mind his sole repast.

The bitter winter had begun at last,
With fitful gusts of wind and stinging snow;
Then clearer weather, and the earth below
Ice-bound; and then a poor essay at glow
And possibly a chance of some o' rain;
Then the white feathers flutter'd down again;

Then lace and sparkling jewels hung on the trees,
Next morning booted to their very knees
In white, the delicate slim birches bow'd
Before the majesty of frost, or cow'd
By the mere weight of ice, like milkmaid's yoke ;
And under eaves of snow brown walls of oak ;
White copings on the hemlocks, and, still seen,
Some slurs of yellow ice beneath the green ;
And then again a heavier fall o'erspreads
The landscape, only here and there the heads
Of greyish hedgehog spines above the white,
Those dimly visible.
On such a night
Robyn, who since Thanksgiving Day had shirk'd
The warm fire-side, and but too often lurk'd
Where ovens were not, took it in his head,
Or it might suit my taile (he had been fed
On milk scarce thaw'd, within it parboil'd bread)
To wander woodward in this snowy depth o'
Winter, where his wilful vow like Jephtha
Brought him to trouble. Several mornings kiss'd
The eaves' long icicles ; and still we miss'd
Our household Robyn Why should I persist
As if I hoped the rime would raise a ghost?
Our Robyn came not : Robyn must be lost.

My uncle Slate (some people call him Slade),
His name was Ebenezer, was by trade
A spirit-dealer. I don't mean he sold
Spirituous liquors,either hot or cold,
But he call'd spirits from the vasty deep
Glendower-like wholesale, retailing cheap

To whoso would. He was what the poor Injìne
Would call a most almighty Medicìne,
No medium man. He 'd taken his degree
At Philadelphia or in Germany,
And studied much among the Chippewas,
Where Catlin found him, balancing of straws
And swallowing knives, or acting other sleights
To keep poor ignorant squaws awake o' nights
With admiration of the marvelous man.
By birth he was a full-blood African,
Born at Congo ; had join'd a caravan
In youth and visited Egypt, where he learn'd
Mosaic work ; had been in the Bush, and burn'd
His skin in Australasian lands ; in Ind
Had sometime raised the Devil if not the wind ;
Could beat Aladdin's Uncle at his tricks
Of lamps and air-castles ; knew how to fix
A ghost by simple twirling of his thumbs ;
Had been down Babylonish catacombs
And read on Solomon's Seal the mystic words
That taught him languages of beasts and birds
And fishes, which the same at his command,
A nod, obey'd him ; he could understand
Signs of the times, and of the Zodiac ;
He had stood with the Devil, back to back,
And faced the whirlwind ; he one night had hid
Himself in the middle of the Pyramid
Of Djizeh and conversed with Pharaoh's ghost ;
And he had been in Lapland, where they boast
Their Wizards. Even there he ruled the roast.

This was my Uncle, on my Mother's side :

My Father's name was Brown, but fair his hide.
No ebon he, Sir! he was baptised James,
And set no store upon those magic games.
But Mother had of sorcery a spice.
So, when Rob was not found, we sought advice
Of Uncle Eben. Did I say before
He was likewise a joiner, therefore more
Knowing than most folk to put this and that
Together. We would tell him of the Cat
Miss'd so mysteriously, and claim his help
For Rob's recovery. Why, many a whelp
Straying from doting mistress Uncle had
Restored, and oft housewifely hearts made glad
With home-returning spoons or other such:
Wherefore we thought it not presuming much
To use his office for inquiry now,
Difficulty unseen, or I avow
I had not put the old man to such cost.

He welcomed Ma and me, ask'd what we 'd lost,
Knowing, it seem'd, even before we spoke
The purport of our coming; made a joke
Of our anxiety; said all was right,
And he would turn informer that same night;
Kept us to dinner; made us stay to tea;
No one was present there except us three;
And after lights brought in began his mystery.

And first he took a thread that from the shears
Of Atropos was stolen, and round his ears
Bound it 'gainst hearing more than for his good;
And then of the True Cross a splint of wood

He screw'd upon the handle of a flail
From Boaz' threshing-floor,— he said a nail
Would loosen all the charm; three equal hairs
Of a blue hippopotamus, with cares
Abundant got what time conjunctive Mars
Kiss'd Venus (there 's an influence in stars
Rightly discern'd, and at lunàtic full
A luminousness unseen when days are dull),
These tied he; and a caterpillar's cocoon
Unwound in water'd whiskey with a spoon
And built of it with care and cunning sleight
The form by children a cat's-cradle hight.
All these on a turn-table he display'd
In fitting order; then in the dark convey'd
A short stump of slate pencil, which he laid
Reverently in the cradle. Right below
There was a drawer, a slate in it, you know.
Then he began to conjure. I relate
Only the truth. Upon the drawer-hid slate
(We all examined it) no sort of sign
Of drawing or of lettering, not a line
Or scratch appear'd as Uncle placed it there.
He bow'd his head as if in earnest prayer
The while we two held hands and shut our eyes.
Then the drawer open'd to our great surprize
All of itself and, as on its own feat, rose
The slate and walk'd upon the table; There
Who look'd at it might see a line, all red,—
SEEK THE THREE CATS! — No more!
Slate scratch'd his head,
And said — "The Three Cats, who the deuce
are they?"

But the deuce help'd not : he must have a trey.
He rang the bell ; a tray was brought ; he laid
The slate upon it ; then, as much afraid,
Stood trembling, knee and elbow, he did shake,
And rose his hair. Ma said — For deary sake,
Don't go no further, Eben dear ! He look'd :
"I raise my Ebenezer here or cook'd *C.A.* 20
Shall be my goose." Stiff silence follow'd that.
Methought I heard the mewing of a Cat.
Then categorically voices came :—
"Who are you ? Not to you ! By nether flame !
"I shan't mind you. Your flames be d — d !—
"You shall
"Answer me ! No, we shan't." — An interval,
And on the tray my Uncle sat him down
Mewing cat-like, and swore, and with a frown
Tore handfuls of his beard, it was quite grey.
"By gosh and Cokys wounds I 'll have my way."
Loudly he raged, and stamp'd ; and then I saw
Come from the dimness a great grey cat's paw,
A claw, and tear my Uncle's barèd arm.
I saw the blood run down and trickle warm ;
It fell into and fill'd the tray. Then he —
"Only a maid can in this mirror see,
One made of mixèd blood. Mule Hattie ! you
are She."
Obedient, I look'd down : but looking so,
All whirl'd around, upside downside did go.

C.A. 20 EBENEZER : no pun upon my Uncle's name : the name, from the Hebrew, signifying Stone of Help, a conjuring place. 1 *Samuel*, 7, 12. See likewise Smith's *Dictionary*.

The level floor on which the tray was put
Stood wall-like. Then in fear my eyes I shut.
"Look forth and see and hear and understand!"
Such is my Uncle's brief and stern command.
I tear mine eyes from blindness, from my ears
Drive out their deafness, cast away my fears,
And with my understanding firmly based
Look in the magic glass before me placed.

What see I there? Three forms of mighty make.
One with her tail twined round her like a snake,
And crouching with her nose upon the fender,
I knew at once, the Cat o' the Witch of Endor:
Grey, awful, with the shadow of a crown
Across her snow-white whiskers dimly thrown.
The second was a swift-limb'd delicate thing
The poet, Shelley, might have loved to sing,
A pard-like spirit, soft, ethereal, slim:
Methought at first that Cat belong'd to him,
But poet intuition may not err,—
I knew the Witch of Atlas honour'd her.
The third, more homely, with a travel'd air,
And black and white, or particolour'd hair,
I had not noticed but for Uncle, cried he—
"You 'll need that one for all she learnt o' Friday."
He said no more; it was enough, I knew so
I had to do with the Cat of Robinson Crusoe.

While pass'd such thoughts and introduction gave,
I saw the Three preluding for a stave,
And pacing with a flourish of broomsticks round
A cauldron by three legs held off the ground.

I saw, and listen'd for their voices' sound.

But first from each issued a gentle mew,
As saying— To our old misses and our new
We are sure servants, catechumens true,
Awaiting but the question.
That they knew.
And Uncle told me not a word to speak :
'Twould break the charm or leave it all too weak
To answer. Then again a mew, a squeal
In concert, and forthwith on toe and heel
The Cats spun round and round the magic pot
(A fire was underneath to keep it hot),
Each in her offering flinging
And, so obliging, singing
Of what was what.

CAT OF ENDOR

Neck of slain sheep, chop by chop
In the steaming cauldron flop ;
Sprinkle well with fresh spring peas ;
Drop in then by twos and threes
Delicatest sorts of beans ;
Add the smallest hearts of greens,
Cauliflowers, and turnips two,—
Not too big of each will do ;
New potatoes without stint ;
Early carrots ; just a hint
Of lettuce : let us bury these
In fresh lots of tender peas !—
All— Double, double, don't spare trouble !
Let the gravy boil and bubble !

Stir it as a stirrer would !
Serve the mixture hot and good !

CAT OF ATLAS

Throw in raisins by the pound ;
Wheat-flour, very finely ground ;
Citron-slices, candied o'er ;
Currants an abundant store ;
Add of brandy just a gill ;
Almonds, nutmeg, as you will !
All — Hubble, bubble, boil and bubble !
Don't spare toil, but make it double !
Stir, keep stirring as you would
If the stirring did you good !

CAT OF CRUSOE

Drop in sugar, sugar — mind !
Rubb'd on juicy lemon-rind ;
Melt it with a little rum ;
Pour in tea to overcome
Spirit influence ; then add
Brandy enough to make you glad ;
Next of lemon slices slim,—
They are just right if they swim ;
Fill with rum up to the brim !
All — Let it not quite boil or bubble ;
Spare not care, and double trouble ;
Stir it as a stirrer should :
Have it hot, and strong as good !

CAT OF ATLAS

And now our He-Cat call !
Grand Master of our rites, approach !

I hear the wheels of his old rumbling coach,
And the steps fall.

HE-CAT *appears.*

H.C. — How now, my dears!
My little kittenish frisky frolicsome Cats!
What is 't ye do?

All — A deed without a name
I do; and I; and I the same.

H.C. — And that 's?

C. of E. — I make a stew.

C. of A. — I broth.

H.C. — And you?

C. of C. — I brew.

H.C. — The name! the name!

C. of E. — HOTCH-POTCH my stew.

C. of A. — PLUM-BROTH I do.

C. of C. — RUM-PUNCH.

H.C. — Well, through
With the incantation though it nought avails!
But let me think, first looking at my nails:—
It must, it must be so. — Tie your three tails
Together; part knot suddenly; and sing,
Dancing about the great Pan in a ring,
To the Egyptian Sphynx,
True Cat, if ever one! —
My task is done.
Kiss me and let me go!
Good! good! good! — so
Each minx,
Good-b'ye! farewell, fair Three!
My spirit Pussy see
Sits on a cat-tail leaf, and mews for me!

And now the trinal links
Are join'd and sunder'd ; nimbly, toe and heel,
The Cats spin round the charmed pot.
And the fire never sinks,
But ever grows more hot
As thus they make appeal

To the Great Sphynx.

O Cat most fair !
Listen where thou art squatting
Amid the yellow hot Egyptian sands
On twisted braids of palm-leaf matting,
The wet ends of thy Nile-steep'd dropping hair
Licking for mere coolness' sake !
Goddess and no mistake !
Hear our demand !
Listen and reply to us !
In the name of gouty Œdipus,
Whom thou wouldst have gobbled down
Had he not thy secret known ;
By all thy conundrum'd ghosts,
Thy unguessts, the riddle-lost ;
By great Memnon's morning song
Murmuring thy ears among,
And Isis' yet remember'd hymn ;
By the desert lion grim,
In safe covert of thy breasts
Seeking shelter when the crests
Of the Simoom him affright ;
By thy shadow in moonlight
Reaching o'er uncounted miles ;

By those Cleopatric smiles;
By thy necromantic wiles;
By thy lips oracular;
By all subtleties, which are
Cat-like; by thy woman face,
And bosom full of goddess grace;
By thy never uncoil'd tail;—
Let our prayers with thee prevail!
Lift, lift thy enigmatic head,
With hoar centuries' dust bespread;
Listen and give quick reply!
Lay thy ruinous kisses by;
And thy most headlong rebuss waive
Till thou our question answer'd have
Of this Cat's grave!

Singing the Cats spun with swift wheel
Around the pot, more swift than winks
Or looks of lynx,
Repeating their appeal.
I listen'd, most afear'd.
What next? methinks.
What wonder next appear'd?

Uprose the Sphynx
On her hind legs tremendous; laid one paw
Upon her stony lips, as in deep thought,
Then hollowly brought
This answer forth, from that capacious maw
Which ne'er before
Since Lord Osiris built her in the sand
Obey'd command.

Where o'er
A cat-like fruit white purple flowerets wave
Look for his grave!
I heard, I saw no more,
Nor knew till Uncle bow'd us to the door.
Not wiser, but some sadder for our trip,
We went our ways; still hidden in my brain
Those Sphynx words did remain,
And to my recollection slowly came again.
I waited the event.

Months pass'd. The icy grip
Of Winter was relax'd; and icier grief
Sprang also to relief.
Spring came and went;
And punkin vines 'gan run
Across our lot, and also, one by one,
Increase of punkin self to bask it in the sun.
I was a-reading Darwin's *Loves of Plants*,
Mother beside me, in my Father's pants
Setting a patch. Our punkin patch is green.
I thought of the later D, what did he mean
By his developments. Am I a dunce?
Were cats and serpents vegetables once?
I know some plants are climbers, others crawl
Does that the animal destiny forestall?
A sort of archetypal hint of what
May be this Punkin's or that Squash's lot:
Good-sized developing their legs become
Real Cats; the smaller, or the stay-at-home,
Can not be more than Serpents or at most
Go Caterpillar-like. And so I lost,

As older thinkers do, myself in dreams
Of supermundane cosmocomical schemes,
Till looking off, by what but pure good luck?
One of our punkins my attention struck.
It was so like a couchant cat,— indeed
Like Robyn, just of the same motley breed,
With a long stalky tail, but wanting legs.
Headless and round as beer or whiskey kegs.
Alas, his bier! his spirit! Could it be
He had gone back to punkinninity,
Reverse development? If forward flies
The grower to accord with novelties,
Might he not also, ceasing thus to yearn
Far forward, take an undeveloping turn?
Why not? My Robyn, underneath the snow,
Used not his legs, and therefore let them go;
Could not keep head against the weight of ice,
So the head waited not. It was not nice
To find him lost so: but I knew he thought
Some punkins of himself. That solace raught;
And I examined further, as recurr'd
The oracle, the Sphynx' mysterious word—
"Look for his grave . . white . . purple"
so they were!
A plant — arcanic powers! the plant is there
And waving over that same punkin's growth.
Graceful and tall — I 'll take my Bible oath,
Hairy — if I have two eyes in my head,
Ash-colour'd — sure in memory of the Dead,
Long tapering leaves, a very wealth of bloom
Purple and white! It is my Robyn's tomb!
O'er his dear dust doth the white banner wave.

"Keels rosy and wings red" my Botany gave,
And "T Virginiana." It is he,
My virgin love, my Robyn, F. F.V. *C.A.* 21
T is Tephrosia — Truly winter froze— *C A.* 22
Froze your hot heart, my dear! My taile must
have its close.
Look, Ma! She look'd; then with her fingers groped
About the punkin's root —— and, as I hoped,
One little bone she uply rummagèd. *C.A* 23
"The last joint of his pretty taile!" she said.
I saw — the rest was there. Then knew I he was
dead.

C.A. 21 Feline, *i.e.* First Families of Virginia. Myself am Georgian.

C.A. 22 TEPHROSIA VIRGINIANA, Gr. *tephros*, ash-coloured, vulgarly Goat's Rue or Cat-gut: the reason why Robyn's bowels yearned for it as his place of burial. Obnoxious to serpents, says Aristotle.

C.A. 23 The bone LUZ, *Os Coccygis Robinii*, which according to the Rabbins is the only bone to withstand dissolution. On this comes the body at its final resurrection.

CATASTASIS

At Catalani's song the angels glode
  Earthward to listen : so at Robyn's Feast
My Muse, that somewhat catadoxly rode,
Had power lent back to effort had increased
  The high cat-asterism. Rob's abode
  Were now Catabibazon, at the least.

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* * CATASTASIS is the climax preceding the conclusion. CATALANI, in religion S. Cecilia. CATADOXLY, passing the experiences of other poets or those of my own youth. CAT-ASTERISM, the Catalogue of Stars. CATABIBAZON, the place of most starry honour in the south node of the Great Dragon his taile.

THE SQUASH

HOW THE SQUASH BECAME A CAT

WE HAVE a beautiful cat in our possession, so far as one can be said to possess a cat (since the days of witchcraft the title to possession is not quite so clear), a he-cat of the striped or striated kind, striped like a very squash. We were lying the other day on our back in our orchard, staring up into a streaked-apple tree. and thinking, as the apples fell, of little Isaac Newton and the curious upcomes after falls. From Newton's apple tree our thoughts fell off to Darwin, meanwhile Rob lying on our lap, purring out his heart's content, and probably thinking in his feline fashion. Near us was a fence dividing our lot from neighbour Smith's, and, even as we looked, over this fence a wild squash was climbing. How often we had tried to keep it on our own side. Noticing it again, we were puzzled by the strange likeness between the squash (striped too) and Rob, particularly as regarded Rob. It struck me then that both were climbers. Often we had watched them in sunshine and in moonlight, and day or night Rob was just as difficult as the squash to keep on the home side of the fence. Darwin in our thoughts, the question arose — Why this? What is the cause of the

common instinct? Dogs do not climb fences to their neighbours' lots; cats and squashes do. What is the special relationship? There did not seem much to be made of it; so we returned to the book which before our mind wandered had been our study, our favourite Horace Greeley's *What I know about farming*. There at page 1273 (but not in all the editions) look at this in a foot-note:—

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOIL.

"I recommend that the squash be planted in a light, sandy soil. A streak of green marl is an advantage if you have it. I have found by repeated sowings that the colour of the fruit is much handsomer, resembling the beautiful streakiness of a ripe apple, only that the hues are not so vivid, the flavour also sometimes not unlike apple-sass. I have been told, but I do not know this of my own observation, that the peculiar streakiness of English bacon, so much prized by Cincinnati importers, is obtained in a similar manner (which is likely), the pigs from their tenderest infancy being fed in turn upon red and white potatoes, raised on differently coloured soil. * It is said too that the alternate layers of fat and lean are got by feeding one day and starving the next; but this does not run with my argument, which is only racy of the soil."

Elsewhere he observes:—

"It is known that the striped flag (Iris Americana) common on this Continent thrives best in mixed clays. And the use of stripes in cultivation has ever been asserted at the South."

These be practical remarks! The squash's colour is then, as Mr. Greeley's experience shows, mainly owing *to the soil*. Now to look at it Darwinningly. In early

* "The same is seen in clovers, the colour depending on the soil, not without effect on the cattle: after the manner of Jacob with Laban."

youth the squash is green, in old age yellow, in middle life neither but with an inclination either way. There must of course be a moment when neither the yellow nor the green inclination predominates, accident, time, something or other, gives the predominance. Suppose opposite accidents, and these frequent and alternating. Is it too much to perceive that the outer appearance must express some sign of the inward struggle, and so a stripe, *of course very faint at first*, is produced? No question then as to the influence of soil! Other cases also occur to us in its support. The political stripe in the District of Columbia is often due altogether to the soil: green first, and then distinctly marked as yellow, even statesmen who think themselves "some punkins." It may be the same with squashes. Mr. Greeley ought to know. He tells us *the mixed clay fixes the tendency.* Granting, we say, the influence of soil, then in time — it may be ages, time is a relative, — in time the stripes fixed regularly will be permanent. We have the first step cat-ward. The next step is for climbing. That squash on the fence seems opening its cat-like eyes in amazement. It may look far-fetched to talk of eyes, but if potatoes have eyes and corn ears, why not —— We are rambling, like the squashes. One thing is sure. In old Indian days, — early, if not the earliest squash days, — the boundaries of their hunting-grounds and plantations were not stable; beside which the squash could hardly be said to be converted from aboriginal wildness. Even the Mississippi does not heed bounds. Say that a native chief pulled stakes and took in a bit of a neighbour's patch, took it in too against the sun; your squash, having a habit of growing that way, also

preferring the soil on the old side of the paling, what does he, no doubt after many vain attempts to wriggle between the bars, but climb over? Once done is done for ever. Not even a squash can go back on destiny. The next generation repeats the climb. In the course of centuries it becomes habit, helped all through, you mind, by *the temptation sun-ward*. Still the squash is but a squash. Wait awhile! From the great English naturalist, Hood (the elder Thomas, not Jesse), may be learned how he once furtively buried a male cat of a sandy-reddish colour under a gooseberry-bush. Up to that date the berries had been smooth-skinned and green: *next year they were all hairy and of a red colour*. They were hairy ever after. * Now only consider this. If a tiger got buried beneath a wide-spreading squash tree (the size is no obstacle, for we know that Jonah sat under a gourd of the same species, and there were tigers in those parts), the squash next year would be hairy too, and as much hairier than the gooseberry as the tiger is larger than the ordinary cat. It is equally reasonable to believe that if the hair had long influence

* We can say something ourselves, even from our own very limited experience, in confirmation of these freaks of Nature, as they may be ignorantly called. We ourselves grew a pumpkin over a buried horse. One pumpkin born on this plant increased to such a bulk that a horse could go in at one end not stooping and come out with his head down at the other. And, which was more curious, the seed of this identical pumpkin was found to be an infallible cure for hoarseness. This was a Connecticut pumpkin, growth and pedigree both, and on exhibition in New Haven, when the daily journals made weeks' income in praise of the occasion. The bearing one thing has upon another, say through various grafting, is truly marvelous, and should make us pause before daring to discredit the deeper things of science.

the tiger's claws would not be without. After certain time may be found on the squash a roughness, which on microscopic examination is perceived to be only a *rudimentary claw*. In climbing, that confirmed habit continued, such claws, being useful, become more and more developed. Then as the pendulous squash drops, the heavy body straining from the claws projects some lengthening semblance of limbs; now the winds drag them, the claws hold firm, the heavy body swings, and so the limbs become jointed. Beginning of flexibility only, then, perhaps from sudden wrenches, are breaks, which in mild weather partially recohere and become *articulated joints*. Of course all this is not supposed to be the development of one individual squash. These changes are gradual, the work of centuries, of it may well be eons. We can not observe them now, but we can see suggestive and like indications. It may have taken ages for the development of a claw; how much more for production of a whole limb, joints, the entire and perfect animal. We have nearly reached that in our progressive stages It may be objected that there is no reason why there should be exactly and only four legs. It must not however be forgotten (Mr. Darwin indeed lays great stress on this) that something is due to original inheritance. There is always the tendency to recur to the primitive type. The primitive type is here tigrine, *as regards the animal development* of what we may still call the Cat-squash. And also many legs might be found to hinder climbing. Notice that it is the cultivated squash to which we have come, that has to climb, not forest trees, *but fences*. Between rail and rail some of many legs would hang useless. Of disuse

comes atrophy ; the superabundant legs drop off, and the Squash-Cat retains only four as fitting to its latest life. Then only, in the wonderful economy of Nature, as the polliwog becomes the perfect frog by throwing off his tail, the squash perfects the cat with that hereto useless appendage, the old squash-stalk pulled from the parent plant as the new animal departs on adventures, over and off the fence this time, to meet its neighbour and begin the family of house and garden tigers — our familiar Tabby-Cats.

There ! our Rob is among the squashes. You may think that he is only a well-developed squash himself, and that still squash basking yonder in the sun really a yet-unanimalised Tom-Cat. "Can such things be and overcome us ?" etc.

NOTE by the Editor. This Squash Story is the only prose work of Hattie's which has been preserved ; and this in some measure might be esteemed poetry, here only the rough draft (we find the same in Chaucer) designed for future versification.

Since it was written the likelihood of such transformations has been enforced by Professor Newbury, who tells of a Caterpillar, I believe in New Zealand, the larva of which when buried about three inches below the surface, becomes a Vegetable, "retaining the outlines and markings of the parent caterpillar," and growing to a considerable height, having a curious furry ornamental head, caterpillarish. The plant is of a fungoid type, excellent eating, containing much hydroxaethylidentrimethylammonium hydrate, said to be not poisonous, resembling cabbage.

This appears also to favour the retrogressive theory suggested by Miss Brown in her ninth fytte.

THE MEANING OF IT

How many cats' tails to reach the sky? *Old Proverb.*

LIKE to a kettle at a dog's tail, making music as he goes, or may be only musical echoes, so before I close my catalectual budget I propose to say a few words on the Myth. Which may stand as pith of my wandering in Cat-Land, not to be dispensed with. I would have you to understand my writing hath some direction and is not without choice of path. I rejoice also to make correction here and there, as where I spoke of Fiddler Catte as but among my Rob's forbears. In that I did him wrong. Of all forbearing folk he was indeed the head. For there's an ancient rich ante-Arian perhaps myth, with which we have to deal, and ought not any how to miss. The peel of this, no weed, we all of us may read, the well-known rhyme, a screed of earliest time when the world yet was young, and which doubt not was sung amid reechoing spanks, 'neath Himalayan flanks, to children on their nurses' laps, perhaps upon

Euphrates banks ere Babylon was. This is it, as first writ in pure Sanscrit, a hymn of the *Rigvedas*:—

HYD ID LDI DLTH'K ATANT HEPHI DLTH KOUJV
MP TA UV URTHMUN CYRNIKH OLALA PHT TUCE
CUT CHSPAU TAN DDYCHRHA NAWAWYT HYS PUN

Of which, according to the best scholars, the English given almost literally is as follows:—

The myth is not addled——
The Cat fiddle-faddled;
In the high sky sky-daddled,
The Cows jump'd over the Moon;
The Little Dog (*Cur Nicola*) laught
At the Moon over-raught;
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

The Cat in Hindu mythology is the Moon, the Cow a cloud. The moony Cat fiddles, plays like the Cat on the sign-board: the weather is neither foul-ward nor fine-ward. Skydaddled * over the heavens, the white cow-clouds, perhaps a herd, leap over her. The moon so blurred and obscured, twilight seems to return, to the delight of the "little dog" Canicula, Sirius himself, the Dog of Twilight, who, not seeing the moon return from behind the clouds, imagines himself lord of the situation. Of one relation the meaning is not so clear. The Dish may symbolize the round moon-disk, which that Spoonful of Cow was to carry off, carried instead as the clouds are lost in the moonshine. This is only

* SKY (not ske) DADDLED, scattered, as aforesaid from the old Irish Bible, there *squdad ol*, is plainly identical with Danish *skye dedehl:* throwing light upon the acquaintance of the Phenician (or yet earlier Arab) navigators with Ireland, and the Baltic through the Cattegut.

a guess. It may be a hint that the larger can not stint for the less; or merely the myth itself running off with the means that should have raught for us its meaning. So important leaning excuses so much explanation.

I must acknowledge also to reading that it is not the home-loving Cat, but the Grssshopper, the Locust, in the attitude of preyer, which is placed at the top of the New Troy Exchange. However, on again referring to the *Rigvedas*, I find the Cat frequently identified with or rather perhaps connected with the Grasshopper in the moon myths. In the *PanCat-tantrums* Carabbas (the soft-sounding C), the Hindu Puss-in-boots, who lives on Mount Moon, is the Grasshopper, or Leaping Locust, claiming all he can hop across as his master's. And he is the original also of our Hop-o'-my-thumb, whose boots are seven-leagued.

Our own Kok Robyn's first death and burial, or his burial and first return to life (as we may be pleased to consider it), is not without a very profound mythical significance. The Cat on 'Change is a Weathercock. The Cat and Cock are again identical. It is at night that the Cat is most active, and it is at moonrise, says Ælianos, that the Cock exults. So both personify the moon. And as Sun and Moon through their attributes are in the old myths interchangeable, so the Cock can likewise be taken as the Sun, his crest symbolizing the same, and his names, Cristatus, Cristiger, Cristens, as the christian poet Prudentius tells us. Our tortoise-shell Cat, in the Sanscrit Mùshakârâtis, the brindled mouse-eater, the golden-haired cloud-devourer, whose hairs are the Sun's rays, takes fitly therefore the name of Kok Robyn, the red-breasted twilight in which the

Sun or, as seen in our present version, the Moon rises. But the SETTER's time comes, the setting ordered by DAN APOLLO as the Moon disappears at dawn. UNION is the twilight that unites day and night, hears night's dying groans, and JACK, * the Sun again, on his back, not yet fairly risen, only half awake, has his eye upon him. The Hindu Moon is male. NELLIE (a sisterly diminutive of Helen — Helios, the Sun) is early-rising Aurora, who bosses the Moon-funerals. The pall is of course the heavens. But here seems some confusion, ("a limb o' thee " referring rather to the body) as if parts of two strophes had been lost and a transcriber had agglomerated the fragments. TIMOTHY is surely nothing if not an alias for Thomas the doubter, who must touch the body to be sure of its death or, in the legend otherwise applied, who leaves not his bed till the risen Sun shall kiss his finger-tips. O'DONOGHUE sounds suspiciously like Don'tknowwho, but the name is Sanscrit too, or earlier. In the *PanCat-tantrums* his boat is often spoken of, the mystic boat in which the Sun by night and the Moon by day travel underneath the ocean ; and it may be that as "chief mourner" he here assumes the office of the modern Charon. So he may carry the body, and Tim and his fellow denizens of the air be only wanted as appropriately for the pall. The Dog, a cat-dog, LEO, who utters K.R.'s Epitaph, is the dog of Diana, also Sirius, the Star of Twilight. Whence, from the elder legend (the Moon there being

* Here again we have a new form of the Sun Myth : Jack the Giant-Killer being only Hercules Redivivus, and Heracles himself the Greek reformed Indras, a very ancient King Arthur or John Brown.

male), we have the Dog with our Man in the Moon. The rest of the allegory (cloud-mice etc.) is plain.

A very similar myth may be observed in the FIGHT WITH THE DOG: the contest between Day and Night, or Light and Darkness, under new forms assigned to them: the Dog "half blood-hound and half bull," the Cat brindled as a moon-calf. The THIRD FYTTE has yet another aspect. Here it is the strife between the golden haired Apollo and the white Moon-cat. The Moon takes possession of the black cat — Night; and in the FOURTH FYTTE the dejected Sun-god descends seaward. In the FIFTH his butter-ears reappear. No need to track the myth throughout. The cord round Rob's neck (SIXTH) is symbolical of the Sun again, (the robin is sacred to S. Martin); and the SEVENTH and EIGHTH are fit joints of the taile of Lamentations for Thammuz — Thomas Cat — Adonais — Adonis — the Sun or Moon.

Thus may we interpret the Myth of the Cat-Moon, so much of it as need be tied to our own tailes. The myth meaning the Sun would have the Cock as hero, instead of the Cat. NELLIE then will be the evening splendour which undertakes his setting, and the other persons of the drama change characters accordingly. In the *Taithriya-brahmanum* the crimson-vested bird of dawn, the Lark (Bharadvâgas) sings, as the Robin, all day through to the many-coloured birds, but gives his heart to the little dusky Wren (Iyattikâ-çakuntikâ), the brown dusk Eventide. For this the Sparrowhawk relentlessly pursues him with his hate, and eventually kills him. All the birds who had loved him assemble to his funeral. The promised wine, his loving pledge

to Jenny, their bridal sacrament, is his own life-blood, The dusk brown evening boasts its ruddy heaven, yet ruddier than the early morning glow as Robin's blood is of a richer tint than all the glory of his living coat.

It is the ever-changing solar song.
Is it not too the universal tale,
The pancattantrums of all-changing Love?
When crimson-clad Cophetua from his throne
Wooeth the Nut-brown Maid, 'tis burly Rob
And homely Jennie in a new disguise.
Call it also, to point some moral here,
The Glory on the lap of Evening Calm,
The bright serenity of a well-spent life.
So every thing aye meaneth some thing else.
Eheu, Jehu! As the Wise Cat observed
To the Philologist — "Man everywhere
And at all times is man." Here ends my taile.

If any ask — Why this or that forget?
Let it to a Cat's short memory be set!

L'ENVOI

GO, LITTLE BOOK!
Who on you look,
Who read you fair,
Will own the young
With thewes unstrung
Not vainly sung
Nor need despair.
This did I write
For Self's delight;
Who list may read:
I have no greed
For pay or praise.
My little Book,
Done all alone,
Fame shall thee own
Past many days.
Go thou thy ways,
Unheeding fleas—
Skip-critics: these
Make no heart ache.
ART FOR ART'S SAKE
Is all my geste:
Some high behest
Let others take!
For me Art is enough,
According to the canon

Of later days (quant : suff :).
And who shall lay a ban on
Me? My will 's my pleasure :
I admit no moral master ;
And so I keep the measure,
Slower in time or faster,
My feet clear from disaster,
I care not whom I offend.
God send my readers good digestion !
That 's not the question :
I have not been ordain'd
As preacher ; in no wise
Am given to sermonize ;
My text trots self-explain'd.
Enough if with some art
I play the Jester's part,
With cap and bells to please
Lord Idlesse, and dry peas
All pleasantly perverse
To rattle in his ear.
Yet do I not rehearse,
In strains his soul to move,
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth not too severe
But fashionably dress'd,
Pale Grief and pleasing Fear,
And other tyrants, Robyn ! of the breast ?
What matters whom I choose
For hero? Must my Muse
Tread heels of Alexander,
Of Walker, of Pizarro,
Napoleon, or Suwarow,

Or other Greek or Roman
Or French heroic gander,
Or common or uncommon?
Why is not Philip Sparrow
As good as Philip's Son?
And what has Homer done
That he may sport his mice,
Frogs and such vermin nice,
And I not own a Cat?
By Helicon, and that
Is a fair poet's oath,
Your frogs and mice are, both,
No fitter for bards' words
Than is my Cat: my sherds
Of rhyme, lame verse at best,
And other faults confess'd,
Of catachresic sort
Et cetera. Though short
To wear the Homeric weed,
Mere catagraphs indeed
And catalectic they,
As modest Frenchmen say;
Albeit catenate,
Which is but fair to state;
Yet, by Apollo's shell,
Of tortoise too, so well
By that mercurial child
Fashion'd when he defiled
Sol wroth for loss of beef,
By him of poets chief,
And by the Muses nine,
I swear these mews of mine

Shall win the world's belief.
While Cats are light o' love,
Or Caterpillars move
Cat-like toward their prey,
While every dog his day
Must have, and cats delight
In vows of Catti knight,
So long as at the fire
Cats toast their tailes, till ire
Of cat and dog down dwindles,
So long shall my poor spindle's
Yarn provoke applause.
Ay! and by Cokys jaws
And his nine-jointed taile,
Eyes, heart, by Rob's each wail
And permanent purring note,
By his one motley coat,
Yea! by its every hair,
Black, white, red, gold, I swear
These wakes of him shall live
A nine-fold life, nor sieve
Of Fame refuse them through.
And reasons are there too
Why even a Critic's gall
Should spare my song. I 'm small
And young, a little girl;
And now first tempt the whirl-
Pool of professional ink.
In truth, upon the brink
I did a little loiter
With modest maiden's coy
Tergiversating dread.

But then meheard it said,
"Tis a true Muse invites,
And while the maggot bites
Adventure!" Was I wrong?
Came else uncall'd my Song.
Well, words I wrote are writ:
Poor caterings, I admit:
As such do I present 'em.

ADDITAMENTUM

GO, LITTLE BOOK! from Author's solitude:
I cast thee on the market: go thy ways!
And if (so Southey) not too vainly good,
The world may own thee after many days.
When Holland 's read, and Miller kinder view'd,
Poor Hattie Brown may hold her hat for praise.
Would L. C. M. pronounce my verses fine,
I 'd own I think a many worse than mine.

Or, borrowing good words of Mr. Thos, Watson:

"My littel Booke! goe hie thee hence awaie,
Whose price (God knowes) will countervayle no part
Of pains I tooke to make thee what thou art:
And yet I joie thy birth."

And of Master Hawes in his *Pastime of Pleasure*:

"Go, little Book! I pray good hap thee save
From miss-metring by wrong impression;
And who that ever list thee for to have,
That he perceive well thine intention."

As likewise the worthiest Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer:

> "And for there is so great diversitie
> In Englishe and in wryting of our tongue,
> So pray I God that none miswryteth thee,
> Ne thee mismetre for default of tongue;
> And redde wherso thou be, or ellès sung,
> That thou be understood God I beseeche."

Thus have I fingered the basket, beheld the holy barley (is it but hurly-burly?), fed on the drum-head, and drunken of the liquor of satisfaction. O Orpheus, thou wildcat charmer! have I not at this thy feast said *Konz omtoz*· and it is finished!

FINIS CORONAT

(Is my work one to groan at?)

O PUSS!

BROADWAY BALLADS

1876

BROADWAY BALLADS

COLLECTED

FOR THE CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION

OF THE REPUBLIC

1876

BY ABEL REID, DEACON I. P.

Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.

And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not!
Write the things thou hast seen, the things which are!

AUTHOR'S EDITION — FIFTY COPIES

"*I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose. I like a clamor whenever there is an abuse. The fire-bell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burned in your bed.*"

BURKE

"*It is an act of virtue and of piety*
To warn men of their sins in any sort:
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport."

SIR JOHN HARINGTON

"Verba animi proferre et vitam impendere vero,"

JUVENAL

— "Poesy springs not from rocks and woods;
Her womb and cradle are the human heart:
And she can find a nobler theme for song
In the most loathsome man that blasts the sight
Than in the broad expanse of sea and shore
Between the frozen deserts of the Poles."

LOWELL

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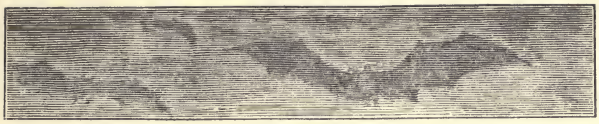
BROADWAY BALLADS



PREFACE

"Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit. . .
. . . . . Dicas hic forsitan, unde
Ingenium par materiæ? unde illa priorum
Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen?"

JUVENAL.

PRIEST

DOUBT IT? It is too plain, too widely spread:
And much to be deplored. But what to do
I know not. Speak more plainly? Can one name
These sins in the ears of babes or white-soul'd girls?
Or brand with pointing finger reverend sires?
God's wrath against all offenders once pronounced,
I may not say — Thou art the man! and Thou!

POET

And yet your office is to preach: as mine,
God thank'd! to fashion beauty at my will.
Art for itself sufficeth. Am I pleased

With mine own work, that is well nigh enough.
When I please others, by so much I gain.
For Art means pleasure, neither more nor less.

SCIENTIST

Look not at me! The duty 's none of mine:
Your moral questions do not trouble me.
I deal with facts, not theories; with laws,
Not creeds or dogmas: when I demonstrate
How this is cause of that, how such and such
Cohere, combine, coagulate, avoid,
Or drive asunder, I fulfil my task.
But you, my friend! minutely chronicling
Our passing misdeeds, might most fitly add
Instructive comment, and some moral point,
Touching the very freshness of the raw.

JOURNALIST

Too physiological some matters are;
And else I trench not on the parson's ground.
For the rest, my message is set up for sale:
Affronting Custom, I might cease to print.
My buyers, like the renters of your pews,
Want pleasant penn'orths. By this craft we live.

A VOICE

True Seer! behold the perfectness of life,
And beauty know as beauty of the whole,
Not fragmentary! Art forbids one flaw;

Nor while one wrong continueth shall the Best
Insure redemption. When the teachers fail,
And since to averted eyes the lovelier form
Appeals not, lay thy lily-sceptre by,
And wield the sharp scourge of the satirist,
Making some feel who might not else attend!
There is a time for the tempest's wholesome wrath
As well as for the sun-bright harvest hope.
The Lord himself "descended into Hell."

REDE ME AND BE NOTT WROTHE!
I SAYE NO THYNGE BUT TROTHE.

VESTRA RES AGITUR.

INTRODUCTION

OF THE BALLAD-SINGER

CAME A STRANGER to that City:
Say the City was New York:
There were merchant princes in it;
There were workmen, out of work.

Dives, Lazarus, both abode there:
Magdalen, they said, also,—
But so many with strange surnames,
How could we his Maudlin know?

And that Stranger through the City
To and fro went, day and night,
Seeing all was done within it,
Openly, in the common sight.

Went he through their halls of justice,
Look'd into their courts of law,
Saw their churches and their chapels,
Markets and exchanges saw;

Heard them tell a weary story,—
Daily told from door to door,—
How One had redeem'd the wretched,
How One came to save the poor;

Heard them preach this Poor Man's Gospel,
Saw men robb'd and slain the same:
Till the pity in his bosom
Surged up in a wrathful flame;

And he flung out words like firebrands,
Cursing those who wrong'd and those
Who stood by in smiling silence,
Holding the wrong-doers' clothes:

Cursing as of old, though knowing
For such speech that One had died:
Yet he dared repeat Christ's curses,
And — he was not crucified.

But the priests, the men of science,
And the children out of school,
Pointed scornful fingers at him,
Saying only — He 's a fool!

For the world in years two thousand
Has grown tolerant of blame:
Curses being, as Hope is, childless:
And all things go on the same.

SAMSON'S PARABLE

[Judges, XVIII 76]

FOR I know what orthodox is,
And want my work well wrought:
So I caught my little foxes
In the wilderness of thought.

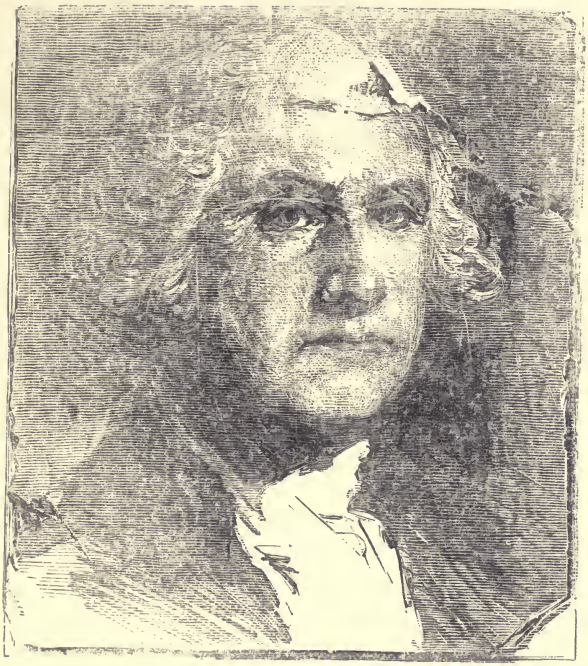
And about the equinoxes,
When never a starlet shines,
I preferr'd my little foxes
Among the Philistines.

And, seeing that what shocks is
Not unlikely to prevail,
I fix'd my little foxes
With a firebrand in the tail.

Deep-hid, 'mid wood and rocks is
That hollow haunt of mine,
Where I Samson watch my foxes
Vexing the Philistine.

THE SINGER'S APOLOGY

MY WORDS have no ill scope:
And, if they do no good,
Forgive the offender — Hope,
Dreaming they would!



SOMEWHILE IN HELL

"*He descended into Hell.*" APOSTLES' CREED.

"*Hell is a city.*" PETER BELL.

I PASS'D somewhile in Hell, not Washington;
And saw and heard things I now dare to tell.
You may believe them all and every one:
Each one I found in Hell.

Father, mother, and unwean'd child,
I saw on my down road:
'Twas Christmas Eve, the weather wild,
And Famine used his goad.

A parson I saw in the twilight dim,
Among Plymouth Brethren:
Tame lionesses lay by him,
Like Daniel in his den.

And at the mouth of the Pit I saw
A saint in broadcloth dight
Who ate young children: from his maw
Blood fell on a beard snow-white.

Inside of Hell I found no worse:
So start not with affright!
No nurses' tales engage my verse,
God's blessed truth I write.

I am in Hell,— not far within,
But on the edge:— And there
A young girl stood, as stark as Sin:
O Christ! how wondrous fair!

And from her sweet lips came a song
That as it met me kiss'd
My inmost sense: 'tis sure no wrong
Such music wrought, I wist.

And as she sang a young man toss'd
Into the flames his soul,
His broken heart, his whole life-cost:
But she was still heart-whole.

I saw a girl-child look a lie
Or ever it could speak,—
Its mother kiss'd so tenderly
The bloom scarce left its cheek.

And a bright boy stood up before
His years with joyous pride:
Proud, glad, and rotten to the core;
Ere manhood's hour he died.

In farther Hell historic shapes
Came crowding on my gaze;
And still meseemeth each one apes
Some form of our own days.

I saw upon a couch reclined
Lord Potiphar's lusty dame
With Joseph, clothed, in his right mind,
And reconciled to fame.

I heard young Jacob laughing loud
At Esau driven forth;
And Leah and Rachel, rich as proud,
Asking of Jacob's "worth."

I saw Uriah with his price
Pass out from David's mess;
And Nathan entering with advice
Of peace and pleasantness.

Was Dives there? In raiment fine,
Song-praised, amidst his hoard
Of purchased things, he quaff'd his wine
And thought him Hell's own lord.

And at his right hand Lazarus sate,
With goodly dames beside;
And crack'd his jokes, and while he ate
Exposed his sores with pride.

And outside, in the streets of Hell,
His quondam lovers lay,
Mary and Martha: both loved well;
And equal luck had they.

I found young Scipio well content
With pleasure for his prize;
And Cato as abroad he went
With lies for merchandize.

These saw I as my steps did mount
The Devil's palace stair;
Below in the courts, of no account,
I knew Caligula

And Nero and the many beasts
Of that old Roman den ———
"Not ask'd now to our Pontiff's feasts:
They were distinguish'd then;

"But since the old Napoleon days,
And doubly since the new,
Our realm is plagued with wild forays,
Whole caravans break through.

"Lord! how they swarm'd in Verhuel's reign,
And made even Hell too hot
Till we named him Satan's chamberlain,
Vicè Iscariot.

"For our laws are strict and sternly fix
Status of fiend or man:
As — the Devil's self drives coach and six,
This other his sedan."

Then saw I him who slid an oath
Like butter adown his throat,
Like a New York rowdy nothing loath
To buy or to sell a vote;

With statesmen who in the Senate sat
(Barabbas hired and sent):
Their lees of honesty they outspat
From their seats in Parliament.

And one, the heralds walk'd before
Backward with silver wands,
Had sold himself and his country for
Credit-mobilier bonds.

Some there had scuttled ships and drown'd
So many, or wife or maid
Or sire or child, what odds? they found
That the speculation paid.

And there was a dirty spirit clothed
In rags that once were tweed:
A crowd admired, and no one loath'd
The lousy Barmecide.

There were many of every race, I heard;
And a few of the Christian creed:
The Devil might pick, but "he preferr'd
No heathen,— not he, indeed."

You would not think, but the very stairs
Were strown thick, as with leaves.
With souls, unsorted: wheat and tares,
All come in the Devil's sheaves.

Yet this is a king; and this a priest;
And this is an honour'd wife;
And this old rogue 's a deacon at least,
Of a most unblemish'd life;

And this — "What if the woman had paid,
If she kept her no receipt?"
This other — He "never was afraid
Of gold, for it all smelt sweet."

And another — What Solomon foresaw
(How buying and selling are mixt)
Was true; and liberal was the law
Of plenty to stick betwixt.

And this — He too had pulpit rights:
He preach'd, they paid his hire;
He never kept them awake o' nights
With dreams of eternal fire.

And others, with more or less surprize,
I saw as I rambled through
That City ——— until I set my eyes,
My friend! dear ——! on you.

Now, I knew you well as a solid man,
With never a look of ill,
And a bearing seem'd like "If I can
Find good to do, I will."

And "honestly you had work'd your way"
On the ladder, rung by rung,
Till up so high, where you sate in the day
There wasn't a wagging tongue.

And you died, and lay in a gilded tomb
With a pious epitaph ;
We brought of our praises a hecatomb,
Nor heard the angels laugh.

I saw you there, with that smile benign,
The same that adorn'd you here ;
And thought — O soul ! if the case were mine,
Till I shiver'd in my fear

And fled —— And yet Hell's memories
Leave on my heart a scar :
Meseems, though on earth I am at ease,
I have not come back far.

POSTSCRIPT

Was forgetting :— A Library I went in :
The leaves of the books were curl'd.
I interview'd the Librarian thin ;
Reporter, I said, for the *World.*

I ask'd if his Highness read any books ?
Ward Beecher's — I was told.
Newspapers ? No ! odd times he looks
At a *Tribune*, in letters of gould.

CHRISTIE BELL

[IN THE BROADWAY]

'TWAS the middle of night by Gracechurch clock,
And the owl had awaken'd the crowing cock :
Tu wit — tu who !
But there wasn't a clock in the block,
Or a cock that crew.
True writ — too true !

John Smith, the deacon, the banker rich,
Has a friend, a lady, which
At her lodging in Amity Street
He is now on his way to meet.
Every Sabbath, in shine or shower,
The Deacon comes at the witch's hour,
Pacing with holy feet.
Though there is neither owl nor clock,
Nor crowing rooster in Gracechurch block,
The lady knows the hour quite well :
For her beauty holds a wondrous spell.

Is the night chilly and wet?
The night is chilly and wet.
The thick rain-curtains loweringly
Cover and hide the blerèd sky;
The moon is behind and at the full,
But never an eye can pierce the dull
Wet blanket of the atmosphere,
To say that the moon indeed is here.
A night most fit for a desolate fear.

That lovely Lady, Christie Bell,
Which the Deacon loves so well,
What doth she in the plashy street?
And wherefore doth she start to meet
Under the haze of the flaring lamp
(For the shifting gleam seems damp)
A face that she remembers well?—
The Deacon is pulling at the bell.

Let him pull, let him wait. and go away,
Cursing as only a Deacon may:
He can not stand in the chilling rain;
Be — bless'd if he 'll come again.
Yet scarcely has he left the door,
When Christie trippeth the threshold o'er,
And followeth her on weary feet
The poor drench'd waif of the street.

Two women are in a lighted room.
Laden with jewels and with perfume,

Rich in attire, yet richer in charms,
One sitteth there; and in her arms
(Down the new silk the rain may run)
Nestleth that Disastrous One
Who has follow'd her from the street,
Her white face flush'd with the sudden heat.

Sister! Sister! ————————

Far away,
Out in the fields, the fields so gay
In the young spring time (the clouds may stoop
And the rain fall, yet the flowerets there
Neither with shame nor sorrow droop,
And health finds pleasure everywhere),
There is a garden-girt homestead;
Round the porch are roses led,
Pure blush roses, so fairly blown
You'd think such flowers in heaven were grown.
Two fair girls on the steps are sitting,
In the evening fresh and cool,
Watching the bats and the swallows flitting
Over the face of the silent pool.
Sitting among the sweet-breath'd flowers,
Little they note of the darkening hours;
Sitting the sweet-breath'd flowers among,
Crooning a quaint old childish song,
They hear not the mother calling—
Christie! Amy! night is falling:
Come in-doors!

Who may hope to shirk the chores
Of Fate? Before the flowerless porch
Sits a man, not old, but grey
With fierce thoughts that mens' hearts scorch,
That on the head live ashes lay:
For they
Have gone away:
And the hearts of the Mother and the Sire
Are charr'd, as with fire.

Sister! Sister! met again!
One are we, albeit twain,—
I 'mid pleasures, thou in pain.
We are one in all the woe
Of our lives, which none may know
But ourselves. O not the maid
Of the breath of shame afraid,
Not the mother dead to us,
Not the wife despiteous;
Not the hypocrite whose curse
Hurrieth us as on a hearse
To a hell that is not worse
Than the hell we dwell in here.
Nay! they know it not who leer
In our faces as they pass,
Seeing there, as in a glass,
Their own vileness, who condemn
Us for being like to them.
Only we the secret guess,—

Vainly sought forgetfulness!
Of our innermost distress.
This remaineth still our woe:
We can never never know
All that life has of the best,
Memories sweet, and holy rest,
And glad thoughts at eventide:
All this unto us denied
That the worshiper of Vice
May have his bargain'd sacrifice,
That the Vile may keep his stye
For our less lewd misery.

The Deacon, he may call again:
Not at home — is the refrain.

Yet they stand at the corner,
For the rain has ceased;
Entertainment for man, or beast,
Still the sign on the wall, and the scorner
Makes mouths at his feast.
Is there never a priest to tell
How the way of a man is tow'rd Hell?
Is there never a matron to shut
Her doors on the man, as the slut?

Is there nought, or of hope or of pity,
To cleanse the foul city?
Not five righteous ones, not five,
While some hopes yet survive,
Men brave enough to be pure,
And women with wisdom's cure
Strong even to dare forgive,—
To sort us as with a sieve
And stand between life and the plague,
that we may live?

A GRAPE-SKIN

"ONLY a girl of the town"
Lay on the pavement.
Only a woman knock'd down:
That 's what the knave meant.
Who would have miss'd her
Had she died of the blow?
Yet not long ago
Some one call'd her Sister.

Only a "girl of the town"——
She had caught hold of him;
Spat on the lady's gown;
What had she told of him
Had he not flung her away?
Well, she was surely wrong:
Yet, it is not so long
Since he led her astray.

Now she 's a "girl of the town,"
For man's abuse meant.

Think you God's flowers are grown
For your amusement!
O thou poor trampled blossom!
Though man accuse thee,
Will God refuse thee
A place in his bosom?

GONE

HUSH! O Father! do not curse her!
For all her shame and sin,
If her mother's prayers can win
My darling back, tho' she were worse, or
The worst, you 'd let her in.

Hush! the hard world will amerce her,
That hateth shame and sin.
Love forgiveth what hath been;
And God's mercy yet may hearse her:
Father! you 'll let her in.

THE MAID OF BROADWAY

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain.

PROVERBS.

She takes herself asunder when she goes to bed into some twenty boxes, and about next day noon is put together again like a great German clock.

JONSON'S SILENT WOMAN.

Maid of (unknown)! lest we part,
Tell me if thou hast a heart:
For, so padded is thy breast,
I begin to doubt the rest.
Tell me now, before I go,
Art thou all made up, or no?

THE NEW DON JUAN.

When a man marries a wife
He finds out whether
Her elbows and knees
Are glued together.

BLAKE.

O MAID, of more than mortal charms!
Maid, fitted for a husband's arms
As soon as you can catch one!
I 'm told that such as you are made
In Broadway, and if one 's mislaid,
The factory can match one.

They say,— what first attracted me,
That form of perfect symmetry,
That wealth of golden tresses,
And that fresh bloom on your fair cheek,
Are bought, or hired — so much a week,
Rouge, false hair, padded dresses.

I see your bosom rise and fall:
Clock-work, they tell me,— that is all,
That moves a shape well rounded;
A palpitating spring but now
When, listening to my trembling vow,
I thought your heart rebounded.

The bloom on your smooth cheek is false;
My arm around you in the waltz
Rested on hips of cotton;
Perhaps the sprightly words I quote
Are sham too, phrases learn'd by rote,
To say, and then forgotten.

Now looking in your eyes, I see
Beneath the lids some marks, may be —
Well, I would say — not native;
And your sweet lips, so cherry-red,—
Is 't cherry-paste upon them spread?
It 's something very dative.

Confess, how much is real of you?

A wild thought runs my forehead through,
A thought most miserable:
That when upon our bridal night
My love would clasp my whole delight,
Your best half 's on the table.

Are these indeed your natural eyes?
Is this your nose? 'Twould not surprize
To see you just unscrew it.
A wife should be for wear and use:
But when she plays at fast and loose,
I guess her mate will rue it.

Unhappy man, to love a maid!
Good reason thine to be afraid,
When the fair thing thou laudest
Can so unfairly take thee in,
And Hymen's Children's hymns begin —
My doll is stuff'd with saw-dust.

A GIRL

Whose fingers thin
Push'd from her faintly want and sin.
LOWELL.

HE WAS boss, and he liked her face :—
She was lucky to get the place,—
So many out of work there were.
Home she went with a lightsome tread,
Home, where the sick child lay in bed.
O but she was young and fair !

Poor little sister, sick in bed,—
Now at least she will not want bread,
Bread and even something to spare.
Small her wages, and she must dress :
Better caparison'd ones had less.
They were girls too, young and fair.

Heavy the work, her daily task ;
Higher wages she dared not ask :
Very hard her life, and bare.
Day by day, and her shopmates told
Of the price at which a woman is sold,
If the woman is young and fair.

Day by day, and the drops will tell;
Very easy the road to Hell:
Beckon'd the boss with a pleasant air.
Poor little sick one, mending, grieves
Missing her sister, summer eves.
O but she was young and fair!

Down at the shop the chatter goes:
What has become of her? No one knows.
Later the talk is — I declare!
Dead at the midwife's over the way!
Not yet seventeen, they say.
Ay! so young was she, and fair.

Poor little sister, left alone!
Pity her! when she is taller grown,
She shall have work and a wage to spare,
There where the other work'd of old
Learning the price of a woman sold.
O but she is young and fair!

BUTTONS

A LETTER FROM MRS. SNOB OF NEW YORK

TO A FRIEND IN PARIS

YES, DEAR! I like the livery,
I like the buttons too:
It 's claret, love! with yellow shivery,*
But the buttons are too few.

It 's a real lovely livery, Liza!
If dear Ma were living again,
Eliza! it just would surprize her:
But the buttons are few and too plain.

Now don't say I talk like a starling!
With Adolphus delivering our cards,
O won't it be bully? my darling!
That livery and those bullyvards!

As I drive thro' the dear Shams o' Lizzie,
Eh, Lizzie! it turns my poor brain.

---

*The lady perhaps means *frosted gold.*

It 's the champain of pride makes me dizzy :
But the buttons are certainly plain.

And there 's trouble, my dear ! with all blessings :
Our Sam, I don't think he 's quite sane,
Said " Please Maam ! I don't like them dressings
And I ll not wear your livery, that 's plain."

So he 's left ; a new coachman we 've hired,
Black, love ! and so fat, and so vain !
But he 's grand in the purple attired ;
And *he* says the buttons are plain.

And my page (not your Adolph of old,
' Tis of Adolph the Second the reign),
He likes well both claret and gold ;
But *he* thinks the buttons are plain.

You know, dear ! our friend Count Deverity,
So truthful : I 've ask'd him again
And again (he 's a real judge of merit), he
Says that the buttons *are* plain.

But he told me,— he said " Hint o' new, *
(French for secret) dear Madam Helène !
There 's a College they 're going to do
That vill make of the buttons quite plain."

---

* Can this possibly be *Entre nous ?*

Said I — What! a school for the servant,—
Now, Mosieu! do fully explain!
To teach them to be more observant?
I was thinking of buttons again.

What do serving-folk want with a college,
That teaches them but to disdain?
What use can they make of the knowledge?
Dear! I *don't* like the buttons so plain.

No, Madame! said our friend, "it 's a Senate
Of Heralds they do talk to found."
And I thought it 's our clever Jem Bennett:
But of verity I was unsound.

"Yees! a College of Heralds, where ladies
And messieurs may buy all the arms
Of nobility: Madame! the trade is
Much large in demand." How he charms

When he speaks, with the slightest misprision
Of language: so truthful! urbane!
And my accent he says is Parisian;
And he tells me our bearings are plain.

He said —— Well! I talk vice-versy;
Indeed, love! it made my heart throb,
When he guess'd that my Ma was a Pursy,
And knew that my husband 's a Snob.

And he said we 'd our arms : mine a shuttle,
And Hubby would quarter with mine ;
Our crest was, how queer ! a coal-scuttle.
O Eliza ! don't this sound divine ?

But returning once more to our muttons —
Dear Deverity's phrase, and so plain,
I 'm to have our crest cut on the buttons.
O my dear ! I am happy again.

IPHIGENEIA AT SARATOGA

[DONE INTO COUPLETS OF HEROIC PROSE]

THEN AGAMEMNON silently laid down
The stump of his cigar, and smooth'd the frown
Of his black-beetled brows, and in the eyes
Of his fair daughter mark'd the swift surprize
With which she met that look wherefrom the dread
Severity, accustom'd there, had fled.
"O father! father, spare me!" in a tone
Of anguish uncontroulable, half moan
And half appeal, the weeping virgin cried;
And sank before him as she would have died
There at his feet. He raised her, but she knelt,
And on his knees, as hiding what she felt,
Bow'd lowly, with wild hair across her eyes,
Sobbing. Her heart's fleet-winged prayers arise,
Less prayer than protest: "Spare me, O my Sire!
I can not marry that Achilles." Fire
Burst from below the thunder-cloud at words
Like these audacious, piercing as with swords
Dove-eyed Iphigeneia, who nor dared

To meet such death nor yet intreaty spared,
Repeating her offence. "I loathe the man!
O Pa! if half they say, if but half can
Be true"—— But Agamemnon King no more
Would hear; but, wrathfully uprising, bore
The fainting maiden to her mother's bower,
And left her there.
Recovering, a shower
Of tears relieved her heart, as on the breast
Of Clytemnestra for a while had rest
Her woe. Then suddenly the fear return'd
With sense of all.
"My child! you have not learn'd
As yet to bear." the prudent mother said.
"Think you the mother's spirit has not bled
To see her daughter sacrificed? I feel
Achilles has a vulnerable heel;
(Nay! never bite those crimson lips!) but he
Has wealth and influence; and we agree —
Papa and I,— since he has bid for you,
That you are his. My dear! it will not do
To cross Papa. And you must think of us;
Our promise too. Remember all the fuss
When your aunt Helen ran away to Paris!
A girl has duties, darling! when she marries.
Your father has the family to maintain,—
The Lord knows how he does it. It is plain,
Your duty.
No! don't say you 're sold for grease!

His money, child! came in an Indian fleece.
Come, come, be reasonable! if it was tallow.
To hear you talk one might suppose you callow
After a Long Branch season. Have a thought
Of all the Sahara-toggery we bought
To fit you out, Miss! fitting you for nought?"
Whereat the queenly mother smiled, the cheek
Of her fair offspring pinching, who to speak
Essay'd; but the mother silenced her again,
And, thinking best to probe the deepest pain,
Fore-answer'd thus.
"My love! all men are so,
This one no worse than others: 'tis the woe
Of womankind. But he 'll grow tired of you,
And then 's your turn. You have a right to do
The same as he. For what else do we speak
Of women's rights? May women only shriek
Their wrongs all-unredress'd in sullen ears
Of brutes that never heed a woman's tears,
Skulking behind a nightcap? Bah, such folly!
If the same cotton would but stop them wholly!
No! still one consolation can we find,—
The Gods who made us weaker made them blind,
And Time still brings revenge. Now shall I tell
Papa that you are ready? That is well!
And A. T. S. and Tiffany shall know
My daughter has no reason to forego
Whatever she desires, whatever the cost.
Ha! you will live to own love was well lost

For such an equipage. Just think the price
Of those black horses! Follow Ma's advice!
And Ma's example! That's my girl again,
With her bright smile to make a wooer vain.
And such a lovely day to take a drive.
I'd wear the cashmere."
"Iphie! look alive!"
The voice was Agamemnon's. "Coming, Pa!"
The mother for her daughter spoke. "Ta-ta!"
As Ache and his Belovèd leave the door.

"Well, dear! that's done; the agony is o'er.
You'll be in Congress, who the after knows?"
A hecatomb to Fortune! And so goes
The Upper World.
All worshiping his star,
Our Agamemnon's friends crowd to the bar;
While Clytemnestra, duly kiss'd her spouse,
Joins her Ægysthus at the Union House.

Saratoga, August, 1875.

WILD OATS

"*These young gentlemen may be encountered in dress coats and white cravats at the houses of the most fastidious ladies of fashionable society. They are not in the least disqualified for association with chaste matrons and innocent girls, but enter their presence with the laurels of conquerors and the haloes of heroism about their heads. Meantime in all the churches the Commandments are read and the devout make response to each — 'Lord! have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law!'*"

New York SUN, October 26, 1875.

HAS BEEN WILD: only wild.
Yes! the girl was with child;
But the child was not born.
He has been with a score
Of the class we drag o'er
The coals of our scorn.

But boys will be boys:
What 's the good of a noise
About things that are done?

He 's no worse than the rest.
Are your saints all the best?
The young will have fun.

And I 'll swear there are worse
Whom the Church does not curse.
If he 's wild, he is rich.
So I will not refuse him my girl.
If they call'd him a Duke or Earl,
He might pick his which.

He may smoke, he may drink;
Says it 's trouble to think,—
But can bet and can play;
Knows no end of foul words;
And *has* thoughts, dry as curds
In a bottle of whey.

Girls strain their sweet throats
For this sack of "wild oats,"
This scarecrow of sin;
And Mothers, proud dames,
Are "so glad," no one blames,
When he sends his card in.

RICH AND RARE

[MODERNIZED]

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
With a sable jacket and muff and boa:
But O, her beauty was far beyond
The price of a muff, if not too fond.

Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lovely and lone, along Broadway?
Are Sons of Manhattan too good, or so old,
As not to know what is bought or sold?

Stranger! I feel not the least alarm,—
(It is not the custom to offer an arm.)
Our youth love woman much as of yore,
And I see a lover in yonder store.

Off she went with her ready smile:
And lo! in hardly a winking-while,
She and the youth walk'd side by side:
Wifely blessing and mother's pride.

DIAMOND AND STICK

Rich — not rare.

Perversion.

IT WAS A DIAMOND PIN
On Broadway that I met:
A Diamond Pin with diamond studs,—
They flash before me yet.
Beside it a gold-headed Cane,—
The stick was straight and thin,
Nothing within,
And the carriage was only plain.

It was a Diamond Pin,
With a smell of patchouli,
And a clean shirt-front and cuffs so white,
That all might diamonds see.
The Stick had of real gold a knob,
And it swung with a jaunty air:
Devil may care,
There 's no taking me for a snob!

But for the Diamond Pin —
'Twas the swellest of Ball & Black's,
With the loveliest lavender kids,
And a coat that fitted like wax,
And a hat Knox all; and on the face
A black moustache well comb'd:
And so they roam'd
In this year of Our Lord, his grace.

Adown Broadway from the Avenue
The Stick and Diamond paced:
Natives of course, and so well-born,
And equally both well placed.
The heart of our Washington had joy'd
To see such a pair of price:
"Aw! ah! so nice!"
The Republic so up-buoy'd.

Into Gracechurch: pew-owners there
The Diamond Pin might see
And the Stick, in front of the altar both
As emblems of piety.
A couple of maidens, good and fair,
The dear things duly met:
Sweet eyes, you bet!
Had one, and the other golden hair.

My soul is glad for the Diamond Pin
And the Stick with its brain of gold:

Can aught be ill when a sight so grand
Upon Broadway we behold?
Of course in Five Points are want and sin;
But The Lord may be satisfied,
Seeing he died
For a Stick and a Diamond Pin.

TERPSICHORE

Too long misdeem'd.

Byron

LIGHT-HEEL'D, light-hearted, feather-brain'd,
and fair;
Or brains left out for greater weight of hair;
Hair which is golden,— nowadays the gold
Is loosely worn, as powder was of old;
Rouge on her face, as much of rouge as cheek;
Strong in her loins, only her conscience weak —
If she have conscience,— or 'twould pay to seek;
Expensive in her tastes. if that is taste
Which only likes extravagance and waste;
Fond of her dress, her dinner, and champagne
(She 'll take to rum some evening in the rain);
Vain of her eyes, her shape, her nimble limbs;
Full of flash songs as cherubim of hymns;
True to her interest, and let us own,
Sometimes to a friend, or even more than one:
Such is the creature at whose active feet
New scores of young admirers nightly meet,
And think her a divinity complete.

"Such grace, such beauty, such abandon too!"
(And the last item certainly is true.)
"Terpsichore herself could not outleap
That wondrous bound, or that so graceful sweep,
And that long whirl of the one leg in the air,
Like a high note sustain'd: long! I declare
It seem'd as though she nevermore would stop,
But spinning sleep so poised — just like a top!
And that most arch look and so charming bow!"
"Aw! yaas! she's very well, I must allow."—
This from Experience, who has done the town:
The gushing praise from one not fully grown.
And the poor boy goes home to sigh and dream
If angels are as heavenly as they seem
Behind the foot-lights; and returns next night
For new limb-postures of his dear delight;
Then schemes an introduction; and, let in,
Learns at the last the price of his sweet sin;
Learns it and pays as prodigals can pay,
And, rich enough, prolongs his pleasant day.
So, while her sister needle woman starves.
This fatted calf makes fat Our Lady of the Calves.

No wonder then half-ignorant pious Wrath
Condemns the Theatre, and, on the path
Of censure once descending, damns also
The Dance, and the most innocent dancer too.
But thou, O Youngest of the Sacred Nine!
True to thy Sisterhood, nor less divine,

Terpsichore! forgive me if my haste
Of words thy name seem here to have disgraced.
Around thy altars, when due gifts were hung,
Thy votaries danced; no posture-mistress flung
Her limbs, or with contorted antics lewd
Made men forget the chasteness of the nude.
Lo, where before the Ark of God the King
Dances religiously! If one may sing
And shout for joy, as joy 's a holy thing,
Then why not dance? O early earnest days
When dance and song united in the praise
Of Beauty! O give back, give back
Our Theatres to Art.— Art, never slack
To please, the bringer of sincere delight.
Give us true Art — religious! Blend the rite
With lesson'd recreation! If indeed
Faith has gone out from us, gone like a weed,
Or useless flower, the last of Paradise,—
If we have grown so insolently wise
Art and Religion have no more to teach,—
Still let us keep the bloom upon the peach,
The blush upon the cheek, as yet some sign
Of youth; and take our pleasure as our wine,
From vessels decent even if not divine!

BOARDING

"His children were born in this boarding-house; they drink the dregs from the glasses after dinner; they listen to the gossip of the Brooklyn scandal, and the last case of bribery, at breakfast; and so carry away ideas more vile than the cheap poison of the heeltaps."

New York TRIBUNE, 1875.

MY WIFE eats hash, and so do I:
We both were raised on pickle
And strawberry-cake and punkin-pie;
And give us these if you would try
Our tastes mature to tickle.

Why, when we married we no more
Reckon'd we 'd go to cooking
Or thought to own our own street-door,
We boarded, as we 'd done before:
And Bess is real good-looking

Not that I care to hear it said
Among the boarders often;
But Bess, you bet! she has a head:

She only laugh'd when third-floor Ned
Wish'd I was in my coffin.

Our boy! O he can take his part
Against the best; a stepper
Is little Jack. I guess he 's smart:
You only hear him (bless his heart!)
Say — Mary, the red pepper!

But Minnie must be sent to school:
There 's too much gossip going
About the house. And she 's no fool:
Fancy that five-year old, quite cool,
Talking of calls she 's owing!

She 'll do the same as Ma and I
(Of course we can but let her):
Marry and board, and by and by
Get tired of hash and wish to try
To look for something better.

SABBATH READING

WE READ THEE, *O Herald!*
We take thee for our guide.
All the City reads thee,
Christianly supplied
With thy Sabbath teachings,
Broadly sanctified.

Every Lord's day morning,
Ere the hour of prayer,
Comes our Sunday *Herald*,
Bidding us prepare
For the day's devotion
And our weekly care.

O young men! O maidens!
Give the *Herald* praise,
Bringing you so gently
On the pleasant ways
Leading to —— Thee, Saint Bene't!
We may thank always.

But for *Herald* "Personals"
How should I have made
Appointment with the lady
(Expensive, I 'm afraid)
To whom I gave a pea-nut
On Barnum's balustrade,

My *Herald* not procuring,
I had never known
He "needed a companion,
So many hours alone."
Now we have our nights together,
And the day 's my own.

Pleasant reading for the Mother,
Looking in her daughter's face!
Cheerful reading for the Father
Proud of his unblemish'd race!
Such the hangman Shame had held once:
In our day Shame 's out of place.

In your churches and your chapels
You may have the Gospel preach'd:
Have it cried —— Aloud, and spare not!
Blown from trumpets, engine-screech'd:
From the *Herald* "Uptown Office"
Heaven is sooner reach'd.

CORAM DEA

A HYMN TO THE AMERICAN LUCINA

HEROES are Gods: who serve mankind
Deserve that mankind should adore 'em:
Thus grateful orphans hold in mind
Their God, the good old Captain Coram.*

Better prevention though than cure;
Wait not mishaps, get ready for 'em!
So Broadway misses make them sure
By calling on Lucina Coram.

And our young men, each with his maid,
(True lovers always look before 'em,)
Whisper — You need not be afraid:
Give offerings to the Goddess Coram!

'Tis said the race is dying out;
That soon there will not be a quorum,
Save immigrants: comes that about
O' the worship of Lucina Coram?

---

* Founder of the first Foundling Hospital in England.

HUDSON RIVER

O THAT ever blessed wharf!—
But it makes a fellow laugh
To think we sack'd the half:
You may chaff!
And that well-provision'd quay
Where we drain'd the rum away
While in our boat we lay:
O. K.

"My dear! will you love me?" sung
The River Nymph as of old:
But the whiskey was hot on her tongue,
And her smile,— was the Lurley's as cold?

And the old River God, as he lay
There under the Palisades,
Turn'd his face from the City away.
What is this that wades

In the mud, in the sunset yellow?
Is it brute or human? Say!
Lord above! why that old fellow
Comes here every day.
After prowling among cinders
Spends his evenings thus,
Gathering up, if nothing hinders——
Don't be curious!

Up the river to Sing Sing!
Up the river to West Point!
Only let us have our fling
If the times are out of joint.

Send our thieves to Mexico!
Our cadets to rob the banks!
Grant says he 'll annex; I go.
The Lord Christ give thanks.

Rip Van Winkle: sleepy, hollow.
Daniel Drew is fast.
Summer passeth like a swallow;
Catskill tires at last.

Up the stream to Albany!
Spend the night at cards!
Learn to shuffle for the Senate;
And the State rewards!

All against the stream, that floweth
  Ever downward to the sea ——
If old Hudson euchre knoweth?
  Draw-poker for me!

Yet methinks there is a moral:
  Flowing ever tow'rd the sea ——
Let it flow! Don't let us quarrel!
  What are drinks to be?

Back again, we 'll say next se'nnight,
  Back from Albany!
Recollect your speech? I 'll pen it
  In pure Rommany.

Back! Attempt to put a mend on 't?
  'Tempt Saint Anthony!
Past his Nose; see the red end on 't,
  Coming back from Albany.

Back again, beside the steamers,
  Left the world-old Palisades;
Rip and all his fellow dreamers
  Far, far off, with the river maids.

Wood and river, Dryads, Naiads,
  In the evening haze
Fade away: another lay adds
  Nothing to their days.

Quay and wharf, brick wildernesses,—
River Gods are none:
Nymphs and Shepherds, shepherdesses,
Gone to — Washington.

Yet the old River floweth sea-ward,
Floweth broadening to the Bay:
Forward, aft, windward and leeward,
Craft are plying
And replying,—
Question — What will pay?

Hudson — nought he heedeth, telleth,
He not so undeified,
Though his ancient bosom swelleth
With the incoming tide.

But to me who love him ——
In the sunlight golden,
Bubbling through the waves above him,
Come, as in the summers olden,
Words whose whispers are divine,
Trickling slow as drops of wine
On the palate of the taster,
Gently, wisely, not in haste or
Heedless, but as one would kiss
The Belovèd. —— And this
Is the River God's Message.

"Am I good for nought but expressage?
Would you drain away
All of god-like from my current,
Choking me with things abhorrent,
Nuisances that pay?
From the Indian Lake and Mountains
I bring down both health and pleasure,
From my beginning fountains
Pour'd out without measure.
And I claim the grateful honor
Due unto a gracious donor:
That along my banks I see
Only joy's security;
That no vile craft foul my waters,
That Manhattan's sons and daughters
Love me, cherish, and respect;
That iniquity, neglect,
Fraud, and all things born of Wrong,
Quit my shores on either side,
My embankments made so strong
That misfortune is defied:
So the whole world hear of me;
So, as tow'rd the eternal sea
I pass onward, day by day,
Whether I wreathe my sunlit spray
Or my wavelets toss and play
In the moonlight dim and grey,
I may hear all bless the giver
Of delight — the Hudson River,

And my unvex'd course be roll'd
Through the Poet's Realm of Gold,
And my Bay of Beauty be
The harbor of felicity!"

Seem'd the whispering waves to say
This, and more than words of mine
Can echo, as in the Outer Bay
Our Hope was stay'd at Quarantine.

FROZEN TO DEATH

Jan. 10, 1875.

TEN BELOW ZERO !— Why, my pet !
Your fingers are frozen, your lips are blue.
Sit on the hearth-rug here, and let
Your poor hands thaw ; get warm all through.
And then to breakfast ! Pour her out
Some nice hot coffee ! Bless that smile
On my darling's face ! The news-boys shout
In the street, blowing their hands the while
" Two men are lying, stiff and stark,
Frozen to death in Central Park."

Out all night without bite or sup,
I wonder what he 's been doing ; perhaps
Got into a row and been lock'd up
By the p'lice, so hard upon them poor chaps.
Joe is never a fellow to skulk,
Work he will when there 's work to do ;

Out of work he may kind o' sulk,—
  But his heart is tender, honest, and true.
    "*Joe and another lie, stiff and stark,*
    Frozen to death in Central Park."

Hark! the bells are calling to church:—
  Wear your new sable boa and muff;
Put on your veil, lest the wind may smirch
  Your face,— this weather is cold enough
To freeze you between the carriage and door.
  See how the people hurry along!
Do not forget to pray for the Poor!
  Cold and Famine are cruel and strong:
    Two men now lying, stiff and stark,
    Frozen to death in Central Park.

They tell us they pray for us, God is good:
  O but this cold is hard to bear!
God! if only they understood
  How hardly the Children of Famine fare.
Never a stick in the empty stove,
  Nothing to eat since yesternoon,
And they dare preach to us a God of love
  And his mercy —— If it was coming soon!
    Father and brother lie stiff and stark,
    Frozen to death in Central Park.

Merrily, merrily, flies the sleigh,
  The tinkling bells have a merry sound:

Over the silver frost away!
  Diamond fruit on the trees around.
Merrily sing the tinkling bells,
  Voices merrily ring in the air,—
The song of rejoicing health that tells
Of Youth and Happiness passing there.

"*Two men are lying, stiff and stark,*
Frozen to death in Central Park."

GUTTURAL

DINING in a gutter,
Used to any stink,
Early taught to splutter
Curses with our drink,
Good at bacco-chawin,
Smoke too and we spit:
O you stop your jawin!
What we like is fit.

Bosses we at chaffin,
We can fake a cly:
Why now are we laughin?
Ask your pocket why.
Daresay we are Arabs,
Nothing of us soft.

Fair make-up for cherubs
When they go aloft!

ONLY RIME

HE !——
Who would throw dirt
On a shirt so white ?
He 's quite a saint !
If he aint ——
You 'll see.
One is free to think,
If one may not say :
Good or naught,
I shirk not the thought
Anyway.

You believe his soul 's white ?
Your eyes blink.
Inside some things lurk.
Not the wholesomest sight
Nor for wise pride a place
Is a white sepulchre.

Between you and me,
You 'd not err
If you rated him such,
For all his saint's face.

I don't think he 's a saint?
No! not much.
There 's a taint —
Say a smutch —
Of a different kind about him.
I 'm not blind;
And our Jem, he could tell,—
Knew him well in his youth:
For he lent him wherewith
He might start in his trade.
Had that pith.
Bless your heart, he was paid:
That 's bare truth.
And when Jem broke
' Twas his turn to lend
To his friend.
So Jem spoke,
Never thought but he 'd yearn
To return aid to him.

Yes! there 's many no better.
He offer'd to buy him, and Jem
Was bought.
Bought and sold.

Devil's gold, one might guess:
That 's my thought.
For Jem never since
Has been free. His fetter,
The new kind, is need.
You 'll find small room to wince
When rich Greed
(And no wonder)
Hands you bracelets, and gets
A fellow well under his thumb,

Come, come! your tongue brands
The man because rich.
And words stick like pitch.
O yes! we 're all brothers,
But Benjamin's mess
Will be more than the others'.
You can't share and share:
Pile there!
Jem's pile was the seed
Of his harvest, the Saint's.
And now Jem is his slave.
And Saint paints
The Cain-mark on his cheek
And looks sleek;
Keeps it dark that he murder'd Jem's soul;
And he 'll feed like a ghoul
On the carcase, nor take any heed.
The man 's meek:

"You behave, and you 'll not have to seek
Your bread in the streets!"
So Jem bows his head.

Your clean-shirted saint is a knave,
Of the worst that one meets.
He makes feint
Of a live heart indeed;
But, I tell you, he 's only a grave,—
The *man* is long dead;
And his tomb
'S a shirt-front.
When they shunt
That carriage apart into Hell,
Quick lightning will tell unto whom
The Fiend gave the core
When late apples fell
For division. *He* traded in Jem;
But the Devil bought *him*,
As of yore.

Very clean that white shirt,
And white hairs
Look so reverend at prayers,
Daily seen.
For all that he 's mean:
A mean liar and thief, to world's hurt.
In between
His prayers you 'll find sin

(Crowds like maggots in cheese),
And under his knees,
For a prie-dieu, *The Whole Book of Fraud:*
Memorandums therein
On the margin, and hymns too,—
"I laud
And I magnify thee, O my Wealth!
And I praise thee by stealth."
Yet t.he thin hairs are silver'd, frost-white;
And the rich golden light
Of the sunset makes bright
The snow-dainty front of the shirt
Of our Saint.
Who will hurt with attaint?
Or throw dirt?
You won't.

IN MY PEW

A MODERN WITCHES' SABBATH

DEAR —— !
I fell asleep at the sermon :
'Twas not a right thing to do ;
But my cloak, as you know, is real ermine
And I sit in a cushion'd pew.
Then I had been dancing the German,
Or polking the whole night through ;
And I dream'd — what I hardly determine
To tell, my dear ! even to you.

My eyes had been fix'd on our 'rector,—
You know what a love he is, dear !
And I saw what I could not suspect or
Imagine,— you 'll say it was queer :
As I look'd (O my darling ! 'twas horrid)
A couple of elegant horns
Cropp'd out from that noble high forehead
The lovely curl'd chestnut adorns.

And he wink'd at that wretch, and she kiss'd her
Finger-tips back ; and he grinn'd
As he said — " My Belovèd ! my Sister !
How often together we 've sinn'd ! "
But my dream is a serious matter ;
I hardly know how to begin :——
So I 'll stop this fore-lim'nary chatter,
And plunge, as the poet, midst in.

I said, dear ! that my eyes were on our parson,—
Upon his eyes,— of course I saw his hair :
I had no thought, no more than of Kit Carson,
Of anything that was not debonair.
I heard the words of grace ; — and did I yawn ?
Some one said Yawn'd, and lo, before me there,
Before my pew, I saw the floor divide
And a great gulf beneath me — O, so wide !
Nothing except my kerchief (and the lawn
And lace are of the finest) me to hide
From what I saw brought up. On every side
O' the yawning mouth, it was the mouth of Hell,
Swarm'd up the devils, old and young pell-mell ;
Then the gulf closed ; and almost chokeful there,
Between me and the altar (sight so fair
With its white cover and the sacred wine
And bread display'd there, our salvation's sign)
Seem'd the whole brood of Hell.
But as methought

I look'd among them, my remembrance caught
Familiar faces, many of our friends:
A motley lot, attired in odds and ends,
As at the masquerade we had last week.
There was young Pye Ous with his swollen cheek;
And Mistress Havelot, dress'd Diana-way;
And that old beast, you know, no need to say,—
And his red nose was really now aflame;
And many more of ours whom I could name;
And some were of our congregation too:
I had look'd round to make sure who was who,
But had not time for it. Well! there they stood,
Dumb mummers, as fantastic as you would,
Till One in black upon the altar jump'd
And put to his mouth a trumpet; as he trump'd
A chorus swell'd. My eyes! but I did rub.
Was it the theatre? But that hubbub
Soon ceased; and, O! the sweetest music rose,
Dance-music; and the fiends did them dispose
(I call them fiends, what else could I suppose?)
To dance. They polk'd and they quadrilled,
And the place seem'd to grow, and always fill'd
With dancers. And such dancing! Never man
Or woman danced so,— never mortal can:
Can can indeed!— When I my eyes could move
I look'd around me, and I look'd above.
Where was I? Still the pews were full; the folk
Look'd as devout as usual. Some one spoke.
Was it our 'rector? What was it he said?

"The Peace of God!" I stared up overhead——
It seem'd the church had been turn'd inside out:
And where each gas-jet used to hang a spout
(Don't you call that a gargoyle, for the rain?)
Mouth'd inward (had I water on the brain?)
Spitting upon our bonnets, with a grin
On its queer visage, homelier than sin.
Then the trump startled me again. It ceased;
And in the choir a devil like a priest,
Or a black methodist deacon, bow'd and groan'd,
Then lifted up his horn'd head and intoned
A mocking hymn; and each of the gas-jets—
I mean the gargoyles—on the instant gets
As if with an electric shock alight,
Quicker than fireworks Fourth-o'-July night.
And as around the gargoyle throats the fire
Wound, climbing till it arch'd each sconce,
"Hozanna to the Highest!" sang the choir,—
"Whose Anna?" the response.
Then one by one the gargoyles sang,
There on the high church wall;
And in between the cymbals' clang
And flutes with dying fall:
A sort of charivari banging through a madrigal.
Glory to God! A pretty maid
Is Mary: but the child
Is in the way. I would have paid.
Her eyes are very mild.
Kyrie eleison!

Glory to God! 'twas well we hedged:
Our withers are unwrung.
O, wait till the pigeon 's fully fledged?
They can't be pluck'd too young.
Kyrie eleison!

Thanks unto heaven, my loving lord!
My child is none of yours.
You thought so? Say he is a ward!
I 'm hired for the parson's chores.
Kyrie eleison!

And where all this while was our 'rector?
My dear! to a gargoyle transform'd,
He look'd sure not quite an elector,—
Only head and most mouth, that deform'd.
And out of his mouth nothing came
But his tongue, as wide open it kept,
And a dribble of smoke and green flame;
His hair was red worms, and they crept.

But the other gargoyles, those upon the walls,
Kept up their endless madrigals:—

O, all you pretty women! praise the Lord!
Those seal-skins I am sure she can't afford.
Glory to God in the Highest and I 'll bet
Before next Sabbath he 's in the Gazette.
What is he in for? Lord! forgive my debt.

So troll'd the gargoyles from their wrinkled throats.
But hush ! the organ sounds : the wildest notes
Of Tannhauser, to please the Cherubim,—
They must be sick of the eternal Hymn.
More gargoyles ! All the while on went the dance
Under my eyes. At length I got a chance
To see the altar, as the dance disjoin'd.
Dear! it was piled with dollars, all new-coin'd,
And a great green-back was the altar-cloth.
And there before it naked, some seem'd loath,
Knelt the communicants. Each held out both
His or her hands for the coin, and took and flung
Handfulls among the dancers ; and still sung
The gargoyles. But the dancers stay'd their whirl
To pick the coin up. Many a most sweet girl
Tripp'd up some reverend sire to clutch his wealth,
And others, nimble-finger'd, took by stealth
What had been fought for on the floor ; young, old,
Women, and men, all rabid for the gold,
Tearing each other's clothes off in the fight.
I 'm sure the Gold-Room has not such a sight.
And wives and daughters all alike. Ah, dear !
There *was* a sight of money ! Once again
It does one good to see a lumping sum :
But this ——— why Pluto has not this tu hum ;
And Midas would have bray'd astonishment
At such a mint of ass-said metal. Spent ?
Why, child ! — Napoleon, Gould, Jem Fisk, and
Tweed,

Would have been sated to their utmost greed
And cried for less. The din grew yet more loud,
And from the pews behind me came the crowd,
Climbing and tumbling almost over me.
I 'd have gone too, but could not ; knee to knee
Was glued, and all my limbs seem'd paralysed.
Yet nothing that I witness'd me surprized :
It was all proper.
At the last One took
My bible from my hand, and my hymn-book,
And lit their corners at the dribbling flame
There hanging from the parson's mouth, and came
And flung them in among the scrambling folk,
And the whole thing blazed up. ——
And I awoke.

DIVINE SERVICE

THE DOG-FIGHT was over, and Jervis
(That 's my mate) and me, we was tired.
The liquor shuts off time o' service :
A law which I never admired.
So we turn'd into one of them churches,
And sot ourselves down on a seat,—
Which an uneasy kind of a perch is
As ever I chanced on my beat.

In a box there a beggar was jawin
Like a cheap-jack ; he jaw'd for a while
To hisself, and then laid down the law in
A beak-like and masterful style :
Spoke his mind, with a lot of tall cursin,
Hell, damnation, he used 'em quite free :
I don't think I 've often hear'd worse in
A bar-room ; nor Jarvis — says he.

There 's this to allow : that his curses
Was read from a book in his hand ;

I think that he said they was verses:
What 's versus I don't understand.
But the sense wasn't bad when I follar'd:
For he cursed them as kept back our hire,
And one needn't be much of a scholard
To know that their wage is hell-fire.

And them that rob widows and orphans
He cursed, and the rich folk that put
House to house (ay! he gave them hot coffins)
And field to field. Said the Lord's foot
Would tread them down into Gehenner
(Some hell of a place, I suppose),
For he swore the Lord's wrath is like senner
To purge out the hearts of his foes.

Well, that sort was likely to please us;
But he got off our track bye and bye,
When he cursed them who hadn't got Jesus,
Which he said they 'd no call for to buy.
Might be had for the asking; but may be
We didn't hear when he told where:
But a man must be once more a baby,
He said. How old Jervis did stare!

Then he said that our hearts was as rotten
As a damn'd bad potato, and then
He cursed those who God had forgotten
And said — Let all folk cry amen!

I can't follar no more, and though cursin
For who forget God may be so,
'Twon't much matter to us, for a person
Can't forget what he'd never to know.

RUM

"*The spot was called by the Indians MANHATTAN, the place of drunkenness.*"
Quackenbos' SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED-STATES.

SHOT him down like a dog! Yes, Sir!
Why the hell would the cur
Get mix'd up with this crowd?

Did I mind that he row'd
Me, and cursed and spoke loud?
But look there, see that knife!

He 'd have had some one's life.
Yes! that poor thing 's his wife.
Out of liquor the lad

(You see he 's but young) wasn't bad;
But the rum in, he went on like mad;
'D have kill'd his own child at her breast.

Well, you see, he 's just like all the rest :
By the devil of drink once possess'd,
They 're a herd of wild swine.

No ! I don't think you can draw a line.
It 's all bad ; yes ! both spirit and wine.
It may be this Bourbon 's the worst.

But, Lord ! when a chap has the thirst,
It don't matter what,— takes the first ;
Your top fellows sport their champagne,

And then brandy. It goes down like rain
In dry sand. "Three brandies again !"
Yes, Sir ! — Shot him down like a dog.

BILL

YES, SIR! he is bad, there 's no doubt:
That 's a fact I don't mean to dispute:
A low fellow, just out and out,—
I 'll not mind if you call him a brute.
He has got neither morals nor manners,
Cares for nothing so much as his swill;
Yet I 'll hold, and I 'd make it a quarrel,
There 's many worse fellows than Bill.

Yes! he 's dirty: what cares he for dirt?
Wears an old greasy coat if full-drest;
And barely knows what is a shirt;
Talk of washing, he has but one vest.
He stinks too of rum and bad 'bacco,—
Not pleasant if next you he sat;
But he 's none of the odor o' saintship:
A darn'd sight worse odor is that,

He 's not honest. Not much so, I own:
If he sees any stray lie about,

He 'll accept it as soon as the bone
Or the cinder the scullion throws out.
He has been now and then to the Island,
But yet there was this he 'd to plead,
He was needy. He made no evasions,
And was not so well treated as Tweed.

He has voted! well, yes! twice or more,
And he 'll swear and as often he 'll lie.
Heard not of, outside the church-door,
Ananias and his history.
No! he is not a patriot exactly;
Takes his dollar and rum tho', and both
Go one way: had he been in the Senate
He 'd have had more respect for his oath.

But, not bred to the Law or the Church,
It was little book-learning he got;
And he never found reason to search
If the Scriptures are useful or not.
So his gain is not much from the Bible;
And I don't think it ever was said
That after expounding the Gospel
He lay in his lay brother's bed.

He 's a thief and a beast! Very well!
Has no friends and he fails in his cheek:
And such-like "are turn'd into Hell."
I was told so, last Sabbath's a week.

Yet, granting that Bill is a bad one,
I guess I would rather take risk
Of the train he is in for Archangel
Than travel with Beecher or Fisk.

A WAIF

"*He took a little child and set him in their midst.*"
OLD SCRIPTURE.
"*Suffer, little children!*" ID.
"*Waif — unclaimed.*" WEBSTER.

MY MOTHER could not give a fee
To Madam Resthell: so to me
Gave birth. I never knew my Sire.
In winter, when we had a fire,
I lay before it on a heap
Of shavings, or at times would creep
Among the rags, my mother's bed.
One morning she lay cold and dead.
I only recollect, that day
Some neighbour took us both away.
That 's all I know.
I used to play
About the streets. At night I hid,
The sky my only coverlid,
In any corner where I found
Dry dust or ashes, the hard ground

I did not choose. Sometimes I 'd light,
Groping the ashes, on a bite
Of bread ; and now and then a bone.
But many many times I 've gone
Hungry, too hungry most to sleep ;
And, waking on my cinder-heap,
Got up next morning hungrier.
There never was a wretched cur
Worse fed, more vagabond than I.

My clothes ! well, they don't keep me dry,
Nor warm even when they are not wet ;
They 're thin, and there are holes, you bet.
They 're good enough still : I don't care
In summer time much what I wear ;
But in the winter —— Yes ! my toes.
I have lost three : the frost took those.
I don't like winter, though it 's fun
When the snow 's soft and I can run.
Snow-balling 's good if one 's not clamm'd.
But snow and famine, that be damn'd !

I 'm not so bad off now : I shine
Boots of a morning. You can dine
Quite scrumptious-like on one good pair.
If I could always get my share !
Sometimes, wet days, there 's none at all.
Then I sell papers. Hear me call
The last good murder ! So I live.

Me go to school? Lord, I 'm a sieve:
They 'd read me things and I 'd forget.
Besides, you know, they wouldn't let
These clothes in, and I have no more.
Odd times I look in at the door,
And wish — But what would be the use?
I want no learning to shine shoes.
When I grow older,— well, perhaps
I 'll do as well as other chaps.
Church? — that and school is just the same:
These clothes. But I can have a game
At rounders or chuck-farthing: 'guess
That 's better. — Love and tenderness!
What 's them? And what I 'd like to choose?
Say a good dinner. But I 'd lose
My dinner once to see a play.

Such, hints reported day by day,
A story out of the Vulgate,
To decent language I translate,
With but this comment:— If of such
The kingdom of heaven is, there 's not much
I 'd like for my own children's share.
Perhaps our waifs have claims up there.

FROM A LAMP-IRON

"In exile because I loved justice and hated iniquity."
Words of POPE GREGORY VII.

DEAD? Yes! quite dead.
He was cold when we cut him down.
He had hang'd himself on the lamp.
His clothes and his hair were damp
With the rain we had early last night.

True! it is a sad sight.
And the man is not known?
Have you search'd him? Not yet——
They find
Some words of a foreign tongue,
No name underneath.
He and his griefs belong
To Death.

He has pass'd like the wind,
Nor record nor trace

Is left. Not miss'd from his place,
None need mind
What is done with the dead,
Or what words he said.

What was he? Gambler, forger, swindler, thief?
Some reckless drink-madden'd idiot caught
In the noose of his folly or crime?
Nay! the lines on this brow were not wrought
By vile passions. The face is sublime
In its resolute grief.

A foreigner, past "middle-aged!"—
Might have fought at a barricade
In our year Forty-eight.
Haply he help'd to win
Vienna's one hour; or at Berlin
Saw the King with head bare
As the Patriots pass'd to their graves:
Was he there?
Or with Mazzini on the walls of Rome,
Repelling the Gaul? or stay'd
He by Bem the while Hungary waged
Her unhappy war? Did he share
Kossuth's Kutayeh prison? Or perhaps
He was one of the thousand braves
At Milazzo with Garibaldi, when
They drove the Bourbon from his den?
In an Italian home

Did he grow up a patriot? or for aid
Only to human freedom was he made
Homeless — accurst —
Like Bàkunin, or Worcell,— or as Cain?
Was he with Poland in her latest fight?
Latest, but not the last: one comes again,
One morn when the eaglet Victory shall burst
His sepulchre and plume his wings snow-white
In the clear heaven republican. O light!
Earth's dawn!
What saw he in the lapse
Of years? what had he suffer'd, dared, or done?
One day elate,
Scanning the Promised Land from perilous
heights scarce won,—
The next day crush'd by Fate:
Who now can tell us! None!
Sad thought can only guess
His story.
Yet no less
It might be written in such general way
As this: these few words, say ——
A man, who fought for freedom, to the free
Came, and none welcomed, no one fed or heard
His cry for work. He fear'd if he deferr'd
His death, an hour might come when he
Would be too weak for honor:
And so died.
Not quite

Enough this; yet too much! Suppose we write
Died of despair, the exile's malady.

Some only have despondency; and some
The lighter sickness — doubt of all to come,
Merely a heart-disease: what matter where
My weary bones may moulder, none will care.

You will try another legend. "Call the man
Impracticable; he has tired his friends;
Is out of gear for common work or ends,
Untrain'd, and will not do even what he can;
Has been too long unused to be now made
A cog on the close-fitting wheels of Trade.
So let him go!" What else is to be said?

I may add only this, which does not wrench
The gist of his own words, here writ, in French.
He fought in Paris for the Commune, fled
Only when Hope was slain with Delescluze;
In exile had not where to lay his head —
Vagabond — Christ-like. They could not refuse
A grave when he was dead.

CASTLE GARDEN

"Make your calling and election sure!"
ANON.

THE WHISKEY WAVE dash'd high,
Waved high in either hand,
As the Pilgrims from the Blarney Stone
First sighted Yankee-land:
Yet 'twas only New York harbor,
And not Yankee-land at all,
When they unbark'd at the Garden.
It was just behind the Fall,

Shure they promised us in coming,
We 'd in our fig-leaves sit,
Wid an overflow of whiskey,
And of work the divil bit;
And 'twas that we found exactly,
Barring the figs was eat;
And the leavins and the whiskies
Was never a chance to meet.

Hold yer mouth, ye lying spalpeen!
'Twas barely one foot on land,

When a moighty purty gentleman
Had got me by the hand.
"You 're welcome for a citizen"—
Ses he; "and, by the Nose!
I 'll lade ye where good fortunes
Like potatoes stand in rows."

'Faith! he treated me so freely,
Made me so at home, by noon
I could almost swear, be Jabers!
I 'd been here since a gossoon:
For I voted as a citizen,
And had another drink,
Voted again, and the whiskey took,
Till I couldn't see to wink.

Shure it 's me beautiful Cork again,
Wid better times asthore,
And Irishmen for Parleymint,
And pollin booths galore:
Early and often — take yer oath!
And the Blessed Mother knows
It 's rale milk-punch and honey threadin
On the her'tic Saxon toes.

OUT OF WORK

"*In the great metropolis of New York the tenement houses teem with skeleton starvelings.*"

HON. S. S. COX in the House of Representatives, Feb. 9 1876.

According to General Butler, *a million of men were out of work in the summer of* 1875.

STRANGE, very strange the sounds one meets
Listen to one that haunts the streets,
Surging and swelling and rushing along,
Daily growing more loud and strong,
Fierce as the cry of a chain'd-up wrong:
It is the Unused Labourers'song ——
"Nothing to do!"
"Nothing to do!"
"Out of work!" — and the cry goes through
The length and the breadth of the land again,
A roar of rage and a wail of pain ——
"Nothing to do!"
"Nothing to do!"
"Out of work and nothing to do."

Out of work! and with roads to make,
  Houses to build, and streets to cleanse;
Out of work! with forest and brake,
  And millions of acres of undrain'd fens.

By the Mississipi how many miles
  Of banks to raise, or only repair?
Is it Beauty or Finish in Five-Points smiles
  At the folly of wasting endeavor there?

Out of work means nothing to do,
  Work being finish'd, the time for rest:
Is the Millennium pushing through
Our soil — the land by the Saints possess'd?

Is the nation so rich it may throw away
  The offer'd help of a million men?
Or bid a million keep holiday,
To starve on the public roads? And then?

Out of work! when you need new bars
For your banks and palaces; bigger jails;
New iron tracks for your convict cars,
As Wrong over ignorant Wrath prevails.

Out of work! Is it time to rest
When the dragon's teeth are so widely sown?
Nothing to do till they grow to your hest?
Will work be done when they 're fully grown?

Nothing to do! There 's so much work
We couldn't get through it if we were
Ten times as many, and did not shirk,
And lived to the age of Methuselah.

Men out of work, and you dare to call
This a *republic*, a *commonwealth*,
Where a thief may rise to be lord of all,
And Honor proffers a crown to Stealth.

Nothing to do, while a homeless child
Curses the land with its feeble cry:
A land that stinks like a sewer, defiled
With the lees of Trade and Iniquity.

Look at your cities, your country homes,
At water-less undrain'd Feverville!
Has the poor man ceased from the land, who roams
Like Cain? — and says Wealth, as he ever will.

Ay! Wealth has the harvest; and all forlorn
(After the heat the cool fresh eves)
Out-of-work starves in the midst of corn.
God! when wilt thou lift thy sheaves?

FIVE POINTS

A MANHATTAN MELODY

FIVE POINTS the game! the cards were play'd
Where the "Tombs" its shadow threw.
The players?—— What more need be said?
The Devil was one of the Two.

The seed is sown, the weed is grown,
The hempen twine is strong:
As he lean'd on his staff, the Fiend's loud laugh,
Was the crack of a teamster's thong.

For he saw a child creep out of a hole,
In rags too foul for a dog to touch
(Of a sort the Lord had given a soul
That his heaven might be of such):
Yellow and grimy and sickly its skin,
And its unkempt hair alive;
Its name was FILTH, in dirt and sin
The creature look'd to thrive.

It 's O from the seed to grow the weed,
That the hempen twist be twined !
The game 's begun : as this counts one,
A child to the Devil's mind.

.

That child's own mother, or say its dam,
A blear-eyed lusty wench is she,
(Nothing so pure on her lips as a dram)
Loose-dugg'd and slatternly :
She squats on the steps and hugs her knees,
And the shades of night advance,
As she catches, but can not count, the fleas.
She was christen'd IGNORANCE.

As the seed is sown will the weed be grown :
Right strong is the hempen twine.
She was heavy with child : the Devil smiled,
Two fingers up for a sign.

The She, be sure, hath a fitting mate,
Bull-chested, bull-neck'd, stout of limb.
The Minotaur, so far out of date,
Were human by side of him.
BRUTALITY he ; and an ugly pup
Crept close, like a wizard's imp,
At the heel of his master beast, that up
And kick'd him, to make him limp.

I sow my seed, and I grow my weed,
And I twist my gallows twine:
By the Lord's own wrath the Cord's sown path
Is mark'd with a trinal line.

A long stale drunk, and the sodden fool
Reels stupidly out as they close the bars;
And drops him down in the gutter, to cool,
And curses the silent stars.
How long will he lie in the reek and mud?
What matter? we 'll let him lie
As his DRUNKENNESS likes.
There 's a taint of blood;
And a darkness hides the sky.

I waste no seed; while I twist my weed
The red lees of wine I pour:
What 's there in the cup? You dare take it up.
The Devil comes to the four.

Room for Cain in the Christian Land!
Entereth CRIME with bold keen eyes;
And he turns the Slain with a practised hand,
Then leaves him where he lies.
Whisper is none in the ear of Night,
But a scent of death 's in the air;
And a soul (is it so?) has gone forthright
To the judgment. Has gone where?

The weed is grown and the seed outblown :
The Future shall not tine.
The cards, they are play'd. You 'll pay :
he said.
Five Points ! and the game is mine.

What shadow arising turn'd to flee
While the morning yet was dim ?
And I heard the bells of Trinity
Chiming the Easter Hymn.

HELL AGAIN

"*Give them Hell!*" Bowery Boys.
"*Hell is a City.*" Peter Bell.

IT IS all very well
To talk about Hell
As a City, like those upon earth:
(So Shelley does)
As a pool of woes,
Or a bonfire of rollicking mirth.

As a second New York,
Where the poor may work
And the rich continue their games,
With just the old dealing,
And no revealing,
No calling things by their names.

As a place, in short,
Where Kings hold court,

Or where Presidents hold levees:
With little to choose
Between these and those,
Tho' some think the better of these.

But the well inform'd,
Whose wit is warm'd,
(Too serious this for a pun)
Would not so diminish
The eternal finish
When humane things are done.

They know, so will you,
('Twere well we all knew
Something more of the same up here)
In that heat, if the shell
Be like an ice-well,
The foul will be sure to appear.

Bet your pile upon this:
Comes conscience to kiss
The coal from God's altar there,
A taste of the sulphur
Cures the most dull, for
All it now speaks you so fair.

Your President *here*
Calls a critic severe

And news-editors hard to please;
There you see the man grant
Himself quite scant
Of the president decencies.

And honester souls,
Haul'd over the coals,
When the red iron entereth in,
Find out what on earth
They discounted worth
Below may be reckon'd as sin.

A villainous Cortez
Discovers how short is
The glory such heroes can earn;
His apes, the Pizarros,
Wince as the arrows
Of curses home return.

Not mentioning names,
Filibustering games
May be quoted to-day upon 'Change.
Tho' from Cortez to Baez
And Black Hill days
Is a mighty descending range,

Hell's Jefferson Davis
Finds out what a slave is

With never the chance to secede;
Hell's Jimmy O'Brien
May have grace to lie on
The same lousy bedding as Tweed.

O Lord, what a thing
When the whole Canal Ring
Go down on their real estate;
And beside dry canals
Lament that their pals
Have not water'd the stock of late.

Your cheekiest Blaines
Confess that their gains
Have not let their fingers freeze.
But I 'm wasting my time
Disgracing my rhyme
With crumblings of preface like these.

Some things I keep dark:
Yet by way of remark
I may whisper, intending no harm,
(At a word I refrain)
Henry Ward might explain
Why the climate of Hell is so warm.

See now how my verse,
Like a home-coming hearse,

Not the ghost of a trot has to spare
I 've no wind left to tell
All I saw down in Hell,
This second time journeying there.

Only just at the gate,
This is fact I relate,
And it 's fact that our History wants,
Coming back (I 'm no joker)
There was Emma at poker
With —— Was it a couple of Grants?

ANCHORAGE

THE SHIP OF STATE is anchor'd
With two Bowers, Right and Left:
Nothing more, they say, is needed
To steady the ship, well heft.
In the worst of squally weather,
And whatever be the strain,
Let the two Bowers hold together,
And the ship will right again.

The Right Bower they call Caucus,
And the Left is Rowdy named:
How they got these queer cognomens
If I tell you I 'll be blamed.
But 'tis said the Fathers borrow'd
Just the notion, with some more,
From the old Eurôpean countries
And the blessed times of yore.

Now the Right has a right to settle
The way the ships should go;

And to keep the Left in fettle
For voting all right below;
And to vote so early and so long
That we may fairly say
The lowest of all the citizens
Has a voice on election day.

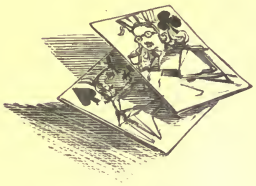
Of the flukes of these same anchors
I haven't a call to sing;
But I 'll out with a word while breathing
Consarning the upper Ring:
With a heave-ho — Little 's the use of
Heavin' unless there 's rope;
Let the Ring have rope in plenty,
And now let go, and hope!

Which means that in this free country
(Is it only the Empire State?)
The "Godly Voice" of the People
Is always a day too late:
For the Ring o'erules the Caucus,
And the Caucus rides the State,—
With the help of the Rowdy, understood.
Well, Hope is content to wait.

Now I am a Friend — of the Quakers,
(And the Earthquake by and by
Will move those not moved by the Spirit
That moves Futurity)

And Friends have a way worth knowing:
If you want to anchor fast,
Give it good heart-hold, don't hanker
For only a sandy past!

If you want your business well done,
Just do the work yourself!
For the representative-master
Puts "Master" upon the shelf.
And be your left bower Conscience,
And your right real Will-to-do,
And those knaves, the Caucus and Rowdy,
Will not have the heft of you.



OUR NEW DECALOGUE

"A new commandment I give unto you."
"My yoke is easy."

ANON.

My Boy! — to his son the father saith —
Learn well the issues of life and death:
So thou may'st save
Thyself alive
And thrive!

1

AND firstly —— Thou shalt have
None other Gods but ME.

2

Wherefore keep free
From idols, such as Virtue, Honor, Fame,
Nor lame
Success by bowing unto them thy knee!
For SELF, the sole lord of thy reverence,
Is jealous, and accepteth no pretence

For other worship. For THYSELF upraise
Thy duteous hands! so to obtain world-praise
And have thy portion unto thy life's end:
The fruits of thy well-doing to descend
Upon thy heirs.

3

Cursèd is he who swears,
Who promises in vain!

4

Get in thy gain
Week within week, so thou may'st care to rest
On the seventh day, and punctually be blessd
By the high priest, to the end that men may say
This is a holy man, for lo
He keepeth holiday.

These duties thou dost owe
Unto thy God: now know
Thy social debts!

5

Respect
Thy Governor, especially when check'd!
And with thy Mother be discreet lest she
Be grieved, as well might be
If all thy youthful vagaries were known!

6

Avoid adultery even when a loan!

7

And do no murder! Never, never stain

Thy palms with blood: the open hand of Cain
Is awkward save in war-time. Thou may'st take
The means of life, not life; and daily sell
The innocent blood for silver, or for gold!

8

Steal not! Convey! And when you speculate
Beware the loser's fate!

9

Bear not false witness 'gainst thy neighbor, tho'
Thou mayest lie in course of law or trade!
Truth is too costly to be always said.

10

Supply thy life with all convenient food,
That thou need'st never covet others' good,—
Thy neighbor's ox or ass, his land or wife!

And rounding thus thy perfectness of life,
Since thou can'st not take with thee of thy hoard,
Naked depart, to meet thy sure reward!

Amen!

BUT ALAS for an age unruly!
Very Wrong is not sure of its wage:
Yet ——
(For the Spanish Proverb says truly)
Draw on God, and thy bill will be met
Duly.
"God is not dead of old age."

He can wait. It is we who are hurried.
Time short, we can scarcely engage,
Set
Our feet for the strife,— we are buried.
Ay! before the opponent can get
Flurried.
God dies not young, nor of age.

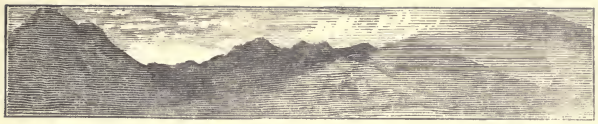
One by one, our hearts break forestalling,
The same story on every page
Wet
With tears,— for each step is a falling.
But hark to the Wiser Ones yet
Calling
— God! thou outlivèst our age.

LAZARUS

"Is thy servant a dog to do this thing?"

I HAVE shown sores, no grateful sight:
But leave the wretch to die?
The very dogs lick'd Lazarus' wounds:
What mongrel pass'd him by?

I were a dog, worse than a dog,
To let this Lazarus die:
The dogs had pity for his sores,
— And so had I.



AD FUTURAM

THOU wilt destroy this Nineveh, O Lord!——
I sow'd my gourd:
And through the night it curtain'd o'er my head,
And in the hot noon spread
Its broad leaf-shadow. Now my gourd is dead.—
And the Lord God answer'd the Prophet's prayer:
Is it not mine to spare
Or to destroy? But thou! gird up thy loins
And go among this people yet again; cast forth
Thy words as coins,
Until men know their worth,— until thine alms
Are found acceptable, ay! and thy path is strown
with palms!

Who needs the surgeon needeth the sharp knife
And swift incision; faltereth not his hand

For tenderer pressure. Who would save a life
Speaks promptly. Shall the righteous helper stand
Low-louting compliments while through the land
The plague is spreading? Thy quick anger leap,
O Prophet! as the lightning from the cloud;
And where the dead are gather'd in one heap
Rend with strong voice the earth, the living crowd
Dividing, and the plague stay with divine command.

Yet say his zeal hath been
Too loud, too fierce of mien,
(The wisely good physician gentle is as wise),
But if the ailing needs
More than assorted weeds,
When remedy of herbs nor potions may suffice?

If, uselessly withstood
The humor in the blood,
The cancer must be cut or else the man endure
Some lameness, perhaps death,
Who flinches with held breath
Dreading the surgeon's only painfulness of cure?

There is a time the word
Of caution may be heard
In any whisper'd tone of reason's calm reproof:
Upon a chasm's side
What folly would abide

Pending that Warning built a hospitable roof?

Lo, in the night I hear
A wolf: ere he come near
Shall I not snatch to me the first red brand of wrath?
When he hath leapt the fold
I wait not to be told
He likes not so much heat of fire across his path.

Or say, the invading host
Descending on our coast
Ravageth, shall we halt, staying for order'd ranks
When every single hand
Throws one upon the sand,
And the worst-weapon'd yet deserve a nation's thanks.

So Poland's sons the scythe
Sway'd with their sinews lithe
When our Kosciusko led his peasants' patriot war:
And shall less readiness
Be ours when worse distress
Paradeth through our streets, not menacing afar?

And sometimes timely words
May more avail than swords,
Against incoming hordes more potent than a shield:
Not he whose arms are best
Shall wear the proudest crest,
But he who first confronts assailants in the field.

"What danger?" I hear said:
"There is no cause for dread."
So housed Security, to action still averse:
Yet from his loftier tower
The watchman hour by hour
Tells of the night,— despite Cassandra's curse.

Is it pleasant to say words to stir gentle souls with ire
Or a pleasure to fling fire-brands among friends?
Can the poet prefer curses for the accents of his lyre,
The minstrel chuckle as in rage the strings he rends?
Truly I had lain rejoicing in the beauty of the flowers,
Very sweet the words they to my idlesse said;
But my raised eyes met the angry glances of the Hours
Bidding me arise and summon you — the living, from the dead.
Lay thy lyre aside, O Poet! take the clarion instead!

Wherefore should I speak unbidden? what to me the daily crimes,
Follies, shames, offences, ills now or to be?
What to me shortcomings of or present or past times
When my gaze can rest on God's Futurity?
But my heart is human; warm blood in my fingers
Pulseth so respondent to the agonies around:—
Sadly, tenderly I play'd, my hand yet weakly lingers,
But the Hours demand a sharper, manlier sound.
No more a tune of pleasure: let the clarion resound!

Hast thou not prosed enough of personal mischances,
Of thy own woes, thy fellows' joys or hopes or griefs?
Hast thou not had a plenteous surfeit of romances,
Tales of ancient dames and long-departed chiefs?
It is thine own time now that to its rescue calls thee:
Poet, statesman, warrior, rouse thee at our need!
Rouse thee before the fatal death forestalls thee!
Leave now the courtly harp, lay by the pastoral reed;
Set the clarion to thy lips, and bid its war-notes lead!

Not alone for the war-scarr'd brows
Shall the laurel be wreathed!
Not alone for the slayer of men
Shall our praise be out-pour'd!
Fame hath a place in her house,
And when the Gods died they bequeath'd
For him who affronteth the den
Of the Vices and comes out as Lord,
A God's place for reward.

Bring green boughs! let the virgins prepare
Fit welcome in pay of his earning!
(While the watchmen were sleeping his thought
Of our danger took heed.)
Surely his the oak garland to wear
Whose haste saved the city from burning.
Shall we turn back the tidings he brought?
Shall we say — Have more grace in your speed
The next time of need!

Give him thanks that he only was caring!
The Herald of Danger reward!
Respect tracks the steps of Endeavor,
The aimer is praised for his aim.
The heart is responsive to daring;
The true hand is close to the sword;
And, famous for ever and ever,
The name of John Brown is a name
To put sluggards to shame.

Worst foes that a nation can know
Are men's passions and greed:
Though they grin behind masks of delight,
Though with golden crowns crown'd.
Shame — and her hand leadeth Woe —
Uncrowneth the brows that recede:
In the waters of Lethe and Night
Shall their glory be drown'd,
And their name be a sound!

What service, O my Country! is worth bringing,
Thy granaries full and all thy coasts ungrieved?
Is there nothing for thy lover but mere idle singing?
Nought else for thy having, to be saved or sheaved?
Then I brought unto thee bitter almond kernels
In weed-woven basket,— they were all my best,—
Murmuring — She has gifts, enrich'd by the Eternals,
Poet-lovers many, pontifically dress'd.

And I stood by the doorway, hearing all the singing;
Dared not join the chorus, yet with heart-beats loud
Prayers instead of praises thro' my brain were ringing
As I yearn'd for thee and knew that thou wast proud.

For I saw Misfortune hastening tow'rd thy palace,
Moving snake-like, terrible with many-coiled folds;
And thine appointed warders, drunk from Custom's
chalice,
(Sloth-of-heart not noting what his eye beholds)
Giving thee no warning,— lest thy careless dreaming
Be disturb'd and stir of trouble pale thy cheek:
So I thought, my love did — Be it unseemly seeming,
Though it mar the pleasance, is it not mine to speak?
Through the smooth flute-music, midst the eunuchs'
singing,
Harshly broke my shriek — Beware, beware the worst!
This one gift my love brought: for its eager bringing,
Belovèd! shall the bringer only be accurst?

Lurid the night as if the stars
Had dipp'd in blood their robes of light;
And the red levin rent the bars
Of heaven with affright:
And in the whirlwind and the flame
Came forth the Angel of the Lord,
In his right hand a sword —
"Woe to the Sons of Shame!"—

What forms from the cavernous dark were they
Contempt flung out across his path,
Leaving them naked in his way?
The Angel of God's Wrath
Stoop'd down and touch'd one with his hand,
And ask'd — Why hast thou died so young?
A worm beneath the tongue
Replied to his demand ——

"This was a Nation: in its prime
It took to evil ways and did
Iniquitously; prosperous time
It had, and thought all hid
From the All-Seeing. Then came Death,
And with Dishonor bore him here;
And how shall he appear
To speak with his own breath?"

Its name?—— Pray God no other ear
May hear the word that scorch'd my soul!
Pray God the echo of my fear
Be not upon his scroll!—
The Angel's heel spurn'd back the corse
As mournfully he turn'd away,
Leaving the dead for prey
Of the king-worm — Remorse.

The may-flower cometh yet with each year's spring;

The waves repeat their psalm upon the beach;
As beautiful as in old Indian days
The tassels of the maize;
As then the bobolink is glad to sing;
Ripen the grape, the melon, and the peach;
And the stars' hymn of praise
Circles above our heads as o'er our sires'
When first on Plymouth Rock they lit the exiles' fires.

Nor is man changed. With blossoms, as of eld,
Wreathing young lives, and flow and ebb of joy
And grief upon the sands of level years,
And bread of hopes and fears,
Songs of contentment on bird-wings upheld,
And fruitful aspirations which employ
Those star-gazers — the seers,
The nobler few who dare, as did their sires,
To listen for God's Word mid the celestial choirs.

Among the trailing flowers the serpent winds.
Youth knows accesses of disease and pain.
The careful gardener's wise prevision heeds
The first young crop of weeds.
What though, some dead branch lopp'd, the tree
yet finds
Its upright heavenward way with strength again?
From good still good proceeds.
The Fathers had crush'd out even ill desires,
As men tread out the sparks of evil-kindled fires.

Ay! youth is strong, and wondrous Nature's power.
Recuperative when hope's self seems dead:
Life in its unrelenting fight with death
Still holds death underneath:
So wrestling, good with ill, toward the hour
When good shall stand triumphant over dread.
Yet pause not to take breath,
Nor intermit endeavor! As our sires,
Be strong! The ages wait to tune their plausive lyres.

O, not in vain —— O, not in vain they left
The old world for the ground of vantage here,
Broadcasting thought and deed for many a year
Of glory yet to come!
Not vainly did the Puritan build his home,
A refuge sure for Freedom, hope-bereft!
For Freedom, and for Virtue, second born
Of earth's millennial morn.

O, not for nought did Winthrop and young Vane
Achieve such height that we may see thenceforth
The shapes of Virtuous Freedom, Holy Worth!
For this they left the crowd.
And from that height their voices ask aloud
(Do we not hear them, as of souls in pain?)
Throughout the ages, ay! to our own years,
For their august compeers.

Nor vainly has the heroic lived since then:
Not he, the impassion'd poet's "first and best,"
Our own — our "Cincinnatus of the West,"
Columbia's warrior son!
The fields his manfullest persistence won,
Sown with the seed of patriotism then,
Shall not be locust-spoil'd, but duly bear
The harvest of his care.

Would we disgrace chivalric Lafayette?
And Paine, the fearless faithful "infidel"?
And him who Freedom loved so sadly well,
Her own heroic Pole?
No! by the memory of each dauntless soul
Our lives are pledged to pay the unpaid debt
Of freedom for the world: so used by us
The world grows virtuous.

O, not in vain his soul is marching on —
With none to follow upon Duty's track,
Who stepp'd from shame to glory and flung back
A wake of radiant light
To lead those after! By his soul star-bright,
By all he dared,— nay! all that he has done,
Have we not sworn to avenge his martyrdom
With honor's full outcome?

We can not lie upon our heroes' graves
Dice-throwing or with harlots, or lay there

Our best hopes with them,— we who, born to dare,
Took up our Milton's word —
To teach the nations how to live. Thou, Lord!
Witness'd our challenge: let the grace that saves
Prevent our lives! Thou, who dost order life,
Lead us through this world's strife!

The sun as yet is low; but hour by hour
Extendeth his horizon, past the mist
Blinding our eyes: when his hot lips have kiss'd
The haughty brow of Noon —
(Hour of Columbia's destiny! come soon!)
May his proud gaze in all its fertile power
Over the land of many stripes but see
One color — PROBITY!

So, when the night of trouble or of time
Darkens the land, pure as the heavens above
Silently eloquent, our stars shall move,
Appealing against Death.
A Voice comes from beyond them (what it saith
Here echoed, only in words less sublime)—
Freedom with Virtue, though the covering sky
Should fall, can never die.

Which shall we deem the happy land?
Not that where Pleasure hires a stand
To sell false wares to passers-by,
Where recompense attends a lie,
And Fraud can reach the highest place;
Not that in which a crime's disgrace
Is lacquer'd o'er with lustrous gold,
Where Vice and selfish Greed are bold,
Where Trade is Theft in all but name,
And public vies with private shame.
Where Virtue has not room to stand
Is surely not the happy land.

What country may Respect call great?
That in which Justice keeps her state,
Where men forget to lie and steal,
Where careful for the common weal
The public servants guard their trust,
Where Law is firm and dares be just,
Where Policy is based on Right,
And Honor held in Fate's despite,
Where Virtue fears not Custom's frown,
And Worth essays heights yet unknown:
That land both happy is and great,
The chief of Nations Fortunate.

And happy shalt thou be, O Land
Of mine! nor happier than grand,
When Truth can speak of thee as one

In which God's Will is known and done:
In which, within the sacred walls
Of Home, the patriot Sire forestalls
The public school with themes of right;
In which the Mother has delight
In nurture of a noble race;
In which the Children learn their place
As angels of the coming time.
O Home! the nursery sublime
Of Fortune's Heirs, to thee we owe
The Nation's weal,— the Nation's woe
If in thy precincts are not made
The first attempts, and corners laid,
For Virtue. The parental hand
Of homespun Worth must first demand
Thy greatness, O Belovèd Land!

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JAMES WATSON

JAMES WATSON

A MEMOIR

1879

And ever honour'd for his worthinesse.
CHAUCER'S KNIGHT.

Appledore Private Press
1879

To
ELLEN BYERLEY WATSON
her husband's true helpmate
I dedicate
this insufficient record of his life:

W. J. LINTON.

New-Haven, U. S. A.
1879

James Watson

Whoever rightly advocates the good of some thereby promotes the good of the whole.

JOHN WOOLMAN

JAMES WATSON

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

MY STORY is not of crowned Emperor or King, nor of any laureled conqueror, the slaughterer of his fellow-men; it is not of One preëminent, whether in the art of war or the arts of peace. I have to speak of only a plain man, indeed a true servant of Humanity, yet unintroduced by History to Fame, but whom nevertheless I will take as an exemplar of some qualities for which we Englishmen pride ourselves,— wholesomeness and integrity of nature, stedfastness in purpose, firmness of will, indomitable courage, with power of endurance, and self-devotion :— a man whose life displayed at once the healthful sturdiness of the antlered oak, and therewithal such gentlest beauty of disposition as knightliest Sidney had rejoiced to know, and loved. Are such men rare? I trow not. But this man it was my happiness to know, as friend knows friend.

Concerning him, in some forgotten journal, with the date of March 30, 1833, I find the lines here following: his own writing :—

"TO THE HONOURABLE THE COMMONS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED:—

The Petition of James Watson, of 33, Windmill Street, Finsbury Square, in the County of Middlesex, Bookseller, Printer, and Publisher, at present unjustly confined in the New Prison, Clerkenwell: —

Showeth, — That your Petitioner is imprisoned in default of payment of a penalty of £20, having been convicted (under the 60th Geo. III. cap. 9) for selling for one penny a printed paper called the Poor Man's Guardian, containing "news, intelligence, and occurrences," not having a four-penny stamp affixed to it. Your Petitioner is therefore a debtor to the Crown for the sum of £20.

"Your Petitioner intreats the consideration of your Honourable House to the very severe punishment inflicted upon your Petitioner by the magistrates of the Bow Street Police Office, Sir Frederick Roe and Thomas Halls Esquire, by whom your Petitioner was summarily convicted in a penalty of £20, and, in default of payment, subjected to six months imprisonment, without the intervention of a trial by jury.

"Your Petitioner is the more surprised at this injustice, for in all previous proceedings for similar offences, on the first conviction, no individual received, at the utmost, more than three months imprisonment.

"Your Petitioner also informs your Honourable House, that, in the honest discharge of his business as a general bookseller, your Petitioner had exposed, for constant sale, not less than twenty different periodicals, at the price of one penny: among others — the Penny Magazine, the Penny Cyclopædia, the Saturday Magazine, the Christian's Magazine, the Working Man's Friend, &c., some of which pamphlets are under the patronage of the Lord Chancellor and others of the King's present ministers, and the Bishops of the Church of England, as by Law

established: and for the sale of which weekly papers the publishers and proprietors have never received any molestation; though the magistrates have admitted that all these publications equally violate the Act under which your Petitioner has been convicted, and which demonstrates that it is the opinions advocated in the Poor Man's Guardian that the Commissioners of Stamps, and the Government, are anxious to suppress, and not the protection of the revenue against the loss it is said to sustain from the circulation of cheap political papers.

"In proof of this statement, your Petitioner begs leave to point out to your Honourable House, that an information was laid at Bow Street, against the publishers of the Literary Gazette, and although the number of the publication then before the Magistrates contained twenty-one articles of news, the proceedings were quashed, on the plea that no other persons but the Commissioners of Stamps or their agents could lay informations against offenders; since which period the publishers have proceeded unmolested, and in open violation of the Act, with the perfect knowledge of the Commissioners of Stamps.

"Your Petitioner cláims the attention of your Honourable House, to the fact of your Petitioner being subjected to the same treatment in this prison as pickpockets, swindlers, passers of bad money, committers of rapes and other criminal acts of a like kind, to the great pain and annoyance of your Petitioner, and in violation of an Act 4th Geo. IV, cap. 64, entitled 'an Act for consolidating and amending the laws relating to the building, repairing, and *regulating*, of certain Gaols and Houses of Correction in England and Wales,'— which Act states that arrangements shall be made to preserve the health, and improve *the morals of the prisoners*, and in another part of the same Act of Parliament it is expressly prohibited to class persons for offences like that of your Petitioner with the abandoned characters, and crimes before mentioned.

"Your Petitioner has a separate sleeping-cell, of small dimensions, usually appropriated to the solitary confinement of

refractory prisoners; to which cell your Petitioner occasionally resorted during the day, to write a note, or read a book, and to escape from the mental torment of hearing from his associates the most horrid swearing and the grossest licentiousness. Yet even this self-inflicted solitude has been denied your Petitioner, by one of the visiting magistrates of the prison, named Samuel Hoare, banker, of Lombard Street, he having strictly prohibited all access to the cell during the day.

"Your Petitioner having to intermix with so many prisoners, the number in the ward varying from 20 to 60, is in constant dread of contracting disease or of being infested with vermin. Your Petitioner is also constantly exposed to the severity of the weather, there being but one fire for the use of all the prisoners confined in the ward. Your Petitioner has complained to the visiting magistrates of the cruel treatment to which he is subjected, but without obtaining any redress.

"Your Petitioner, therefore, appeals to your Honourable House to institute an inquiry into these complaints and to redress the abuses which subject him to the treatment of a criminal; or to take such steps as your Honourable House, in its wisdom, may consider best to cause the immediate discharge of your Petitioner from his cruel and unmerited imprisonment.

"And your Petitioner will ever pray."

To which, before going farther, I would append these Words of a Believer (the Abbé Lamennais):—

When you see a man led to prison, or to punishment, say not in your haste— This is some wicked man who has committed a crime against his fellows!

For peradventure it is a good man who has wished to serve his fellows, and who for that is punished by their oppressors.

The inscription here-beneath is, or not long since was, on the base of a statue erected in 1831 on a little plot of railed-in garden ground, in Burton Crescent, London.

JOHN CARTWRIGHT

born 28th. Sept. 1740; died 23d. Sept. 1824:

THE FIRM, CONSISTENT, AND PERSEVERING ADVOCATE OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, EQUAL REPRESENTATION, VOTE BY BALLOT, AND ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

It was the eve of the "Reform Bill," passed in 1832 by the Whigs under the leadership of Earl Grey, an ancient professor of Major Cartwright's faith. Not that in office the Party attempted tó carry out their earlier principles. Content with a £10 household qualification for electors in boroughs and a leasehold, or a copyhold, qualification for electors in counties, they gave to the middle classes a privileged share in the government of the Country, to the exclusion of the mass of "the people": so enabling the middle classes to dictate laws after the shopkeeper's heart,— to wit, the Poor Law Amendment Act to check "the growing evil of pauperism," and the Repeal of the Corn Laws — for assurance ŏf freër trade in labour.

Nearly two hundred years had passed since the religious and patriotic uprising of the English Puritans, since the day on which a number of "long heavy swords with the initials *O. C.* on their hilts" arrived at a certain farm house in Huntingdonshire, — nearly two hundred years since the impaneling of the grandest jury the world has known, for the trial of a King. Exactly two hundred

years since Cromwell entered upon his St. Ives farm, to watch and wait events. As yet Thomas Carlyle had not spoken to remind Englishmen what manner of man this Cromwell was. Even Godwin had not understood him. Universal England had forgotten him: or recalled him only through her established church services, the lustral commemoration of the Blessed Martyrdom and the more galling annual thanksgiving for the unhappy Restoration of The Dissolute,— those two most religious ceremonies which, as was well remarked by Walter Savage Landor, had been perfectly satisfactory had each been but transferred to the other occasion. The race of the Puritans had passed away. The occupiers and tillers of the soil grew loyal on their stint of bread per week; hand-loom weavers upon Yorkshire moors had their occasional cut of the Roast Beef of Old England from cows dying with dysentery; and the factory system, that crowning mercy of the Trader's Reign, had already begun to indicate its capacity for degrading and deteriorating our mechanics. From underground, in coal or iron mines, as yet was no report. Mankind knew nothing of the women and little children buried living there. Priestley's house, in the very heart of England, Shakspere's own neighbourhood, had been burned by a Church-and-King mob, Priestley fleeing for his life to America; as Paine also, for daring to assert the Rights of Man. Peterloo had given proof that the yeomanry (ignorant farmers and farmers' sons) could be trusted to ride down insurgent peasants (blood for bread); and the gentle hanging and disemboweling of the Cato Street conspirators* (part of the coronation

* Conspirators by contrivance of the Government. The conspiracy was concocted by a Government Spy. No uncommon proceeding with monarchical governments: and done, it is said, for the sake of example.

ceremonies at the accession of George the fourth) was a fair sample of the tender mercy of the Crown. In truth the French Revolution with its fierce assertion of human right had thoroughly scared the lords and gentlemen and clergy and all that was pious or respectable in the kingdom; and woe to him who dared but whisper a hope of political or religious liberty! Paine spoke, and was expatriated, outlawed, vilified. Let the serf keep silence! The infamous Castlereagh Cabinet (Castlereagh committed suicide in 1822) had stamped the legend of *Tyranny* on our coinage; and none other might pass current.

"Corpses are cold in the tomb,
Stones on the pavement are dumb,
Abortions are dead in the womb;
And their mothers look pale, like the white shore
Of Albion free no more.

"Her sons are as stones in the way;
They are masses of senseless clay;
They are trodden and move not away:
The abortion with which she travaileth
Is Liberty smitten to death." *

Smitten to death, and even lament forbidden! Among other devices, to confine the people in that ignorance in which is the supposed security for a brutish submission, was a tax of four-pence on every periodical publication wherein political events were chronicled or discussed: or in legal phraseology, — "which contained news, intelligence, or occurrences, or remarks or observations thereupon, or on matters in Church or State." In days when the cost of a single letter (postage between London and Bristol one shilling) put it beyond the reach of the day-labourer (nine shillings a week "good wages" for a man

* "*Lines written during the execrable Castlereagh Administration*," by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

with a family of nine *) this tax was equivalent to a prohibition : it was so intended. By which means, with the additional precaution of fore-given security, required of the printer or publisher, as provision for penalties to be imposed by the Government for whatsoever writing they might choose to call offensive, political knowledge was, so far as governmental wit could devise, confined to the respectable classes, whose interests were said to consist with the perpetuation of helotry. Chained (the chain of the modern slave is hunger), chained and gagged, what was to be done toward enfranchising the masses ?

By two ways only can Liberty be won : by the sword, or by the power of the spoken or the written word.

By the sword ? The well-born, whose fathers fought with Cromwell, now, lame with gout and their brains all muddied by thick port, were at the side of tyranny ; and where, among the perennially clammed, was to be found an arm fit to wield the flail of the Lord and of Gideon ? Brought up and stunted in the upas-shadow of a Church drunken and disreputable, in the words of Cowper —

"a priesthood such as Baal's was of old,"

the untaught albeit repeatedly catechized populace were the blind tools as well as victims of oppression ; or took refuge in the passive discontentedness of such aped puritanism as was inaugurated by Wesley, which looked to heaven for reward of its surly patience and no more had care or thought for the establishment of God's Laws on

* In the agricultural districts. And for mechanics : date March 1833 :— "WILLIAM CARTER, Journeyman Framework-knitter, of Leicester : his average labour seventeen hours a day, his earnings nine shillings a week subject to the following deductions : Frame-rent, 1 s. 3d. ; Winding, 4d. ; Candles, 9d. ; Needles, 3d. ; Master's charge on work, 3d. ; Coals for the shop, 3d. ; Seaming, 10d. ; leaving 5s. 1d. for house-rent, fuel, soap for washing, food, and clothing, for himself, a wife, and five children."

earth. By the sword? And where the swordsmen, the "strong-limbed and godly men who dare"? The strong earning rheumatism at the plough, the godliest skulking in some conventicle, cursing prelacy, but cursing equally the "infidel" disturber of that "order" in which prelacy grew rank. One bravely spoken word had been heard in England since the Rascal Restoration: he who spoke it, — I repeat, and will have again to repeat his name — THOMAS PAINE, has to this day obtained as little grace or honour from the lips of dissenting presbyters as from the rounder mouths of priests or popes. Who else has been so violently assailed, whose character so villainously abused? Church-legal and Dissent have rivaled each other in slanderous vituperation against the wretch who would have broken the double chain of clerical and political imposture. They made his name a bye-word and a reproach, and set a mark on whosoever was known but to have read his writings. Yet men kept those writings hidden away, as their fathers had kept the first English Bible. And read, but were too weak to act. For the mass, not only were they weak, but from their souls was washed out ("by the blood of the Lamb," in the jargon of the herdsmen) even the wish for rebellion. Pig-like, worse than sheepish, they grunted around their troughs, listened or did not listen to the Te-Deums of the swine-herds; and in due season were gathered to their fathers — in the smoke-room. Thicker darkness than wrapped old Egypt plagued by Moses swathed anarchic England in those days. A few alone,* like Cartwright, from time

* Among them not to be forgotten Benjamin Flower, the Editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, with his profound reverence for womanhood, the father of two of the most beautiful and most gifted and influential women in England, — Eliza Flower, the musical composer, and Sarah, author of *Vivia Perpetua*, *Hymns*, &c. the wife of W. Brydges Adams.

to time ventured to repeat the first principles of government; and whoso could might read the hand-writing on the wall: else no glint of light was visible in the gloom save some sparks of the fire which France had kindled, scattered by the hand of Paine. One Richard Carlile (not Thomas Carlyle nor of his kindred) thought it were well to keep some heat alive by republication of Paine's works. One William Carpenter looked for a chance of redemption through the mediation of a free and untaxed press. Rebels, but not men of war, they believed in the might of the Word, which sometimes is able to prevent the Sword; and hoped, for themselves and their fellows, to vindicate that first of all liberties, the Miltonic liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience." Single-handed each began to put his thought into action. With them to will was to do. Give them honour for so much! Not all men are so brave.

Of Carlile, on account of his connection with Watson, there is need to say something more. Carlile began his work in the day of a crazy king, a profligate regent, and a corrupt government, 1817. The son of a shoe-maker, he was born in 1790 at Ashburton in Devonshire. As a boy he collected faggots to burn in effigy "Tom Paine," the "Guy Fawkes" of that time. Apprenticed to a tin-plate-worker (Bunyan also was a tin-man), he followed that business until his twenty-sixth year, when, meeting with Paine's works, he was converted, and moved to eke out scant employment by the sale of Cobbett's *Register*, Wooler's *Black Dwarf*, and other "radical" periodicals which the authorities were anxious to suppress: none of which however he thought bold enough. Some success as a vendor led him to publish on his own account: first Paine's political and afterwards his theological writings.

He brought out too Southey's *Wat Tyler*, when the poet turned conservative would have suppressed it, selling of it twenty-five thousand copies; also Hone's *Parodies*, if every one else was afraid to meddle with them: parodies on the Church Services, which cost him eighteen weeks of prison pending the trial of Hone, whose acquittal released him. Later however, in November 1819, he was sentenced, as a publisher of "blasphemous and seditious libels," to suffer three years imprisonment in Dorchester jail, with a fine of £1500. In his defence he read to the Court the whole of Paine's *Age of Reason*, and outwitted his preventers by printing the whole in a cheap form as part of the report of the trial — a privileged publication. In February 1821 his wife was imprisoned; and later in the same year his sister also. Nevertheless the sale of his publications went on, volunteers helping, until it was judged necessary to form a "Constitutional Association" with the name of Arthur Duke of Wellington heading a list of subscribers, to provide funds, to defend State and Church by the vigourous prosecution of Carlile's shopmen and assistants. Susanna Wright, William Holmes, George Beer, John Barkley, Humphrey Boyle, William Tunbridge, Joseph Rhodes, JAMES WATSON, and others, so prosecuted, suffered terms of imprisonment, from six months to three years. Some samples of the sentences may as well be given here.

JOSEPH RHODES: for selling a "blasphemous" pamphlet, two years in House of Correction, with hard labour, and sureties for £500, for good behaviour *during life*.

WILLIAM CAMPION: for *Age of Reason*, three years in Newgate, and his own bail in £100 to keep the peace for life.

JOHN CLARKE: for selling Carlile's *Republican*, three years in Newgate, and to give bail for good conduct during life.

W. V. HOLMES: two years in prison; there told that "if hard labour was not expressed in his sentence, it was implied."

HUMPHREY BOYLE: in prison for five months before his trial, eighteen months afterwards, had a mind, my lord! "that can bear such a sentence with fortitude."

WILLIAM TUNBRIDGE: for Palmer's *Principles of Nature*, in prison for two years, fined £100, "to be imprisoned until the fine be paid."

So dealt the Law with those offenders. But they tired out the "Constitutional Association," and the Law itself began to limp. So much, without more particulars, may suffice to show the conditions of free thought and free speech in that day of "Bible-and-Unicorn" supremacy; to show also the dauntless temper of Carlile, whose full service of incarceration for the public liberties extended to *nine years and four months*. Before his last sentence, anticipating his being punished by a fine, to be paid — if he would pay it at all — only out of the continued sale of his prohibited publications, and that he might also be required to find sureties for future lawful behaviour, he gave in the following deposition :—

"— And deponent saith that, in case the Court should think a penalty necessary, this deponent has no other property from which he can pay a fine than [his] printed books; and from the political business in which this deponent is involved he can not reasonably ask any other persons to become sureties that his future proceedings may not be construed into political offence: not but that this deponent is anxious to live in peace and amity with all men, but that there do exist many political and moral evils which this deponent will through life labour to abate."

Watson's petition to the "Commons" has date of 1833. Twenty-one years later, no fortune made, nor sought — his business was not money-making, but health needing rest, and a bare sufficiency for life to be expected from the continued sale of his publications even in hands less energetic, — his retirement from business gives occasion for friends to gather round him, to express esteem and gratitude, with presentation of some formal address to be kept as a reminder of their appreciation of his worth. Acknowledging the address, he rendered account of his career. I will not interrupt: his own modest words, as reported with some approach to accuracy, will stand for prologue and sufficiently as text for farther speech.

"I was born in an obscure town, Malton in Yorkshire, in the year 1799. Our family consisted of my mother, my sister, and myself; my father having died when I wanted about a fortnight of a year old; so that I had but one parent to do the duty of two, and I am proud to say that duty was performed with all a mother's kindness and devotion. My mother although poor was intelligent, as a proof of which I may state that she was a teacher in one of the Sunday-schools of the town. To my mother I owe my taste for reading and what school education I received. I could read well, write indifferently, and had a very imperfect knowledge of arithmetic. At twelve years of age a clergyman, in whose family my mother had lived before her marriage, and who paid for the last three or four quarters of my schooling, induced

my mother to bind me to him as an apprentice for seven years, to learn field labour, work in the garden, clean horses, milk cows, and wait at table: occupations not very favourable to mental development. At that time there were no cheap books, no cheap newspapers or periodicals, no Mechanics' Institutions to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. The government was then in the hands of the clergy and aristocracy, the people, ignorant and debased, taking no part in politics, except once in seven years, when the elections were scenes of degradation and corruption. During my stay with the clergyman my mother again became a servant in the family, and well do I remember reading by the kitchen fire, during the long winter nights. My favourite books were two folio volumes with illustrations, one a history of Europe, the other a history of England. My interest in those books was intense, and many times I thought, while poring over them, shall I ever see any of the places here described? and I have seen many of those places since, although my position then seemed so unfavourable. At the end of six years my master's wife died and he retired into Nottinghamshire, which caused my indentures to be cancelled. After this I lived with my mother and sister; but, not liking to be a burthen on them, myself and a companion, similarly situated, resolved to quit our native town and seek employment (and some relatives) in Leeds. We succeeded in finding both. I found employment at a drysalter's as warehouseman, and had the charge of a saddle-horse.

"It was in the autumn of 1818 that I first became acquainted with politics and theology. Passing along Briggate one evening, I saw at the corner of Union Court a bill, which stated that the Radical Reformers held their

meetings in a room in that court. Curiosity prompted me to go and hear what was going on. I found them reading Wooler's *Black Dwarf*, Carlile's *Republican*, and Cobbett's *Register*. I remembered my mother being in the habit of reading Cobbett's *Register*, and saying she 'wondered people spoke so much against it; she saw nothing bad in it, but she saw a great many good things in it.' After hearing it read in the meeting room, I was of my mother's opinion.

"In that room I first became acquainted with one who became my friend and constant companion: his name was William Driver. His name and my own were spoken of together amongst our friends in the same manner as afterward my name was mentioned with that of my friend Hetherington. From this time until 1822 I was actively engaged with Mr. Brayshaw, Joseph Hartley, Robert Byerley (my wife's father), Humphrey Boyle, Mr. Gill, and a number of other friends, in collecting subscriptions for Mr. Carlile, spreading the liberal and free-thinking literature and, by meetings and discussions, endeavouring to obtain the right of free discussion. In 1821 the Government renewed the prosecutions for blasphemy, and Mr. Carlile (then in Dorchester gaol under a three years' sentence) appealed to the friends in the country to serve in the shop. Humphrey Boyle was the first volunteer from Leeds. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment. On the 18th of September 1822 I arrived in London, the second Leeds volunteer. I served in the shop at 5 Water Lane, Fleet Street, until Christmas, when I spent a week with Mr. Carlile in Dorchester gaol. At that time Mrs. Carlile and Mr. Carlile's sister were his fellow-prisoners. We talked over many plans and business arrangements.

"At this time the plan of selling the books by a sort of clockwork, so that the seller was not seen, was in practice. Notwithstanding that precaution, Wm. Tunbridge was arrested, tried, and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and fined £100. In January 1823 Mr. Carlile took a shop in the Strand, No. 201. Mrs. Carlile, having completed her two years imprisonment, resided in the rooms above the shop. Towards the end of February I was arrested for selling a copy of Palmer's *Principles of Nature*, taken to Bow Street and, not able to procure bail in London, was sent to Clerkenwell prison, where I remained six weeks. Two of my Leeds friends, Joseph Hartley and Robert Byerley, then became bail for me. My trial took place on the 23d of April at Hick's Hall, Clerkenwell Green, before Mr. Const and the bench of magistrates. I conducted my own defence. Reports had been circulated that the persons who had been taken from Mr. Carlile's shop were but tools in the hands of others, and incapable of defending themselves: which was not true, as Boyle and others of the shopmen had defended themselves.

"In my defence, I endeavoured to prove from the Bible that Palmer was justified in what he had written, when I was interrupted, and told that I 'might quote from the Bible, but not comment upon it.' I was convicted, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in Coldbath-Fields prison, and to find bail for my good behaviour for two years.

"I had for fellow-prisoners Wm. Tunbridge and Mrs. S. Wright. Mr. Tunbridge and I had a room to ourselves. During this twelve-month I read with deep interest and much profit Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Hume's *History of England*, and other

standard works, amongst others Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*. The reading of that book would have made me a free-thinker if I had not been one before. I endeavoured to make the best use of the opportunity for study and investigation, and the more I read and learned the more I felt my own deficiency. So the twelve months confinement was not lost upon me. Mr. Tunbridge did not share my studies. The evenings I usually spent with another fellow prisoner (Mr. Humphrey), an intelligent man, who possessed a good collection of books. For three or four hours after dark we read to each other, after which until bedtime we conversed or played a game at cribbage. We found the governor, Mr. Vickery, an old Bow Street officer, a kind-hearted man, more disposed to multiply our comforts than to restrict them. And thus our prison life passed as pleasantly and profitably as was possible under the circumstances. I was liberated on the 24th April 1824, and shortly after visited Malton, to convince my mother and friends that imprisonment had not made me a worse son or a bad citizen. In May 1824 the Government renewed the prosecutions of Mr. Carlile's assistants, by arresting, trying, and convicting Wm. Campion, John Clarke, T. R. Perry, R. Hassell, and several others, some of whom were sentenced to three years imprisonment.

"After visiting Leeds, and the friends there, I returned to London. I applied for employment at a number of places, but found my having been in prison, and shopman to Mr. Carlile, a formidable difficulty, and I incurred in consequence considerable privation. I had however a townsman and schoolfellow in London, whose bed and purse were ever at my service. That friend, I have the pleasure to say, is now present.

"In August of this year, Mr. Boyle, who had managed Mr. Carlile's business sometime, withdrew from it, and I was applied to by Mr. Carlile to supply his place. I conducted the business from that time until Mr. Carlile's liberation from Dorchester gaol, in November 1825.

"At the end of 1825 I learned the art of a compositor, in the office in which Mr. Carlile's *Republican* was printed. Whilst there I was attacked by cholera, which terminated in typhus and brain fever. I owe my life to the late Julian Hibbert. He took me from my lodgings to his own house at Kentish Town, nursed me and doctored me for eight weeks, and made a man of me again. After my recovery Mr. Hibbert got a printing press put up in his house, and employed me in composing, under his directions, two volumes, one in Greek, the other in Greek and English. I was thus employed, from the latter part of 1826 to the end of March 1828. In 1825 I was first introduced, by my friend Mr. Thomas Hooper, to the advocates of Mr. Owen's New Views of Society; and to the end of 1829 I was actively engaged, helping to form co-operative associations and societies for political and religious liberty. In April 1828 I undertook the agency of the Co-operative Store at 36 Red Lion Square, and I remained in that employment until Christmas 1829.

"In the beginning of 1830 I visited Leeds, Halifax, Dewsbury, Bradford, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Wakefield, and other places, to advocate the establishment of co-operative associations. In May I took the house 33 Windmill Street, Finsbury Square, and there commenced the business of bookseller. During the excitement occasioned by the French Revolution in July I took an active part in the numerous enthusiastic meetings following that event.

"In 1831 I became a printer and publisher. My friend Julian Hibbert gave me his press and types. The first use I made of them was to print Volney's *Lectures on History*, which I composed and printed with my own hands. At this time I became a member of the National Union of the Working Classes.

"In 1832 the excitement of the people on the subject of the Reform Bill was at its height. The cholera being very bad all over the country, the Government, to please the Agnewites, ordered 'a general fast.' The members of the National Union, to mark their contempt for such an order, determined to have a procession through the streets of London, and afterwards to have a general feast. In April I was arrested, with Messrs. Lovett and Benbow, for advising and leading the procession. We were liberated on bail, tried on the 16th of May, each conducting his own defence, and all acquitted. Towards the end of this year Mr. Hetherington was sentenced to his second six months confinement, in Clerkenwell prison, for the *Poor Man's Guardian.*

"In February 1833 I was summoned to Bow Street for selling a *Poor Man's Guardian.* Before the magistrates I justified my conduct in selling unstamped newspapers. They considered me as bad as my friend Hetherington, and sentenced me to six months in the same Clerkenwell prison. I was liberated on the 29th July, and attended the same day a meeting to commemorate the third anniversary of the French Revolution, in which Mr. Julian Hibbert, the Rev. Robert Taylor, Mr. Hetherington, and others, took part. At the end of this year I was engaged with Mr. Saull, Mr. Prout, Mr. Franks, and Mr. Mordan in fitting up the Hall of Science, in the City Road, as a lecture-room for Rowland Detrosier. In January 1834

occurred the lamented death of Mr. Julian Hibbert. In his will he again gave me a marked token of his regard, by a legacy of 450 guineas. With this sum I enlarged my printing operations. My legacy was soon absorbed in printing Mirabaud's *System of Nature*, Volney's *Ruins*, Frances Wright's *Popular Lectures*, Paine's *Works*, and other. In addition to the legacy, I incurred a debt of £500 in printing and publishing these. In April I took part in the great meeting of the Trades' Unions, in Copenhagen Fields, in favour of the Dorchester labourers.

"On the 3d of June 1834 I was married. Before a month was over I was again summoned to Bow Street; but preferred a short trip to Jersey, where I stayed three weeks. On the 7th of August the officers again seized me, and I was taken to Clerkenwell for my third imprisonment. I was liberated on the 21st of January 1835, and from that time to the present have remained unmolested. In 1836, '37, '38, I was engaged with others in the formation of Working Men's Associations, and assisted to prepare the document called the People's Charter. In 1840 took place the trial of Henry Hetherington, for 'blasphemy.' He was convicted and imprisoned. My friend honoured me by dedicating his trial to me, and I have been more proud of his testimony and friendship than of anything I ever received. Since 1841 my bookselling and public work is known to most of my hearers.

" . . I have trespassed on your forbearance: but I had one object in view,— to show my fellow-workmen that the humblest may render effectual aid to the cause of progress if he bring to the task honest determination and unfaltering perseverance."

The two great questions to which the life of Watson was devoted were the right of free speech and free printing and the right of every man yet unconvicted of disabling crime to take part in choosing the nation's government. Or, to speak more exactly, the single question with him was the elevation of his own class (that of the workman — the man dependent on his work for daily bread), by these means: — not without thought of the education to be obtained even through the struggle for them. Of the man himself and of what he encountered his own words have told us. Some additional notice I would give here of his work: first of what he did for the establishment of a free Press. I have no complete list; but I find the following among his publications :—

Paine's Works, complete. * [Also issued separately.]
The Life of Paine.
"Mirabaud's" System of Nature.
Palmer's Principles of Nature.
Volney's Lectures on History; and Ruins of Empires.
Sir W. Drummond's Preface to the Œdipus Judaicus.
Byron's Cain; and Vision of Judgment.
Shelley's Queen Mab, with the prosecuted Notes.
. . Masque of Anarchy.
Clark's Letters to Dr. Adam Clarke,— on the Life and Miracles of Christ.

* Including the *Address on the Abolition of Royalty*. Translated from the French, in Brissot's *Patriote Français* of 27 October 1792: unknown in any previous English version. It first appeared, placarded by Achille Duchâtelet, on the walls of Paris, on occasion of the King's flight. The first demand for the Republic.

Robert Owen's Essays on the Formation of Character.
Lectures; Evils of Existing State of Society.
Robert Dale Owen: Discussions with Origen Bacheler on the Authenticity of the Bible, and on the Existence of God.
Frances Wright d'Arusmont's Lectures.
. . A Few Days in Athens.
Buonarotti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy.
Godwin's Political Justice.
Lamennais' Modern Slavery.

Other works, mostly of the English *Index* — marked for expurgation or legal physicking out, not without risk he kept on sale; but those named above were all, I believe, produced at his own cost, many set up and printed by his own hands, the legacy from Hibbert his only capital. Most of these works were unprofitable: he but asked if a book ought to be read instead of prohibited, would it be useful to his class; then he calculated how cheaply it could be brought out, content if all his business returns were sufficient for the simplest necessaries of life and to enable him to publish more. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, with harlequin Brougham at their head, and funds and interest without stint, did not show such a list. Their notion of useful knowledge included neither political nor religious, certainly excluded both subjects, except when cooked for the occasion, as were Harriet Martineau's un-truthful Poor-Law Tales. *

* *Poor-Laws and Paupers illustrated*, 1833–4. Harriet Martineau, as it seems to me, has not been quite understood. Instead of being an exact writer, she was in matters of fact most inexact. Her famous Poor-Law Tales, got up to order, to prepare the way for the inhuman Whig "Poor-Law Amendment" Act, are clever romances. She could not wilfully misrepresent, but she gives half-truths, which most often are worse than lies. How much of this was owing to her imperfect hearing, how much rather

And as to social questions — I do not hesitate to assert, the daring of one earnest man did more for the education of the People in those days than all that easy issue of Whig benevolence, all that kindly supply of juiceless chaff for the troughs or mangers of the "insatiable wild beasts," [a parliamentary term for the populace,] whom they hoped so to tame to run more quietly in harness.

In some respects, also, to Watson and to his fellows is owing whatever good came from his rivals: for neither the Diffusion Society's *Penny Magazine* nor its follower, the Christian-promoting *Saturday*, with other "Information for the People" (Chambers'— to wit), had perhaps appeared but for the sake of counteracting the influence of the new cheap literature of Watson and Hetherington, Cleave, Heywood, and others. Like the Whig Political Union (not "national," but only of the middle classes), a new middle-class literature had to be encouraged, opportunity for profit of course duly considered also, lest the malaria from the low lands should infect the healthy dwellers in Respectability, and the comfortable continuance of "Things-as-they-are" be even more influentially vexed by outcries for alteration. So much can the one man win for his age. So much can be done by so little leaven of earnestness.

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to one-sidedness of brain, it might be hard to say. But the same want of exactitude is noticeable even in a book in which there is barely possibility of personal bias: her *Guide to the Lake Country*, the district in which she lived. Having so to speak of her writings, I am bound also to add my full recognition of the manly integrity of her life; her desire for truth and her stedfast adherence to whatever she thought to be true. She was a feminine Cobbett, sturdy, somewhat antagonistic, honest, well-meaning, but hasty in judgment and expression; notwithstanding all her manliness with the woman's weakness of argument and impulsiveness of assertion.

I have said Watson cared rather than for profit to place good reading before the uneducated people: wherefore he was content with the smallest margin of gain enough for means of life. But he cared also for the correctness and decent appearance of his books, even the cheapest. They were his children (he had none else): he would have them well-dressed and fit to be admitted anywhere. You may tell a man's character by everything he does: this man's was to be seen in a penny pamphlet. Good matter, carefully edited, on fair paper, cleanly printed, squarely folded, throughly stitched, in plain but always neat binding or wrapper: you could not but see that it was done by a consciencious worker, gifted with a keen sense of fitness and propriety. He set his face against the proverb, "cheap and nasty," desiring to break down the prejudice of his time (not yet quite obsolete) which confounded radicalism with coarseness and dirt; sometimes did not lack at least an outer justification. There was no mistaking an edition by J. Watson. To him life and all its circumstances were to be kept in wholesomeness, though means of beautifying might fail him. The pride of the poor man was his. His honesty should be clean-skinned and pure, if his clothes were thread-bare; his public appearance as his home ever dignified, made worthy of respect. Serving in his shop, he had pleasant and informing words for all who sought his wares; the character of this or that book, about which you asked, might be trusted to his judgment. His conversation, if you cared to make acquaintance with it, supplemented what he sold: what he had given—if apostles in his day had been able to print and live without debt. Of debt he had a horror. If in his stead [in later days], at the receipt of custom you found his wife, you could be sure

that he was either at press-work or otherwise employed toward new desired or needed publication, or attending to some public duty— in deputation somewhere, in open meeting, or in prison for his honest, unspared service in the working-man's behalf. In prison he used his leisure for self-instruction: he had no other University experiences. Out of prison he was one to whom the strivers for the Miltonic liberty of speech looked for counsel of sound judgment, and for that certainty whereon to lean which is the prerogative of the most manly— the stay of fibre that can not yield, nor flinch. He was of the stuff [nearly sold out — I hear — a not-paying manufacture] of those old martyrs, who smiled when they were flayed alive, [our modern nerves tremble as we read of agonies they bore] who thrust their hands into fire to pluck out unharmed their more tender souls. For the respect in which his probity and his business qualities were held, his name as treasurer of subscriptions in aid of political sufferers may be voucher enough. He was one to whom you might have trusted untold gold: he *could* not have wronged you of the smallest coin.

I have been able to give some statement of his doings as publisher; of his public work there is neither record nor possibility of adequate recollection. Here confining myself to the endeavour for free publishing, and for the extension of liberal opinions, his books indicate but one direction of his energies. In class meetings, in public meetings, he was as earnest: no man else more earnest. Only his friend Henry Hetherington was more zealous. But Hetherington would neglect his own business rather than the public duty should be left undone. and so was ruined and incurred reproach; and Watson, wiser, in his home more happily aided, tempered zeal with discretion

and neglected nothing: not even the "mint and anise." Not the slightest duty unfulfilled marred the perfectness of his harmonious life. Yet he never failed his friend: and by their side, as prudently active, constant, intrepid, and devoted, as Watson himself, stood Richard Moore, to whom and Dobson Collett (the energetic secretary of the "Society for the abolition of the Taxes upon Knowledge," we mainly owe their ultimate repeal in England, the remission of that last, worst penny, as it was justly called, which the shifty Whigs retained when, forced by the publications and exertions of Hetherington and his friends to give up their *four-penny* stamp, they hoped by continuing the lesser but no less offensive hinderance to be still able to crush the cheap newspapers: beaver-like biting off what might (but did not) divert the hunters, to save their miserable lives; ready ever, as fore-told of them by Job [or were there Whigs in his time?] to give all else, even to their dirty skins. Am I unjust to these English Girondists? Sir Henry Bulwer answers for me. "The Whig Party was — always essentially an exclusive party: *its regards were concentrated on a clique*, to whom all without it were tools and instruments." The mantle of Castlereagh had fallen on them, and they prophesied in right Tory fashion: Woe to a discontented People!

In the history of the fight for free newspapers — any record more complete than is room for in this personal memoir, Hetherington rather than Watson will be recognized as the real leader: Watson himself so placed him. When, in 1831, the law-administrators declared that any endeavour to give political knowledge to the people was *ipso facto* to be considered illegal, and as such worthy of punishment, Hetherington came forward to contest their

ruling, by the publication of his *Poor Man's Guardian*, "a weekly paper for the People, established contrary to 'Law' [afterwards published in defiance of "Law"], to try the power of Might against Right:* which will contain [in the words of the prohibitory Act, here in italic] *news, intelligence*, and *occurrences*, and *remarks and observations thereon*, and *on matters in Church and State, tending* decidedly *to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution* of the tyranny *of this Country as by Law established* and also *to vilify* the ABUSES of *religion;* and will be *printed in the United Kingdom for sale, and published periodically* (every Saturday) *at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days;* and will *not exceed two sheets;* and will be published *for a less sum than six-pence* (to wit, the sum of ONE PENNY)*; exclusive of the duty imposed by the* 38 *Geo. III cap.*78 *and* 60 *Geo.III c.* 9, or any other acts whatsoever, and despite the 'laws,' or the will and pleasure, of any tyrant or body of tyrants whatsoever, any thing herein-before or any where else contained to the contrary notwithstanding."

Repeatedly convicted, hunted like a wild beast, imprisoned, stripped of his property, he gallantly maintained the contest to a successful ending: till he forced his opponents to abandon that straining of the Law in which the magistracy had been their handy tool, and to bring him, June the seventeenth, 1834, to fair trial by a jury.

* Before this he had brought out daily, and then weekly, *Penny Letters to the People, by the Poor Man's Guardian*, acting upon a suggestion by Carpenter, who proposed so to evade the stringency of Castlereagh's Act. The first of these *Letters* was issued in October 1830; but on his being convicted of illegality he changed the title to the POOR MAN'S GUARDIAN, in bold and open defiance. The first number with this heading is dated 9 July 1831. The *Guardian* was at first edited by Edward Mayhew; and after his untimely death by James Bronterre O'Brien.

The result is told under the heading of the number of the *Guardian* for June 21 :—

"This paper, after sustaining a Government prosecution of three years and a half duration, in which UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS * were unjustly imprisoned, and cruelly treated, for vending it, *was on the trial of an ex officio information filed by the Attorney-General against Henry Hetherington, in the Court of Exchequer before Lord Lyndhurst and a special jury, declared to be a strictly legal publication.*"

HETHERINGTON was born in London, in 1792; and brought up as a printer. He was one of the earliest and most active of working-men engaged with Dr. Birkbeck in founding the first Mechanics' Institute; and in 1830 he was chosen by the radical working-men of London to draw up a plan for Trades' Unions, which became the basis of the National Union of the Working Classes, out of which sprang the movement for the People's Charter.

* One of the imprisoned and cruelly treated, as his own story has told us, was Watson. Not in opposition, but in aid of the common cause, he too published a weekly paper, similar to the *Guardian*,— the *Working-Man's Friend*, which escaped prosecution, the fiercer assailant perhaps drawing off the governmental fire.

Among these sufferers for the Liberty of the Press ABEL HEYWOOD is not to be left unnoticed. He was wholesale agent in Manchester for the *Guardian*; and a fair target for prosecution. He took his prison degree; paid his fines when he could afford it; and went on selling his *Guardians*. Then the Authorities seized the papers in the hands of the carriers; and various devices had to be sought, in order that they might pass in safety. Some packed with shoes, some in chests of tea, some otherwise, they sent the proscribed goods through the country; and their circulation continued until the *reduction* of the duty, as was expected, ruined the cheap papers. By this time the *Guardian* had been made the foundation of a business; which Heywood's perseverance and ability enlarged until he, denounced in earlier days as seditious and a blasphemer, became a "well-to-do" citizen, the honoured Mayor of Manchester, and might have sat in Parliament for Manchester had he cared to do so.

For four years he bore the brunt of the battle for a free Press. Ever busy in the interest of his class during the Whig Reform ferment, he was among the most zealous as well as of the wisest leaders of Chartism afterwards. A ready speaker, bold and fluent, passionate, sarcastic, or humourous upon occasion [he had a spice of fun in him through all his trouble], he was deservedly popular in those days; and in the Chartist Convention of 1839 sat as delegate from Stockport and for London. Time and thought, and toil also, he gave unsparingly in aid of the social and religious striving of the time. He closed his unresting and useful life, after a few days' sickness, on the 24th of August 1849. For his character, I find no better words than some I wrote to be spoken at his burial. There is not a word I would retract or modify.

[Of all the men in the battle for the People's Right, I have known none more single-minded, few so brave, so generous, so gallant as he. He was the most chivalrous of all our party. He could neglect his own interests (which is by no means a virtue, but there is never lack of rebukers for all failings of that kind), but he never did, and never could, neglect his duty to the cause he had embraced, to the principles he had avowed. There was no notoriety-hunting in him: as, indeed, so mean a passion has no place in any true man. And he was of the truest. He would toil in any unnoticeable good work for freedom, in any "forlorn hope," or even, when he saw that justice was with them, for men who were not of his party, as cheerfully and vigorously as most other men will labour for money or fame or respectability. He was a real man, one of that select and "glorious company" of those who are completely in earnest. His principles were not kept in the pocket of a Sunday coat (I don't know that he always had a Sunday change of any sort); but were to him the daily light which led his steps. If strife and

wrath lay in his path, it was seldom from any fault of his: for though hasty as a man of impulsive nature, and chafed by some afflictions, he was not intolerant nor quarrelsome nor vindictive. Men who did not know him have called him violent. He was, as said before, hasty and impetuous, but utterly without malice; and he would not have harmed his worst enemy, though, in truth, he heartily detested tyranny and tyrants. Peace be with him, on the other side of this fitful dream which we call life: peace, which he seldom knew here, though his nature was kindly and his hope strong, though he loved Truth and wilfully injured no man. One of the truest and bravest of the warm-hearted has lain down among the tombs, not worn out, but sorely wearied. May we rest as honourably, with as few specks to come between our lives and the grateful recollections of those who have journeyed with us. If our young men, in the vigour of their youth, will be but as enthusiastic and as untiring as was Hetherington even in the last days of his long exertion, we need not despair of Freedom, nor of a worthy monument to a noble life, which else would seem but as a vainly-spoken word, wasted and forgotten.

Yet again, peace be with him; and in his place the copy and thankful remembrance of the worth we loved in him.]

So much I have had to say of Hetherington, not only as his due — but too scantily rendered, but also because for twenty years he was the tried and trusty comrade of my friend. What Hetherington did was ever seconded by Watson: what Watson did had surely Hetherington's endorsement. One can not be praised but the other will "divide his crown." In Watson's own words, spoken at his friend's grave, their "single friendship never knew two interests." During the struggles of the Unstamped they were as David and Jonathan: the two were as one. That battle gained, they stood in as close brotherhood in preparation and in action for the People's Charter.

Hetherington's victory was decisive. The pursuit was left to Moore and Collet. Prosecution was at an end. The logical conclusion required no longer defiance, but persistence only; and the secretary of the Society for the removal of the yet remaining penny, C. Dobson Collet, might be fitly surnamed the Persistent. And Moore —— I must halt yet somewhile in my memoir of Watson, not to neglect his other friend and comrade, dear to him as Hetherington, yet closer than he, — my own friend also, RICHARD MOORE.

Born in 1810, he was brought up as a wood-carver, in which art he excelled. Early in association with Lovett, Hetherington, and Watson, he shared all their labours; and marrying a niece of Watson, a wife worthy to be so mated, became yet more intimate with him. For forty years he was among the foremost in all the liberal movements of the time. One of the framers of the People's Charter, he sat in the first Chartist Convention; he was a leading elector in the radical borough of Finsbury; he was active in behalf of Poland and of Italy. But most especially he claims remembrance as chairman [Collet, as already said, secretary], during thirteen years, of the Society for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, the main promoter of that unceasing agitation which forced the Government to give up not only the stamp, but also the taxes on advertisements and paper. Ever labouring with remarkable singleness of purpose in the public service, he was as modest as active. Few men — says one who knew him well — "have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of leading politicians more than he. All the prominent English Radicals and liberal Exiles he could reckon among his friends. . The purity of his life was

only equalled by his disinterestedness. . . There was something singularly earnest, gentle, and chivalrous, in his character." I can only echo these words, knowing how well they were deserved. To him — if the claim of the Wife had not been paramount — this memoir would have been dedicated; him I had ever in my mind while writing, him first among those for whose approval of my work I cared. True-hearted man and sterling patriot! no name could be more fitly coupled with your friend's. Only since completing my record of him I learn that in death as in life you are together. Richard Moore died December 7, 1878.

Here too, before I leave the story of the Unstamped, may be fit place to render homage to JULIAN HIBBERT, treasurer, and "chief prop," of the Victim Fund during the battle for the *Guardian*. There is his Life. In his will, out of regard to his relatives, people of "family," his mother (I believe) a catholic, he ordered his papers to be destroyed and forbade his friends to speak of him. "I ask only silence." So passed into oblivion one more of the martyr myriad, the ransom for Humanity. His friends could not but respect his prayer. It is now too late to inquire concerning him. He died in 1834.

His portrait is marvellously like Shelley's. He seems indeed (that I learned) to have been a prose Shelley, with the same gentleness of nature and chivalrous zeal against Wrong; like Shelley also in his public spirit, in his generosity, his tenderness of disposition, his poetic enthusiasm for what he deemed the Right.

Free publication of honest thought and fair opportunity for sharing in the national government: these two most important of all questions moved, as I have said before, the life of Watson. The second made him a "Chartist." That Chartist phase of English history has been misunderstood or misrepresented by party writers of the time, and seems now almost obliterated from the minds of the present generation of "liberal" politicians, who do not even dream how much they are indebted to it. On this account as well as because of its important influence on the life of England, some words beyond the relation of Watson's actual part in it may not be out of place.

The movement for the "People's Charter," as already told, grew out of a document prepared by Hetherington in 1831, in which originated the *National Union of the Working Classes*, — "to collect and organize a peaceful expression of public opinion," for "protection of working men in the free disposal of their labour," to obtain an "effectual reform in Parliament" (instead of the unfair arrangement projected by the Whigs), "the repeal of all bad laws, and the enactment of a wise and comprehensive code." The association was formed after the model of Wesleyanism: class-leaders being appointed at general meetings to groups of from thirty to forty members, the classes held weekly at members' homes. Those meetings were for political instruction, by readings and discussions. In what records remain of the proceedings I trace Watson's name, not prominent (he never cared

to be prominent) but honourably conspicuous. The declaration of principles was drawn up by him and Lovett.

NATIONAL UNION OF THE WORKING CLASSES

"*We, the Working Classes of London,* declare—

"1—All property (honestly acquired) to be sacred and inviolable.

"2—That all men are born equally free, and have certain natural and inalienable rights.

"3—That governments ought to be founded on those rights; and all laws instituted for the *common benefit* in the protection and security of *all the people*: and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any single man, family, or set of men.

"4—That all hereditary distinctions of birth are unnatural, and opposed to the equal rights of man; and therefore ought to be abolished.

"5—That every man of the age of twenty-one years, of sound mind, and not tainted by crime, has a right, either by himself or his representative, to a free voice in determining the nature of the laws, the necessity for public contributions, the appropriation of them, their amount, mode of assessment, and duration.

"6—That in order to secure the unbiassed choice of proper persons for representatives, the mode of voting should be *by ballot*; that intellectual fitness and moral worth, *and not property*, should be the qualification for representatives; and that the duration of Parliament should be but for *one year*.

"7—We declare these principles to be essential to our protection as working men, and the only sure guarantees for the securing to us the proceeds of our labour, and that we will never be satisfied with the enactment of any law or laws which do not recognize the rights enumerated in this declaration."

The declaration headed a call for a public meeting of "the useful classes, to be held in the space in front of White-Conduit House, London, on Monday, November

7, 1831, at one o' clock precisely, for the purpose of solemnly ratifying" the above principles. The Whig Government met this popular challenge by the formation of a counter association, the "National Political Union" of the middle classes, to support, by force if necessary, their class Reform Bill, and to prevent anything beyond that. The meeting of the working-men was prohibited by Lord Melbourne; special constables were mustered; troops were marched in; and orders were given to arrest every member of the Committee of the Association who should appear at the place of meeting. The temper of those Reformers — Grey, Russell, Brougham, etc. — may be sufficiently indicated by this: the Whig Press at that very time daily threatening the Tories with revolution, boasting of a hundred and fifty thousand men armed to enforce their partial measure. I read in the journals of same date, of four poor men in Lancashire sentenced, under an obsolete and forgotten law, to twelve months imprisonment for *unlawfully assembling on a Sunday evening*. But they were not assembled for worship of the Reform Bill.

The Association was wise enough not to accept this provocation to a conflict undesired and which could but result in useless bloodshed: it gave up the meeting, and went on its peaceful way. In May of the next year a second attempt at public meeting, preparatory to calling a National Convention, was put down by actual force: the police attacked the assembled people. In the melée a policeman was killed, stabbed by a man whom he had struck. The jury upon the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide," on the ground that no proclamation forbade the meeting, that the Riot Act was not read requiring the crowd to disperse, and that

"the conduct of the police was ferocious, brutal and unprovoked." This, at least in intention a fit pendant to the Tory massacre at Peterloo, is what is known as the Calthorpe-Street affair, having happened on some open ground thereby. Care was taken as soon afterwards as possible to build upon the land, effectually to prevent other meetings there.

The National Union did good educational work; but had to give way to the consolidated Trade-Unions, then as now standing, as they always must stand, as obstacles to political endeavour: tempting men with better wages for to-day from what in moments of despondency seems the hopelessness of going to the root of the evil. Still, staunch to their principles, the originators and leaders of the Union made another attempt for the wiser action by the formation in 1836 of the London Working Men's Association,* whose published addresses earned a warm meed of praise, for all his dainty literary taste and careless poet dislike of political strife, from "the gentlest of the wise," Leigh Hunt. To that association too belongs the honour of sending an Address to the foreigner,† the first public attempt to exorcize the king-fostered spirit of national antagonism.

In February, 1837, the Association, having prepared their way, convened a public meeting at and within the

* In a list of those who took most active part in the association I note the names of Henry Hetherington, James Watson, William Lovett, Richard Moore, William Moore, John Cleave, Henry Vincent, Robert Hartwell, Henry Mitchell, William Savage, Charles H. Neesom, Thomas Ireland, S. Calderara, George Julian Harney: names to be ever held in grateful remembrance by English working-men.

† An Address to the Working Classes of Belgium, I believe drawn up by Lovett, on occasion of the imprisonment of one Jacob Katz, for calling a public meeting of workmen to discuss their grievances.

Crown-and-Anchor tavern, in the Strand, (indoor meetings not illegal then), at which a petition to the House of Commons, for universal suffrage and new ordering of Parliament, obtained the signatures of three thousand persons. This petition the Association left in the hands of Mr. Roebuck for presentation; and toward his support requested a conference with those members of the reformed House who professed liberal principles. Eight came: T. Perronet Thompson, Joseph Hume, Charles Hindley, Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Bowring, John Temple Leader, William Sharman Crawford, Benjamin Hawes. The conference took up two nights, the members of the Commons' House, except Hawes, assenting generally to the principles in discussion, but most of them hesitating as to any immediate promotion of the same. O'Connell dodged, he would have substituted an ingenious scheme of his own; failing which, he agreed with the course of the Association, — not honestly intending, as afterwards sufficiently appeared. The following resolutions were adopted: June 7, 1837.

1 — We agree to support any proposition for Universal Suffrage made on the Petition emanating from the Working Men's Association, when presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck.

Proposed by Daniel O'Connell.
Seconded by Charles Hindley.

2 — We agree to support and to vote for a Bill, or Bills, to be brought into the House of Commons, embodying the principles of Universal Suffrage, Equal Representation, Free Selection of Representatives without reference to Property, the Ballot, and Short Parliaments of fixed duration, the limit not to exceed three years.

Proposed by Daniel O'Connell.
Seconded by Charles Hindley.

3 — We agree to support and to vote for a Bill, or Bills, to be brought into the House of Commons, for such a reform in the House of Lords as shall render it responsible to the People.

Proposed by Daniel O'Connell.
Seconded by Sharman Crawford.

4 — That a Committee of twelve persons be appointed, to draw up a Bill, or Bills, in a legal form, embodying the principles agreed to, and that they be submitted to another meeting of the liberal members of Parliament and the Working Men's Association: that the following be the persons appointed —

Daniel O'Connell	Hy. Hetherington
John Arthur Roebuck	John Cleave
John Temple Leader	James watson
Charles Hindley	Richard Moore
T. Perronet Thompson	William Lovett
W. Sharman Crawford	Henry Vincent

Proposed by J. Temple Leader,
Seconded by Robert Hartwell.

The labour of drafting the bill was deputed to Roebuck and Lovett; but, owing to Roebuck's parliamentary and other engagements, fell almost wholly on Lovett. Every clause was carefully considered in the Association, and the bill so completed finally submitted to the public, as The People's Charter — "*the outline of an Act* to provide for the just representation of the People of Great Britain and Ireland in the Commons' House of Parliament: embracing the principles of *Universal Suffrage*, *No Property Qualification* (for Members), *Annual Parliaments*, *Equal Representation*, *Payment of Members*, and *Vote by Ballot.*"

On the 6th of August, 1838, at a meeting at New-Hall Hill, Birmingham, the People's Charter was formally approved, even, after some reluctance, by the Household

Suffragists of the Birmingham Political Union. From this time Feargus O'Connor also joined the Chartists. At this meeting it was proposed that a Convention of the Working Classes should be summoned, and a National Petition be obtained, and that a National Rent should be collected to defray the necessary expenses. On the 17th of the following September, another meeting in the Palace Yard, Westminster, the High Bailiff in the chair, solemnly adopted the People's Charter and National Petition and recommended meetings throughout the country to appoint the delegates "to watch over the Charter and Petition when presented to Parliament." At this meeting one of the resolutions was moved by Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn-Law Rhymer."

The delegates so appointed met, on February the 4th, at the British Coffee House, as the *General Convention of the Working Classes.* The Convention, 55 members, was elected by show of hands of, it was said, three millions of persons: "450,000 had been assembled for the election on Kersal-Moor, 200,000 at Peep-Green, 250,000 at Birmingham, 200,000 at Glasgow, etc." Enthusiasm ran high; money was subscribed; meetings were multiplied; the Convention sent out its members as missionaries through the country; Chartist Associations sprang up in the manufacturing districts, and elsewhere. On the 13th of May, the Convention, having deposited the petition of 1,280,000 persons with Mr. Attwood, transferred their sittings, for the consideration of "ulterior measures," to Birmingham; and then dispersed to hold simultaneous meetings throughout the country. The Petition was presented to the "Commons" on the 14th of June, and on the 12th of July 235 members, against 46, refused to consider its prayer. Meanwhile the Whig

Ministers had not been forgetful of their old tactics, the foolish conduct of some members of the Convention playing into their hands. Threats of what the people could do were lightly used; whereupon some sections of them began to arm and train themselves; ill-founded reports of the war-like determination of the masses were given in to and published by the Convention; which moreover had neither fore-looking purpose, nor unanimity, nor capacity for guidance. Arrests were made, for training and drilling; arrests of members of the Convention for "seditious" speaking. The Calthorpe Street policy was renewed, and a band of London Police, ordered down to Birmingham, while the Convention was sitting there, attacked the people peaceably meeting in the Bull-Ring. Lovett, the secretary of the Convention, was arrested for signing an address justifying the resistance of the people. And when the Convention met again in London with very reduced numbers, on the 10th of July, it was but to see their Petition mocked at; to decide, on the 16th of July, upon a "sacred month" — an abstinence from all work for that period, to begin on the 12th of August throughout the country, for the overthrow of the Government; and to substitute, on the 5th of August, one day's holiday for the impracticable month, and to appeal to the unpolitical Trades, to help a manifestation then. On the 14th of September the Convention dissolved, having utterly failed in everything, except the Petition.

The baseless reports of Chartist power and determination still continued, over-living even the deplorable contradiction furnished by Frost's abortive attempt on Newport, on the 4th of November: an attempt induced by a too-ready credence to bragging exaggerations of others. On the 26th of December a second Convention met in

London, with the object of saving Frost and his fellow-victims. But the game was up. All that remained was the popularity of the ever-active O'Connor and of his *Northern Star*: both of which should have been turned to account.

Lovett, having come out of prison, founded in 1842 the "National Association," to re-commence a general organization. He was joined by most of those who had been most active in the Working Men's Association; and violently opposed by O'Connor and his party, — a party which had been helped by the *Star* to keep up the agitation since 1839, but which had changed Chartism to O'Connorism and almost lost sight of the suffrage while looking for allotments of unprofitable land. But Lovett was impracticable; and his new association, after obtaining a few hundred members, dwindled into a debating club, and their hall became a dancing academy, let occasionally for unobjectionable public meetings. Lukewarmness among the more sensible of the working men, and aimless violence, not without good intention, among the O'Connorites, just kept alive the name of Chartism till the proclamation of the French Republic, in February 1848, awoke old hopes in England.

Then again some efforts were made to resuscitate the movement. Another National Convention met in London, under the auspices of O'Connor, to superintend another Petition. Almost every fault of the first Convention was repeated. Blustering talk led to foolish riots. The Petition with "5,700,000 signatures," afterwards reduced to 2,000,000, including fictitious, was presented on the 10th of April; and on the 17th the Convention dissolved to meet again on the 1st of May, as a "National Assembly," to carry the Charter. But all was now

confusion. Even the elections (by show of hands) without principle or method: 3000 men electing three members for London, 100,000 at Halifax electing one. The Assembly simply exhibited its incapacity, and merged into the "National Charter Association," which pursued the same course: gathering tumultous crowds of purposeless men, doing little to teach, and nothing to organize, unable even to command regular subscriptions, and mustering throughout the country only some 5000 paying members after the ten years' turmoil. Those of the Chartists still anxious in 1848, to make some attempt at organization found themselves joined by but a few hundreds, by them feebly, and for a little while. Men no longer rallied around the Chartist banner: some few only when it was dragged in the dirt. Chartism went down in the whirlpool of its own folly.

So much of the history of Chartism I wrote in 1851,* not sparing censure, having to warn the people against a repetition of their folly: for in that hour a few were looking beyond the twilight dimness of a parliamentary reform for the day-star of the Republic. Nevertheless,

* *English Republic*, Vol. 1, Art. *Chartism*. In the same article I wrote — From first to last Chartism never had a real intention, that is a clear resolve *to act*; and consequently never made even an endeavour at such an organization as would be necessary for successful action. There was in the National Union of the Working Classes, and elsewhere, ordering for mutual instruction; there were not unfrequent efforts to broadcast political knowledge among the masses; there were well-tried arrangements for getting together so many thousand throats to bawl — "The Charter! and no surrender!" but there never was any serious endeavour to create and weld together a popular power with a determined object, determined means for obtaining it, and determination to act accordingly at whatever risk. The elements of success were left out of view. Nothing else.

History, giving the meaning of Chartism, will say — It was the outcry of a long-felt want [in 1819 Cartwright's petition had a million signers], *a people's protest*. Nothing more or less than that.

when you have consented to the verdict, be not content to note the emptiness of that Chartist hubbub, but take notice also that such outspokenness, albeit over-loud for gentility or discreeter ears, however vainly Jericho-like, was a true and honest and manly utterance, healthier by far than aimless grumbling or the secret conspiracies by Castlereagh's provocation-and-spy system laid grub-like in the hearts of justly discontented Englishmen. Chartism had at least a manlier fibre. Also, underneath and beside all the blatancy were wiser thoughts at work, not able indeed to lead that horn-mad mob in triumph, but even in defeat preparing for future conquest. The better temper of the oppressed, better for all the bellowing, was due to Watson and Hetherington, and their friends, and when the trumpet-braying gave out, some memories of principles taught by them remained. It must also be acknowledged that, although the Charter is not yet law, the very noise scared those in high places, the unhanged Hamans; and poor had been the likelihood of the many changes and many and great improvements in England, in the action of its still usurping legislature and in the condition of its yet unenfranchised people, but for the stirring and striving, so liberally criticized and so satisfactorily condemned, of those insatiable wild beasts, as comfortable reformers suffered them to be called, who only asked for their own rights (for rights not doubted by the men who refused them), who neither harmed nor wished harm to any, and whose worst follies were their being from over-tameness themselves so easily dismayed and sometimes a blind rush, haply incited for their own political ends by the party that drove back and scourged them. To my lords Melbourne, Grey, and Russell, to such well-placed patriots as Brougham, to Burdett and

Hume and O'Connell, be awarded the juster condemnation of History, — for that, having betrayed the people, they stung them designedly to madness, for the sake of their own iniquities frustrating the hopes their own promises had evoked. No fouler blot smirches our English record than the conduct of the Great Whig Party from 1830 to 1850: their treachery toward Freedom culminating in the acceptance of the Napoleon-Infamy. On the tomb of the Whigs one word is epitaph: the name of a trickster: PALMERSTON. And unless the Miltonic day must be excepted, the glorious hours of Eliot, Cromwell and Vane, no worthier cause has occupied the heart of England in any time than that so unsuccessful struggle for a "man-like place," the real and avowed object of the framers of the PEOPLE'S CHARTER.

I am losing sight of Watson, as he, and Hetherington too, was lost sight of in the whirl of the O'Connor madness. The demagogues led the multitude by the ears, while the tyrants looked on, grinning at the confusion, nor failed to stir the witch-broth when it seemed to cool. The old plan of inciting in order to betray, rife in those horrible days of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, and not forgotten during the battle of the Unstamped, [sturdy old Cobbett made the House of Commons see it when their own Committee of Inquiry gazed through parliamentary spectacles in vain], was not left out of the tactics of our Whigs succeeding to Tory place and practice, although lack of practice caused their sometimes untoward blundering: blunders of less consequence when every man to cook "his own goose" and "the land to be bought up at £40 for an acre" were the cries of the popular wool gatherers; and the fleeces followed.

When O'Connor first and afterwards Ernest Jones led

their followers into that wilderness of land-schemes, and the mill-owners, Cobden, Bright, & Co., sought to bribe the ill-fed masses with repeal of the tax on bread (free trade was what they talked about — intending nothing of the sort), wanting cheap bread — the cheapest possible, that "our mills" might be run at less cost and poor-rates reduced to a minimum — [I except those nearer angelic or poetic "free-traders" ignorant of policies and earthly realities, who were persuaded philanthropically to abet any belly-filling schemes, good for at least an afternoon] — Hetherington and Watson stood aside: not denying, but even as strenuously affirming the usurpation of the People's Land, nor heedless of the agony of the hungry poor; but resolute in their wise perception and determination that before all things it is necessary for a man to be a man, so recognized by the Law and by the custom of Society; after which he may be strong enough to vindicate other rights. Never before: though the aforesaid poets and good-meaning angels sit in Parliament cheek by jowl with the wealthiest free traders and are regularly allowed to speak, and to vote — in the minority.

Feargus O'Connor and his minions [I believe in the honest intentions of O'Connor, I think a truer man than O'Connell, though of the same not-small-potato breed] never faced the real Chartists — Hetherington, Watson, Lovett; while in Finsbury, the most radical of metropolitan boroughs, where Moore and Watson lived, represented by surgeon Wakley, stalwart editor of the *Lancet*, and Thomas Slingsby Duncombe,* the Corn-law League

* The pluckiest on the Opposition bench: an aristocrat by nature as well as circumstance, yet ever on the people's side, as fearless as Roebuck and more popular, as Roebuck sided with the Whigs in their poor-law policy: a man to be honoured if only for his chivalrous conduct in the exposure

dared not call a public meeting. Not that an opposing hand would have been raised in favour of the bread-tax, but that as from one voice they would have heard the rebuke of their more selfish policy — Give us our place of manhood, and that with other injustices shall cease; but manhood even before bread!

In the last attempt to inspire the Chartist body with a reasonable soul Watson stood first. One of the callers, and chairman, of the first meeting for congratulation of the French Republicans on their triumph, in February, '48, he sought at once to reinvigorate Chartism, toward a republican party in England.* But the effort was too late. Habits of occasional enthusiasm and evaporation in blustering talk unfit the best-intentioned for sacrifice or work, and the earnest man had poor following. Five men such as Watson had been powerless for the revival of Chartism, self-slain.

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of the infamous meddling with the Exiles' letters (Mazzini's and others') in 1844, in the English Post-Office, when the Bandieras were betrayed to Austria, and Sir James Graham as whipping-boy for Lord Aberdeen got more than his share of the well-merited but insufficient punishment that followed that most rascaly un-English proceeding. My own and Lovett's letters to Mazzini were among those opened. He and Watson were of the few public-spirited enough to characterize the conduct of the Government as it deserved. In the Commons' debate Shiel, Macaulay, and Wakley stood with Duncombe; but the Liberal Party "would not embarass" the Ministers. Even Milner Gibson excused himself from speaking: his head "too full of Muscovado sugar." And the Free-Traders, (some excepted, men such as W. J. Fox, Bridges Adams, old Francis Place, P. A. Taylor, and W. E. Hickson, editor of the *Westminster Review*), were of course regardless of English honour.

* At our first meeting he was unanimously chosen president; but he gave way to Thomas Cooper (author of the *Purgatory of Suicides*), then just from prison, whose name he thought might be more useful.

I first became acquainted with Watson in, I think, 1835. I had been brought up more piously than the Church of England usually requires; but the liberal tendencies of my brother-in-law, Thomas Wade, the poet (then editor of *Bell's New Weekly Messenger*, a semi-radical London newspaper), some reading of Voltaire and Shelley, and the stirring words of Lamennais in his famous Scripture anathematized by the Pope*— the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, had brought me in contact with the religious and social and political problems of the time. More especially I was indebted, through occasional attendance at his lectures, to William Johnson Fox, the sometime Unitarian minister, the most eloquent orator of his day, the virtual founder of that new school of English radicalism, which looked beyond the established traditions of the French Revolution, and, more poetical, escaped the narrowness of Utilitarianism: a man wiser than his compeers, who but for lack of boldness (perhaps accounted for by his physique) had been the royal leader of the English democracy. So prepared I was ready for active sympathy with the cause of the people, then finding expression in the cry for political enfranchisement. Almost every day I passed a certain book-shop, a few doors from Bunhill Fields [the Dissenters' burial-ground: John Bunyan lay there,— but there was a talk lately of building over it]; and often I stopped to buy one of Roebuck's *Pamphlets*

* "We damn for ever this book of small size but huge depravity."
Pope Gregory XVI.

or Gilbert A'Becket's *Figaro in London* (the forerunner of *Punch*), Volney's *Ruins of Empires*, the *Lectures on History*, or such-like: sometimes remaining to talk with the shopkeeper, a thin, haggard, thoughtful man, with a grave yet gentle manner, who appeared more interested than tradesmen usually are in the worth of what he sold. This was Watson, recently from prison, and still suffering the effects of his imprisonment.

In 1838 I was projecting what I hoped might become a sort of cheap library for the people: to consist mainly of selected extracts from such prohibited works as were beyond the purchasing-reach or time for study of working men; and I had grown into so much confidence in Watson that I went to him to publish for me. He laid before me the difficulties in my way, the cost of money and of obloquy; then, finding me still resolute, offered to me (a nameless stranger) his books and his services. At the end of six months, a volume of weekly numbers completed, my means nearly used up, I reckoned with him. The account rendered, I noticed that there was no charge for folding or stitching — some two thousand a week — say fifty thousand sheets in all. He had been "sure that the book could not pay," and he and his wife had folded and stitched every copy, to save me so much of expense.

So began our friendship,— a friendship for which, as for other such, I paid with the loss of early friends and home affections: for in those days (not fifty years ago) Deists were certainly Atheists; Unitarians were not allowed to call themselves Christians; and a good church man of the established persuasion would disown his son and the mother pass him in the street, unspoken to, for no better reason than that he refused to join publicly in

their communion,— not from preference for any vicious pleasures (which would have been forgiven), but only because of consciencious scruples, inoffensively avowed, which rendered him liable to the name of Infidel. The man so treated was my friend. I speak of what I know. For Unitarians, they lived, married, and traded, among themselves : a proscribed class, though the worthiest of England's sons and daughters, and the foremost English thinkers, were of that sect. The friendship of one such as Watson was cheaply bought at the price.

For years after, working in the same cause, our course of public action one, our trust in each other unlimited, I familiar in his home and he always welcomed in mine, we moved together in every endeavour of the time : his earlier friend Hetherington not closer to him, I believe, than I was. So I learned to know him thoroughly. If I speak here of myself, it is to warrant my speaking of him ; and I have a right to the honour his comradeship bestows upon me.

When Frost and his fellow rebels, Zephaniah Williams and Jones, were condemned to death as leaders in that mad outbreak at Newport brought about by the foolish bluster of O'Connor, it was in the little sitting-room behind Watson's shop that we copied out the petition for a reprieve, the subscriptions to which, in not many hours, became so numerous that the Government was fain, for all reluctance, to send a stay of the death-sentence (the punishment was afterwards commuted to transportation for life) to Hetherington's more prominent place of business, in the Strand, to be there exhibited in order to allay the popular excitement.

Later, in 1840 or '41, when the Government visited its political opponents, the working-class, with indictments

for blasphemy, (the pretext a mere sale, amongst other publications, of an intemperate book, Haslam's *Letters to the Clergy*, so pushed into notoriety), and Heywood, one of the prosecuted, advised retaliation upon Government partisans, that goose and gander might be served with the same sauce, it was Watson, with Hetherington, who took up the case in London, by indicting four metropolitan booksellers of unimpeachable respectability for the same offence of blasphemy, — inasmuch as they had published or exposed for sale the "blasphemous and seditious" works of one Percy Bysshe Shelley, containing notably his *Queen Mab*, for which already, indeed many years before, William Clark (if I mistake not the name) had incurred the vengeance of offended Law. We knew of course that the book would but sell the more for prosecution; we had no desire that it should be otherwise: but if social disgrace from a conviction for "blasphemy" was to be used as a weapon against us, it seemed politic that, boomerang-like, it should return on its employers. Conviction was sure: Law, like Physic, always obedient to Precedent. Our purpose was to prevent the trial of Hetherington,* or to affect his sentence, if condemned. The first object was defeated: the indicted parties getting their trials removed from the Old-Bailey sessions to the higher Court of Queen's Bench, and delaying them by buying off our indispensable witness to the purchase of the books, a compositor in Hetherington's employ, a former apprentice of his. And here occurred two incidents which may give some insight into the character of these men, stigmatized as seditious and as stirrers up of

* Cleave also had been indicted, but the indictment was withdrawn on his promise to sell no more. The others were not men to compromise.

strife, etc., as of old, it is said, were certain other men, not altogether unlike these, in Athens and Ephesus and elsewhere. Hetherington had determined not to pay a fine. "They might take it out of his bones:" if not so courtly in expression, yet of the same courage as brave Sir John Eliot's answer to Charles I. And this martyr also had his possessions: a shop and books, presses and other printing-material, besides household-stuff. Once before all had been swept off; he would be wiser now. Two or three days before the trial I was with him when he called upon the London agent of an old good friend, Hugh Williams, a Caermarthen lawyer.* Williams had ordered for a sufficient sum to be paid to Hetherington, who passed the same to the hand of one of his shopmen named Powell.† He thereupon bought of Hetherington his whole property, brokers being called in to value all, in order to legalize the sale; and Hetherington, returning his friend's loan, went penniless into Court, to meet the most that could be inflicted. He defended himself‡ with much eloquence and moderation, in spite of a very

* In after days the instigator and undiscovered leader of the one successful uprising in Britain since Cromwell,— the "Rebecca" movement in South Wales: a movement intended by him to be *educational.* His sister, a woman of decided character and, I believe, of republican principles, was the wife of Richard Cobden.

† THOMAS POWELL (so trusted and in that and all other respects most worthy of trust— I need hardly say that he handed back the property to his friend) was a Chartist like the rest of us. He too had had his twelvemonths gaol-lesson, graduating in patriotism. Caught for some unguarded words, which were wrested into illegal contrary meanings, he was punished for being strong enough to hold men back, a man more dangerous than the mere mob-inciter. After the failure of Chartism he busied himself with organizing an emigration party, to South America. That too failed. He died, a few years later, in Trinidad.

‡ The Defence he dedicated to Watson.

bitter and unfairly personal attack of Attorney-General Campbell; was complimented for it by Denman, then Chief-Justice; and sentenced to the lightest punishment upon record — imprisonment for six weeks in a debtors' prison. When he came out we were still looking for his compositor. One day walking together, Hetherington and Watson accidentally met the man; and their moral influence was sufficient to outweigh the bribe which had first tempted him. He came into Court, gave evidence, and Moxon, notwithstanding the eloquent pleading of Talfourd, was found guilty. It remained for the prosecutors to call him up for judgment, which of course was never done, personal animosity or revenge being beside the question; nor was further proceeding taken against the other indicted "blasphemers," Frazer, Richardson, and Saunders of the firm of Saunders and Ottley. We had gained enough. Prosecutions for blasphemy were estopped. I think there has since been only one, with foolish wilfulness provoked, for the sake of a spurious notoriety.

In the matter of these prosecutions, as in all other in which I had occasion to act with him, Watson's conduct commanded general respect; he knew nor undue haste nor wavering, but walked straight toward his aim as one whose will went forth to conquer; his judgment never was at fault. But for his modesty, he had all the qualities of a leader. Yet, ever unobtrusive and unassuming as he was, he led, in virtue of his quiet self-possession, his sterling good sense, his dauntless courage, and that unbounded trust which all his associates placed in him. When the dispute was at its highest between "physical" and "moral," force to the needless disintegration of the Chartist body,— when the old steadily earnest party of

Lovett and Hetherington and Watson was outvoiced by the O'Connorites, and impulsive Hetherington came in for his share of objurgation and abuse, never was there an ill word or disrespectful spoken against Watson. His calm and dignified bearing, his justice toward all men, his well-considered language even when most indignant, lifted him above the reach of calumny or the intemperance of anger, however unsparing the severity of his rebuke — never unfairly personal — when severity became a public duty. Strongly, sternly opposed to the empty braggart speech and conduct in which our hopes of universal suffrage were wrecked, when active patriotism at last meaned only a mad mob howling to the praise and glory of Feargus O'Connor and Ernest Jones (but demagogues however well-desiring) and G. W. M. Reynolds, the tin kettle at the mad mob's tail,— I think there was not one of his opponents who would have done him any harm, who did not honour him even when most hostile. And his friends, beyond the closer circle of his fellow-workers :— his friends were Mazzini, and Mazzini's old comrade and dearest of all friends, the more than noble Pole, Stanislaus Worcell, by birth a noble, yet nobler in exile-martyrdom ; and William Bridges Adams, rail-way engineer, a man as magnificently disinterested as James Watson himself ; and Francis Sibson, physician, brother of the artist ;. and the present Member for Newcastle on Tyne, Joseph Cowen ; and —— Surely these witnesses to character are sufficient : else I could cite many more, dead and living, lovers and admirers of his worth.

Some were in strong sympathy with his principles and so perhaps prepossessed in his favour ; others, misliking his surroundings or without care for his mode of action, no less esteemed the man : he had no lack of friendship

beyond the range of his political or religious walk. Nor was he himself so narrow that he could not work except for his special life-purpose: not to the direct hindrance of that. Though he held to the Charter as the one and most urgent need of the time, and refused to accept the Reform Bill as payment of the People's Debt or peddle the People's birthright for any mess of corn-law pottage, he worked zealously for the few honest men in the Whig House of Commons, none more actively for Duncombe and Wakley, by the exertions of him and Moore and of others of the same Chartist faction repeatedly returned to Parliament for the borough of Finsbury. Mazzini's "People's International League"* had his prompt adhesion, his constant attention, and his ready subscription to the full reach of his scanty means. Of foreign affairs he cared to be informed; and the exiles, Italian, Polish, and French, found in him an unfalteringly loyal friend. His sympathies, as his principles, were sure, both firmly based; and wide. He was great-hearted, and fearless. Despising bluster, and disliking force, if force might be avoided,— a peaceable man, but not for peace at whatever price,— he could not keep silence when the men of Bradford were insurgent, but while the politic hesitated boldly defended their right to judge for themselves how

* Formed in 1847, at the instigation and with the help of Mazzini, in order "To enlighten the British Public as to the political condition and relations of Foreign Countries; to disseminate the principles of National Freedom and Progress; to embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every People to Self-government and the maintenance of their own Nationality; and to promote a good understanding between the Peoples of all Countries." On the list of Council stood the names of W. B. Adams, Dr. Bowring, W. J. Fox, Goodwyn Barmby, Douglas Jerrold, T. S. Duncombe, P. A. Taylor, P. A. Taylor junior, beside others: the last-named, both father and son, with Moore and Watson, of the Council also, the most active of its members.

soon the time of patience was over and the occasion for resistance come. He was, as I have already said, one of the conveners of the first public meeting in England to congratulate the French on their Revolution of 1848; he was on the Committee to help the latest Polish insurrection, in 1863—4. Latest, not last.

His own account has told us, only too briefly, of the Fast-day in 1832 : when, the country being afflicted with cholera, an enlightened Government on the prescription of a certain Saint Percival, not a doctor of medicine, ordered its removal (the removal of the cholera) by exhibition of one day's general fast and solemn performance of prayer to Almighty God. Performance, going through a form, says Ruskin. Orthodox salt-cod-and-egg-sauce in respectable society — I need not pause to enumerate the necessary accompanying wines, condiments, etc., — seeming to the radical and perhaps impious Association of working-men no specific for an evil starvation-helped (with fifteen hundred persons in one London poorhouse — eight and ten to a bed, "from the putrid and noxious atmosphere dying off like rotten sheep,"), these radical and so impracticable working-men refused obedience to the ministerial edict ; and forbidden to work on the law-appointed holiday, nor allowed (under old ecclesiastical law revived for the occasion) to hold a public meeting, thought therefore to protest in such manner as was left to them,— to show by a quiet procession how many disapproved of Percivalism — State-humbug, and after the walk to provide a dinner for the poorer members of the Association. But the police obstructed and dispersed them ; and afterwards arrested the prime movers of the procession, Watson, Lovett, and Benbow, and had them brought to trial at the next sessions for intention to riot

and breach of the peace. Of course no one supposed it was so. The object of the prosecution was to damage the National Union through its leaders. Twelve men, from the people, not specially selected, are not often on the side of any tyranny in England. These, as the jury in the Calthorpe Street affair, and later in the matter of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, gave their deliberate verdict for the public liberties: a verdict of *Not Guilty*, after a spirited speech from each of the accused, Watson's very manly and straightforward, principally in vindication of the public right, at the same time insisting on their own peaceful conduct.

One of many witnesses voluntarily appearing to prove the peaceable, orderly behaviour of the procession was a member of the Common Council of London, Richard Taylor, a master-printer, a man of liberal views but not active in politics, highly esteemed in the City, of some note for editing Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*.

On a later occasion for protesting (in 1846, I think), another Fast-day, this time for relief of Irish famine, we had our public meeting, Watson in the chair, and from among the audience rose old Richard Taylor, to remind his friend the chairman of that former day, to congratulate him on the greater freedom we had gained, ending his unexpected speech with warm praise of him for his persistent endeavouring and for the blameless character he had maintained throughout his course.

Persistence in all that he considered right and careful avoidance of any just cause for blame were indeed characteristics of the man.

Let us look back to the prison history! In September, 1822, Watson came up to London, and spent Christmas with Carlile in jail, as foretaste of the course of instruction preparing for him in that Liberal University. Six weeks of real imprisonment before trial in the beginning of the next year, and then he remains for the full term of twelve months. Time for mature consideration out of which to shape his future life. That twelve months imprisonment was not lost upon him.

Of that year in Cold-Bath-Fields prison I have some record in his own words. He was not ill-treated by his keepers; he had a room to himself; his friends were allowed to visit him at certain times; even the Governor would drop in upon him for a talk; he read much, and made notes of what he read; used his "opportunity for study and investigation;" kept also some sort of diary, I fancy even more monotonous than diaries usually are. Here, however, are two entries that will interest us.

April 21, 1824—

"This day the Governor visited me. I had some of my lumber removed from the prison, as a prelude to self removal, and am not sorrowful for the circumstance. I wrote letters to friends Byerley and Driver of Leeds and received a letter from Mr. Carlile. The weather warm and calm."

April 22—

"This day I had all my chattels removed from the prison, except my box. Had a long walk with Mrs. Wright

[the wife of a Leeds bookseller ; in prison for the same offence as Watson, for selling in Carlile's shop] ; drank a couple of glasses of rum-punch with my fellow-prisoners, Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Lord [no political sinners, one for smuggling tobacco] ; the Governor [evidently impressed in his favour] congratulated me on the near termination of my imprisonment. The weather fine and warm."

Fine warm Spring weather : who does not understand the freed prisoner's gladness, and the joy of that home visit to the good, anxious mother, "to convince her that imprisonment had not made him a worse son." A good son surely, as sure to be a worthy citizen ! Now back to London for a livelihood, in order to fulfil the duties of a citizen. But already he is a marked man : who will employ one of Carlile's shopmen ? Let him seek work and not find and, wanting bread, learn the worst misery of the proscribed ! He is young. Fortunately Carlile still needs him, will have him to conduct his business.

Perhaps this position as manager, and afterwards his employment as compositor on the *Republican*, saved him from another imprisonment : the governmental raid was upon those who *sold* the publications. Then came that kindly fever which took him to the care of good Julian Hibbert, procuring for him his noble friendship, finding him work until the Spring of 1828.

He was not abandoning the cause for which he had at first adventured. The man was unchangeable. Though somewhile brought up under the shadow of a shovel-hat, he had with him his mother : a woman who would read Cobbett's "*Gridiron*" even in a parsonage. And his first experience of punishment only set him more resolutely on the way he had traced out for himself, for the public

good. He came to London, an unknown man, in 1822. In 1828 we find him acting as store-keeper of the "First London Co-operative Trading Association," in Red-Lion Square, Holborn: in the formation of which association and others similar * he had been an active helper.

In the following year he took the management of another store, in Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell. In '30 he rented a house, in Windmill Street, letting the upper part, and retaining for his own uses only two rooms on the ground-floor. The front room was his shop, with a deal table for counter, on which to place his papers and books: no trashy "light" literature among them. The back room was his home: an old sofa did duty for bed; he was his own servant for all work, preparing his own spare meals, waiting upon himself. And here he began to print for his own publications, when customers were not, or working before and after the hours of business. Lowell's words on Garrison may be applied to him:—

"In a small chamber, friendless, and unseen,
Toil'd o'er his types one poor, unlearn'd young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

"Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types were set;
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press."

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* The fore-runners of the more successful co-operative stores of to-day. The first of these associations was, I believe, started at Brighton, in 1828; and numerous others soon followed throughout the country: the first necessary funds raised by weekly contributions of all the members. They failed, after many trials, perhaps from many causes: one sufficient, that there was then no legal security for such associations,— association for any purpose whatever discountenanced by the ruling powers.

After a while he so far enlarged his domain as to make room for a housekeeper, his niece, his sister's daughter, afterwards the wife of his friend Richard Moore.

The Fast-day prosecution was in 1832, when the jury stood between him and a second imprisonment: counting preliminary six weeks in 1823 as nothing. In '33 he was with his friend and fellow-offender Hetherington in Clerkenwell prison: six months each for the *Poor Man's Guardian*. This, what we call his second prison-service, had such aggravation of punishment as is disclosed by his Petition to the "Commons;" the deprivation of that which is most cared for by decent men: some privacy, some mental solace and respectable society. Subjected to the companionship of the vilest and most brutal criminals, a compelled listener to "the most horrid swearing and the grossest licentiousness;" refused even occasional withdrawal to the retirement of a solitary cell — [a separate sleeping-cell, which had not been obtained without urgent solicitation. If I mistake not, both he and Hetherington had at the first to sleep in the general ward.]: and this suffering, this moral torture, dread of vermin and disease superadded, was inflicted on them illegally, under the summary jurisdiction of police-magistrates, for selling a paper which afterwards, upon trial before a Jury, was declared to be a publication strictly according to Law.

That six months passed; and he was not crushed, nor converted. Only with Hibbert's legacy he began to enlarge his publishing operations, and continued active as ever in political and co-operative movements.

In 1834 he moved to 18, Commercial-place, City-road — still Finsbury: being one of the lessees and manager of the Hall of Science, a hall near by, used for popular

meetings; having care of that as well as his own trade. Here, having now thirty-five years of age, he on the 3d of June brought home a Wife, the daughter of his old (somewhile deceased) friend Robert Byerley.

Now surely he will give up a single man's enthusiasm, and provide first hereafter for the interests of his family and home. He is of more heroic mould. Duty to him is (not independent of, but) higher than wife or home. And his wife is one with him: would not seduce him to play the craven. She has married him to be his helper, not his hinderer. On the 3d of June he is married; a week later he goes with his wife, to see his old bed-rid mother, eighty-two years of age, and before the end of the month is again summoned as an offender to the police-court. On the 7th of August he again enters his prison, for six months more, leaving the newly-wedded wife to manage his business during his absence. I give in her own words what here follows.

"We were married on the 3d of June, 1834. On the 25th he was sentenced (in his absence) for selling the *Conservative*, one of Hetherington's unstamped papers. He left home; stayed a day or two with Hetherington; wrote me directions about the business, of which I then knew nothing; and then went to Jersey, to the house of his first London friend, Thomas Hooper.* He returned in August, and was with me for a few days. On the 7th of August two Bow-street officers arrested him: he was going along the City-road [on some election business]. They let him return a moment, to bid me farewell: and then took him to Clerkenwell Prison. I went every day

* A right worthy friend! Of whom Mrs. Watson adds, writing to me since her husband's death, — "A true, kind friend to me now; proud of their fifty years friendship."

but two (Sundays excepted) all the six months. It was a bitter winter; but we never met under a roof, only in the open yard, with no seat. They let me take him food and sheets for his loose straw bed, which was on a shelf, in a bare stone cell;— no fire;— no glass, but only bars to the windows. Some books I took him (Lawrence's *Lectures on Physiology*, Morgan's *Philosophy of Morals*,) they would not allow him to have."

In his prison he writes to cheer the young wife: one day, perhaps, when she can not come: a letter that may give some glimpses of the man's nature.

"New Prison, Clerkenwell: September 12, 1834.
"My dearest Ellen! I read and re-read your note. . Do not suppose that my imprisonment gives me pain: it is not that; it is the separation from you. . Never mind! I am now recovering, and your love and attachment will more than repay all I have endured. I have no wish beyond that of making you happy and endeavouring as far as possible to make the world, or rather its inhabitants, more comfortable. I want neither wealth nor greatness. Your confidence and the means honestly to pay my way are the bounds of my ambition. I care not how much I have to work, nor for the quality or the quantity of the food I eat, so long as I can keep clear of dependence upon others. Surely we can do this. .

"I am fond of home, of privacy, of books, of a select society of friends. . . . . .

"Do not let my staidness disconcert you or make you think I am unhappy. Remember, my dear Ellen! what a school of adversity I have been trained in, the obstacles I have had to encounter, the struggles I have had to make; to which add that my studies, by choice — I admit, have been of a painful kind. The study of the

cause and remedy for human woe has engrossed all my thoughts. . . . . .

"No one has stronger attachments when once formed, . . my Mother is to me an everlasting affection. She deserves it too: yet I never could pen those empty and heartless words that some can."

Truly a man not given to express his feelings in many words. A man of the puritan, or quaker stamp: silent and reserved save when occasion called him out. Then he was a ready and impressive speaker, if not eloquent. But if his tenderest heart-thoughts had not words, they had the richer growth of deeds. His loving kindnesses toward his mother and sister,* toward all his relations, and his wife's also, so far as his means enabled were generously manifested.— I turn back to his letters. Here is his prison life:—

"I bear my position cheerfully. See how I pass my time. I rise between eight and nine; wash and shave; breakfast, wash up my cup and saucer; walk for a time; sit down; read some instructive or amusing book; then pass a delightful hour with you; walk again; dine, and read; walk again; tea; walk a short time. Locked up in my dormitory, five feet wide by seven feet long, make my straw bed; sit down and read or write [There was no fire in his cell, those winter nights.] until eleven or

* Fifteen years older than himself. "A gentle, loving creature, very proud of her brother:" says the wife, writing to me lately.

By her work as a dress-maker she helped her mother to support him during his childhood. She afterwards married a carpenter, on whose earnings of fifteen shillings a week, supplemented by her own, she had to bring up, and brought up well, a large family. In those expressive words of Ebenezer Elliott, a many-childed, bone-weary woman; a quiet quaker-like gentlewoman, as I remember her, of nice manners, worthy of any position, of any companionship or surroundings.

twelve o'clock; then think of you as I lay down for the night. Thus I pass my time. Were you with me, what would signify bolts, bars, or locks? Take care of yourself! You are to me everything."

From other letters — as manly, as affectionate, as uncomplaining, bearing witness to the bravery and gentleheartedness of the man as well as to the worth and fortitude of the wife, I could but will not quote. So much given may be sufficient, from letters not meaned for any eyes but those of the loved and loving.

Now again be repeated those Words of a Believer:— *When you see a man led to prison, or punishment, say not in your haste — This is some wicked man who has committed a crime against his fellows!*
For peradventure it is a good man ——

Nay! not per adventure: through any chance or happening. This *surely is* the good man who has striven to serve his fellows, and so is punished by the oppressors.

Well, having fulfilled this third term, six months for illegal selling of the *Conservative*, he came out of prison on the twenty-first of January, 1835. Be it noted that the *Guardian*, between which and the *Conservative* there was scarcely a technical difference, had been declared a strictly legal publication in June of the preceding year. But both papers were Hetherington's, and by aid of the technicality the authorities had their way. After this Watson was unmolested. Indeed by Hetherington and him and their five or six hundred assistants the Government had been defeated.

My story has been of public life and acts, with only such glimpses of the man himself as could not but appear in that relation. What presentment have I given of him? Chiefly of a stern, uncompromising antagonist, a stiffly upright stirrer of strife, hard, obstinate, and rebellious? His enemies might have seen him in this light: his only enemies the wrong-doers against whom he stood. And my readers, some perchance, may not have seen further. A plain working-man, habited, even as he was fed and lodged, no better than an ordinary mechanic, who held mere finery in contempt, who would have no luxuries of any kind, who had been ashamed of the appearance of costliness or indulgence while men hungered within his reach; a rigid puritan, whose eyes were sad, whose aspect was severe, who had nor quips nor cranks for your amusement:— Does this describe him? His photograph without name beneath it would pass for portrait of one of Cromwell's Ironsides. I know no modern face with more of that seventeenth-century religiously earnest character. But look at it again! Those sad eyes under the bent brows are full of womanly tenderness. A smile of kindliest benevolence, ay! and a sense of humour too, lurks around the firm-set lips. This man, who had not shrunk from any martyrdom,— I have seen him fling his hat over his head and leap up as he had in his boyhood, according to an old country superstition, when he heard the cuckoo for the first time in Spring. This man, the firm voice of whose severity rebuked throned Injustice,

drew the little children to his knees by the undoubted gentleness of his inviting glance. If he had not much fun, no word a girl should not have heard was ever on his tongue; his manner, though grave, was cheerful; if self-possessed and strict, he was yet companionable; patient with opposition; never querulous; considerate for others in all respects; stoutly set upon his own way, but tolerant of those who went differently; not harsh, albeit hard against tyranny and vice. Vice of himself he knew not. If ever there was a virtuous man, it was he. His moral conduct was irreproachable. The white marble statue, which his life deserved, was not more pure, more free from flaw or stain. And let it be remarked that his youth was in the days of George, Prince-regent, (the sty time of England) when even the "goddess" Liberty, so lately come from France, had something of the harlot in her nature; when men in their extreme reaction against repression forgot the righteousness of self-restraint, and freedom for the sake of Order, the freedom of the stars in their appointed courses, seemed almost hypocrisy or was dreaded to be a new phase of the old Unequal Law. The wandering, the excesses, the licenciousness of even noble men of that day would have more excuse if their judges (of this present generation) could realize their surroundings, and recall the intoxication of that time of renewed youth to Western Europe, in which the double chain of monarchy and priestcraft was riven by France, — though soldered since, no more to be reforged. Days of the Saturnalia of freed slaves! The chains but now knocked off, the walk is not that of sober freemen. To return to one for whom excuse was never needed.

Severe and self-denying as Watson was, he was warm of heart, and generous to the full extent of his means.

Devoting all his gains to further public services, he had little respite from his work. His one holiday, for sake of health, was an occasional day or, when it could be so managed, some days in the country (for which he born and bred there naturally yearned), and long rambles in the fresh air with some friend. Many an hour have we spent together under the trees of Woodford forest, within one day's easy reach of London; and no artist companion I ever had more thoroughly enjoyed the scenery and the mountain-climbs in our beautiful Lake Country than did Watson when, after a severe sickness, he came to recruit with me then living at Brantwood (the home now of Ruskin), by Coniston-Water. Seriously then we talked of his coming, whenever he could withdraw from business, to live with me and help in my republican propagandism and the bringing out of my *English Republic*. After circumstances, not the will of either, hindered the fulfilment of our purpose, to my loss.

I have said, the country holidays were his one enjoyment, his one recreation and rest. Not that he had not other tastes; but he spared neither time nor money for his pleasures. But after he gave up publishing he took a lodging for himself and wife in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, at Norwood, so that he might daily wander among its treasures of art and manufacture and hear the music. I go back to earlier times.

Three years, including the prison time, he rented the house in Commercial-place; then for a year he found it more convenient to occupy the lower rooms of the Hall of Science. From there he removed across the street to 15 City-road. In 1843 he had a shop at 5 Paul's Alley, and afterwards at 3 Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, where I find him some eleven years later, the date

of the testimonial. The upper part of the house in the Passage he had however let, retaining only the shop for his own use; and had for some two or three years been living, in easier circumstances but simply as of old, at 17 Thornhill Terrace (127 Hemingford-road), Islington. Here he continued to reside until, I think, 1865 or '66, when he went to Norwood, to be within walking reach of the Crystal Palace. Though out of business he still retained his interest in the old questions of freedom of opinion; and if as years passed by they found him less active than heretofore, the cause lay in the years themselves, the stagnant years that succeeded a period of so great excitement. There was no let or deadening of his patriotic and philanthropic zeal; the man was yet ready if opportunity had invited or occasion called him forth. He aided his friend Moore, throughout the prolonged struggle for an absolutely untaxed Press; * and was, as said before, one of the Committee of sympathizers with unhappy Poland in 1864. His devoted love of Liberty, the Liberty which is the right of growth, knew no abatement; and the old man, nearing the term of three-score and ten years, was young at heart.

The evening of his life was worthy of the morning. Happy in his home with a wife who loved and honoured him; loved and honoured too by many friends; in fair health (though tried in earlier years); with an income (not greater indeed than a day-labourer's) sufficient for

* Some idea may be had of the labour here involved when I state, on Collet's authority, that the Committee of which Moore was chairman [appointed by the People's Charter Union as the "Newspaper (*penny*) Stamp Abolition Committee," afterwards Committee of the Association for repeal of all the taxes on knowledge,] from its formation, in 1849, to the abolition of the duty on paper, in 1861, had to meet 473 times.

his simple needs and all his own earning, his books and leisure, and outside opportunities of enjoyment: he had the well-deserved reward of all his consciencious work, his self-denial and devotedness for the good of others. Day by day there was his walk to the Palace, and hours of quiet pleasure, viewing and examining the marvels of art and science there stored. More than all, there was a never-failing delight in the frequent concerts. Knowing not a note of music, he yet had a liking for the best. He would come home and say—"I am late, but we had a selection from Handel (or from Mozart or Beethoven) on the Grand Organ, and I could not but stay to hear it." Sometimes the wife accompanied him. Often too he would meet old friends,— it might be by accident, it might be they had come with purpose to see and spend some hours with him. But he was no less happy alone. So passed the next five or six years.

A severe sickness of his wife, in 1872, first broke him down. Fear for her, anxiety and exertion, over-taxed his strength. When, returning from America, I last saw him, in 1872–3, he was suffering from intensest melancholy without apparent cause, and failing fast. Winter of 1873–4 he stayed at Blaydon-on-Tyne, at the house of Joseph Cowen, who, and his wife also, esteemed and loved him; and their careful kindness seemed to revive him. Helped further by a journey into Wales with his old friend Hooper, he rallied for a while. It was only for a while. The sadness returned. Still he would go to the Palace: the music cheered him. But the fire of life was flickering out. Some days of wavering memory, one week in bed,— and the weary had found his rest: passing away in his sleep, without a struggle, without a sigh. He died on the twenty-ninth of November 1874,

at Burns Cottage, Hamilton-road, Lower Norwood; and was buried in Norwood Cemetery.—— A plain granite obelisk erected over the grave, through the ready action of an old Chartist comrade, Joseph A. Corfield, marks the spot where sleeps that "noblest work of God"—

AN HONEST MAN.

On the grey granite obelisk is the following inscription:

JAMES WATSON

1874

ERECTED BY A FEW FRIENDS AS A TOKEN OF REGARD
FOR HIS INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER
AND HIS BRAVE EFFORTS TO SECURE
THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH
AND
A FREE AND UNSTAMPED PRESS

And on a square block of polished red granite beneath:

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES WATSON
PUBLISHER
Born Sept. 21, 1799 — died Nov. 29, 1874

Gentle as brave he shunn'd no duteous strife
To help his fellow men opposing wrong.
Scorning reward, he freely spent his life;
And made of all his days a patriot song.

In personal appearance Watson was not remarkable: he would not have been spoken of as handsome, though he was well-made and well-featured, and of goodly stature, —his passport says—"height 5 feet, 8 inches" (I would have said taller), and "light complexion, blue eyes and brown hair;" square-shouldered, and firmly but sparely made, certainly no tendency to corpulence. His head square and well set; his features regular; till late in life close-shaven. In the latter years he let his beard grow. In ordinary talk his manner was generally serious, earnest always, his matter weighty and sincere; the tone of his voice was pleasant, his words were correct and well spoken: sometimes with those nearest to him, or when moved, recurring to the Yorkshire old country form, yet used, the quaker *thou* and *thee*, instead of *you*. On the platform his bearing was simple and dignified, earnest, and impressive, and without gestures; his speech unhesitating but deliberate, well-chosen words clearly enunciated, and sound argument. No oratorical display, but straight-hitting strong good sense delivered direct from the heart. He seemed always, and in private as well as public, to have before him the ideal of what an English workman ought to be [I think of him always as a workman because, though he had a shop, he was in no sense a tradesman — a buyer and seller for gain], not through any priggish assumption born of introspective formality. Too healthy a man to require continual self-probing, he grew, as a tree, in worthiness, though using his human

reason in training and pruning for more certain growth.

Of his political opinions there is little need to speak, after all already told. They may be summed up as of the school of Paine, whose writings have been, and still are, the political Gospel of our English working classes. The more philosophical views of the French revolutionists, whatever additional impulse they have given, were never so well digested by the masses as the plainer common sense of their own countryman. French teachings rather had issue in the thoughts of the more scholarly of English politicians, an indirect rather than a direct influence upon English action.

On his religious meditations I do not care to intrude. Such speculations, so far as they concern only the man himself, it seems to me are no concern of any one else. Had he been questioned, I think he might have replied in the words of Paine — *To do good is my religion ;* and have found sufficient ground for action in these of good old John Woolman — *Whoever rightly advocates the good of some thereby promotes the good of the whole.* I would imagine (I do not recollect to have heard him say) that his faith was much the same as Paine's : a simple belief in some over-ruling Power which leads the harmony of the Universe,— whence he deduced his maxim of duty, toward which he could not but square his life, uncaring for any bribe of "heaven" nor needing to be driven by dread of "hell." I do not know that he troubled himself about particular providences, or essayed to fathom the Infinité, in order to justify the ways of God ; but I do know that he had a clear perception of righteousness and the Higher Law, to which he reverently bowed his life in daily and hourly worship. Of course I am aware that "only this" takes him from the pale of Christianity

and relegates him to the glorious company of "Infidels." Which may not matter much. As he cared not to talk of what thoughtful speculations stirred his soul, I shall not pretend to speak concerning them, but rather leave his religion with this report, indefinite or precise according to the reader's judgment. For myself, I learned his faith sufficiently from his work.

His favourite poem was Bryant's *Thanatopsis:* it may be because expressing his own as calm contemplation of death as rest after a well-spent life. To look for glory or reward was not a necessity for one whose work was reward enough. The last books he read were Forster's Lives of *Sir John Eliot* and *Goldsmith* (Goldsmith but a few days before the end): characteristic of himself,— brave and consciencious as the first, and gentle-hearted as the other.

He was not a man of genius; he did not care to make a name; he had "no ambition for authorship." Yet he deserved the oaken crown. I never before considered whether he had or had not genius. In the presence of his integrity of life it seems a question altogether unrequired. God forbid that I should depreciate genius! Assuredly do I recognize in the flashes of a Byron or a Burns the wondrous lightnings of the Eternal. But in the steady life-splendour of one who never faltered, who never swerved from right, whose careful thought was always obeyed by corresponding deeds, whose word was his bond, whose record is without stain, I perceive — if not the exceptional fire of heaven — the clear common day-light, in which the Highest is revealed to us, as by the pillar of flame, to guide or cheer us on our way.

It has been my rare fortune to have as friends and to be intimate with many noble men: the greatest of this

age — of the ages, Joseph Mazzini,— the Polish martyr, Worcell,— the Russian patriot, Herzen,— the venerable Lamennais,— William Bridges Adams,— Leigh Hunt,— beside artist comrades close and dear, Thomas Sibson, Edward Wehnert, Alfred Stevens, and some yet living: — but of no man's friendship am I more proud than of the forty years friendship of JAMES WATSON.

With what more words shall I conclude? I can find none fitter to my own feeling than those I wrote on first hearing of his death: printed in the New-York *Evening Post*, afterwards in England, in the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

ONCE more the Powers have taken hence
Their own. Why fall our tears?
Who gave resume! O vain defence
Of slowly fading years!

How many noble Englishmen,
Death! hast thou in thy fold:
Their legends writ with firmest pen
On History's tombs of gold.

Yet he, whom thou hast gather'd now,
May rank among thy best,
Though passing with unlaurel'd brow
Unnoticed to his rest.

To-day is come and will depart,—
To-morrow none will say—
From English life our truest heart
So lately pass'd away.

Only an obscure workman he,
Poor, without place or birth:
Yet born to make his country free
By energy of worth.

O peerless Milton! flawless Vane!
We miss you doubly now,—
Your thought in him lived once again;
The same undaunted brow

Was his before the front of Power,
The same unprison'd soul,
The same clear sight beyond the hour
To see the further goal.

The same integrity of life:
He gave it without stint;
And loving peace, yet sought the strife
At Duty's lightest hint.

A man who knew not how to lie—
He knew not how to fear:
Upright in his firm honesty,
And loving as sincere.

A patriot, strict to private due;
Severe, and yet so sweet,
So glad a nature, his smile drew
The children round his feet.

O poorly rear'd, as lowly born!
When thy sad eyes are dim
Before the uplifted hand of Scorn,
Point thou beyond to him.

O Labour's bondslaves, who would claim
The freeman's fitter place!
Write in your hearts this labourer's name
Whose life brought labour grace;

Who made his work a poem grand,
No poet's words more high;
Who dared and suffer'd, to withstand
Thy spoilers, Industry!

Not asking for himself reward
Of praisé or worldly part:
Still giving, from the exhaustless hoard
Of his most royal heart.

Brave as the bravest Ironside,
Yet gentlest of the brave——
O Friend! like thee to have lived and died
Were worth a noteless grave.

Knowing the world's forgetfulness of those who have passed out of sight, I did not when writing those lines expect a monument to be raised to him; nor think until asked by Mrs. Watson of writing this Memoir. Would that it more fully represented my love for him; would that it were worthier of the man!

THE RELIGION OF ORGANIZATION

THE RELIGION OF ORGANIZATION

AN ESSAY READ TO FRIENDS IN BOSTON
Jan. 27, 1869.

Reprinted from the Boston RADICAL.

TO GOVERN WELL IS TO TRAIN UP A NATION
IN TRUE WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

MILTON

THE FORMATION OF A NATION IS A RELIGION.

MAZZINI

RELIGION OF ORGANIZATION

THE SPIRIT OF OUR EARTH has made only two steps on the path of life. History has given but two unfinished chapters: phases of individualism, LIBERTY and EQUALITY.

Human life is educational. Humanity, the whole of humankind, is as one man, whose law of life is growth and whose teacher is experience. Only in this seems difference: the man dies yet ignorant, immature, and his works unaccomplished; Humanity lives to try new problems, in question after question, experience after experience, until the sum of each knowledge shall be complete. The ages of mankind are but as days of a single life: experiences of nations are the world's acts.

History has been grandly called one of God's poems. Be sure as a poem it lacks neither rhythm nor purpose, though to many readers the metre seem but uncouthly fashioned, and to some even of the writers, historians undertaking to transcribe a line or two here and there, the purpose may not be clear. Our world-life indeed

is but an act of God, whose thought informs it, be the historian never so profoundly dull.

Human life, I may repeat, has as yet gone through but two phases of its existence: the primeval struggle for *individual liberty*, the later endeavours for *equality*, still only for sake of the individual: we date our years from the beginning of the second world-chapter. The first is the period of barbarism; the second is the era of Christianity.

The first of earth's savage inhabitants cared only to be free. Their ruling spirit, their God, the ideal they worshiped was Freedom, each for himself; they knew nothing of the younger god, Equality, or Equal Right. Of the Spirit to proceed from them the freëst, nor the wisest, scarcely dreamed.

The first problem set for the world's solving was — *How to establish freedom without regard to equal right.* For there are two sides to every question, two poles to every thing, two extremes, use and abuse of all power. Men seek to propitiate the true divinity with offerings not divine. So Freedom was first sought for the sake only of the seeker, not for its truth. The world must prove all things before it shall hold fast what is good.

The Freedom of the world's first day was anarchy, the anarchical assertion of self: it vindicated only the stronger. When the *man* would be free, it was for his own sake only; when what was called a *nation* strove for freedom, it still denied it to all others. Freedom was *my* God, the genius of an individual; or *our* God, the tutelary deity a of peculiar people: the freëst kept slaves. Medes and Persians overthrew great Babylon

but to found new empire; Persia overcame the Mede only to contend for mastery with the Greek; Greece spurned back the monstrous invasion of Xerxes, to be free to play the lord at home. The free "republics" of Greece were tyrannous oligarchies, corporations of freemen with masses of slaves beneath. Sparta had its helotry and the *crypteia* to keep the helots down; and wisest Athens was not wiser. Rome's race of freemen laboured to enslave the world. God's chosen few, his own peculiar people, bowed also at that same heathen shrine of Self. Jehovah was *our* God, who made the kings of the lands our captives and bound their nobles in fetters of iron. Equal Liberty was at no time a god of ancient worship Could it have been? Outside of Greece all was "barbarian;" outside of narrow Judea all was "heathen;" and the lowest of Roman freemen held not his distinguishing renown for nought.

The religions of that old world were alike, however various their dogmas, however differently manifested. The underlying impulse was the same in all: all were but endeavours (differing according to the genius or the circumstances of the people) toward the solving of the first problem of human progression, self-assertion, freedom for myself, the imperfect anarchical freedom which is the religion of egoism, caste, and antagonistic nationalism. Savage with savage, the strong claiming freedom to enslave the less strong; a warrior class, to rule all else; then priestcraft some time hand in hand with the warrior but climbing to a higher power and, as in India, providing for the perpetuation of slavery by establishment of castes. In the Holy Land of the

Jews again there is caste, the tribe set apart, the class of privilege, the Levitical mandarin. Phœnicia was a slaveholder; Sparta was despotic. Athens taught her sons to swear upon her altar to make their country yet greater and more glorious; but only the citizens were so privileged; the slave and the alien shared neither the greatness nor the glory. One scourged the slave; one massacred the bondmen if become too numerous; one slew the Amalekite; one haled the nations at her horses' heels. The first Brutus could merely transfer authority from king to patrician; Roman story within the walls is a tale of contentions of discontented slaves and their imperious lords; and vainly Spartacus or the Gracchi strove to extend the bounds in which Roman freedom was so haughtily confined. Brutus! thy name stands high among men who have dared for freedom; O Roman Regulus! thy patriotism none may surpass: yet it was *my* freedom, and *my* country, for which you dared and did. *Self* was written on the altar, though it stood in Freedom's temple. So the old world solved the question: *How freedom may be established without care for equality?* It could not be so established: the question had been wrongly put. Freedom is for all.

And yet the God was worshiped in the idol, though whom they so ignorantly and devoutly worshiped had not been declared unto them. There is truth even in the partial problem. Freedom even for oneself alone is so divine. Needs first that we call down the divine into our own souls. Thereafter the spirit which shall have become one with us may go forth to those yet in darkness. Divine indeed was the Spirit of Freedom,

which, burning fervently in the thick lanterns of those untaught souls, lit men's lives from the close darkness of the tomb of self to the beholding, not indeed of the horizoned width of earth, but of the encircling bound of earth's first temple, Country. It was something to step from the narrowness of *me* to the grandeur of *my country*. The chamber of self was enlarged, the prison of freedom widened out. It was the temple instead of the ark. There was room for the imprisoned God, yet still it was but a room, and the Universal Spirit could not be content. However, time was young. The child walks in leading-strings until its thews are strung. So the free walked in the support of an antagonistic and selfish patriotism before he gained strength to journey in uprightness. The fire was for a while shut in that it might grow more intense. By and by it shall illume the world. Then men scarcely thought about a world. What was the world to the Roman? The Sabine and Carthage might be absorbed or conquered. Beyond, there were Hyperborean forests and dim realms of the unknown hidden in the fogs of the surrounding ocean. What could he discern in that bewildering gloom, the very shape and bound an obscure enigma? But before him burned the sacred fire on the altar of patriotism, the glory shone around the brows of her who sat upon the Seven Hills; he bowed him down and worshiped where the light appeared. Glorious Roman selfishness — hardly to be called selfish so motived, indeed rising above self, glorious and devout selfishness of a Brutus, of a Curtius, and of a Regulus! The highest spirit of freedom, whose name is Unbounded Duty, might well

smile on worshipers such as these. The noble army of martyrs for Humanity has no nobler company than of these who served truth though unknown. Their love of country was indeed selfish: even within it was the fatal division of noble and debased. Nevertheless, as the wide-spreading oak is in the acorn, the sublimity of duty had its germ in Roman deed.

And then as ever were men before their time, who, without seeing the error of the system in which they lived, made of their lives an unconscious protest, and a prophecy of a future to which their highest thought perhaps had never soared. For the earliest age has in it some forecasting of the maturest. In one seed-corn how many harvests? It is only for the sake of better understanding that we divide and classify. Hid in the darkness of old Rome might be instincts of Universal Humanity and some hope of a brotherly organization. Still the broad characteristic of antique time was the worship of *uncqual* freedom. Exceptions, such as the following, alter not the meaning of the whole. They are of the protests spoken of but now.

The Fabii were of the liberal party of the patricians. Unable to stem the tide of patrician oppression, or to persuade the Senate to agree to the long-deferred and meaned-to-be-deferred division of public lands among the plebeians whose blood and sweat had earned them, Cæso Fabius, in his third consulship, on his returning from a victorious campaign, came to the senate-house followed by every member of his family. If he might not do justice to the people, as the severity of Roman law held him back from civil war, he would no longer

stay among the unjust. "Send us against the Veians," he said, "and take you care afterwards of yourselves! We promise you to protect the majesty of the Roman name." On the following day the whole family, their households, their clients, passed through the gates of Rome, three hundred and six men, to give away their lives. Within two years not one survived, to beat off new foes, or to show the plebeians that there were of the patricians some to count them as fellow-citizens.

Are not Leonidas' Three Hundred of a like stamp? Freedom for self, or for that larger self, one's country, could find no grander manifestation.

Yet again, that very grandeur, in these exceptional positions, helped to prove the insufficiency of unequal freedom. It needs no surer proving. To that chapter of human capability nothing need be added. On that unequal ground of human greatness none can outgrow the Roman and the Greek. That heroic story of the Maccabees is of the same stature. It avails not. The ancient empires with all their nobleness have perished. All ancient valour could not maintain freedom in one corner of the earth. Freedom could remain only with the whole earth for habitation. The gods forsook the nations; and in the wintry depth, when all was darkly still, the God of human kind looked down on a stable in which the poor man's child was born. And the Son appeared, to make the Father known. Equality, as a mediator for the slave, to bring, no favoured race, but the whole Gentile world into the presence of Liberty. God is liberty, creative freedom; Equality the Christ, the intercessor, atoning for offence, making all as one.

The first chapter of human life was written out. The anarch, barbarism, unequal liberty, had reigned. We rightly date our years from the advent of the preacher of human equality.

Not liberty, but *equality, to give liberty to all,* is the one distinguishing dogma of Christianity. How free-men and slaves when all are Sons of God? That title effaces all distinctions. All are heirs of the promises. Who dares to enslave the Heir? Here is the one aim and meaning of Christianity,— the one aim and meaning, which priests and protesting preachers alike have missed for all their babbles of prevenient grace. The distinctive character of a religion is not to be found in only some poor points of form or expression. Before Bethlehem God was born of a pure virgin ; in words as clear as Christ's Confucius taught the true morality of love. Not for this or the other dogma Christianity was the new religion ; but because it brought to earth from heaven the new faith of the Equality of Man, so becoming the one great fact in human progress. For a first step is not progress ; the second is. Man's first step was barbaric freedom ; the second is, or has to be humane equality. The first was because *I am a man,* the second is since *We all are sons of God.*

Let us have done with the trivialities amd silly mystifications of a corrupt or stupid priesthood. Our new religion is not a new set of pious formulas ; is not the change from Solomon's Temple to St. Peter's or some Little Bethel ; is not a new Sunday coat in which we may occasionally parade before the Awful Majesty of the Eternal. A new religion is a new revelation, a new

idea whispered by God to our souls, to be incarnated in daily fact. It is a new link of the chain with which we are bound to God, another round of the ladder let down from heaven to draw us up. Our religion truly is different from that of older time: for it is the equal brotherhood of humankind. This is Christianity, this only. We are else no better than the heathen, and the empires of Christendom will perish even as the ancient empires perished. There is really no other difference except in forms between the Christian and a Heathen. Old Norse creeds taught as grandly the Consecration of Valour: Mahometanism as firm reliance on the will of God; humility (which is self-negation, often most mistakenly confounded with self-devotion) was never better learned than by the Buddhist. Let us not pride ourselves on any other difference between us and the "benighted." For it is not by complacently enthroning ourselves in a sectarian judgment-seat, thanking God, with Hebrew exclusiveness, that we are not as those heathens were, nor by exaggeration of evils peculiar to no age or race, nor by illiberal qualification of noblest deeds as well enough for such a time, nor by denial of the truth or conscience of antique life, that we can in any measure inform ourselves of the true meaning of God's early utterances in the world, the gospels of the years gone by. In him men lived and moved and had their being then as now. Religious forms then as now were the human manifestations of his spirit. No need is there to degrade the characters of the ancient and outworn creeds. Christianity is strong enough to stand upon its own merits, asks not to have any weaknesses

propped by an unwarrantable piling up of the opposite errors. That in its earlier days Egyptian worship was not brutish, but sought like the Chaldean or yet older Cushite to track the Eternal through the blue heaven, by the shining course of suns and stars, nay! even by the trail of rarest comets, less readily discerned; that Indian philosophy, however wildly monstrous its after errors, however deep its modern degradation, was not at one time ignorant of man's creation, his duties and his immortality, but taught and in sublimest words the emanation from the Deity, the needs of purity and of holiness, and the possible return to the bosom of the Father, a return in later times (yet far antecedent to the light that hung over Bethlehem) plainly declared by Buddha; that albeit Judaism was always intolerant, and though the offerings, — not to be called worship, of Phœnician traders were foul and fierce, the faith of Greece could lead men to at least the porch and garden of the diviner beauty, and train up a Phidias, a Plato, a Sophocles, and a Timoleon, to penetrate toward the innermost sanctuary, that even the hidden mysteries of Greece and less refined Rome, and yet unciphered secrets of Druidical groves and circles, were not mere veils for orgies of atheistic licentiousness (however so perverted in decadent hours), but that in all, ay! in even the poorest of the old religious forms were some words of God, more or less faintly enunciated as they might be in the craftily obscured language of a priestly paraphrase, and that the best were radiant with holier characters which we even in the more perfect light of this ripening day find not altogether dim and cloudy:

this much surely may be acknowledged without fear, since our best of all truth is but comparative, and the diviner less divine than the divinest as yet unrevealed, cradled in the heart of God. Rather than accuse the immaturities of the growing youth of Time it behoves us to inquire in what our manlier energies have earned renown ; rather than upbraid the twilight of the earth we should expose our own deeds to the searching light of this advancing day. The virtues which change not with the alternations of the world's seasons, nor with the progressions of its years, were not wanting before the Morning Star kissed reverently the forehead of the Poor, the Houseless, and the Weak. The Socratic life has not yet been surpassed, even among the sects that parade their pity for the Unconverted. Aristides still is preëminently The Just. Yet stand as monumental lessons for all time the constancy of the elder Brutus, the generous spirit of the Fabii, the noble motherhood of Cornelia, the devotion of her heroic sons. And be such heights uncommon in the little span of Greece or Rome, do we so far out-count them with the braveries of nigh two thousand years? Our enlightened English life,— how transiently it glowed with faith as warm as fired the patriot of old Rome or tempered the steel of Jewish valour to become the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Our Sidneys, our Drakes, our Gilberts, our Raleighs, and our Davises, are gathered in a forgotten constellation ; and in another starry crown the lustres of Cromwell and his Peers are vainly overhanging the dull downward brow of England. At what age or on what altar, in emulation of the Athenian youth, do we,

or English or American, do any of us moderns, swear, if only in the silence of the heart to labour to make our country greater and more glorious. Truly the mouldy and scarcely-read chapters of heroic story might seem to offer proof that the world sinks to decrepitude, but that echoes of Danton's noble voice yet thunder from the clouds, that Poland's martyrs' hymn and Rome's eternal song are still [1869] upheld by valiant and by prophetic lives ; some ray perhaps may reach us from the glorified front of Milton ; and John Brown's soul is marching on. Nor, unable to claim preëminence in actual virtue, are the unheathened times entitled to a negative praise for avoidance of crime or vice. Szela, the Borgias, the Napoleons, are all of christian growth. Christian also are the Dark Ages, the Inquisition, and the Jesuits. Not therefore do we underrate the worth of Christianity, the new era beginning with the advent of the Nazarene.

Whether we regard the caste systems of Egypt or of India, the martial despotism of Persia, the rule of craft or wealth in trading Carthage, or the class divisions of Greece and Rome and Judea, one plain characteristic will be found pervading the older nations, everywhere the social fabric built on the assumption of the natural inequality of man, the necessary as divinely appointed inferiority of certain races. And this not only within the pale of the nation, but universally without. Every where was the same conceit, the religious dogma of a peculiar people, and within that again a peculiar race, each more or less assured of divine establishment. Not in the superstitious tenets and observances of a false

theology, or the absence of a law of right and wrong, not in any want of the higher powers of humanity, not in any difficulties from which we have now exemption in the way of a wider benevolence, not in the lack of such advantages as we are disposed to attribute to the invention of printing, nor in any presumed inefficacy of human toils to assure progression, but in this single dogma of human inequality we find a sufficing reason for the imperfect freedom and the consequent decline of the greatest and the freëst empires of antiquity. But when that first period closed, Christianity stood forth with a distinct assertion of the divine equality of man. Men's rights, partially asserted, ignorantly contended for upon no ground except that common to both right and wrong, the ground of expedience, of convenience, fitness, present strength,— these, in such manner, had been urged from the beginning; but now the ground of right was taught as a religious faith ; and in the face of a privileged priesthood, in the face of the "divine appointment" of caste, was proclaimed the sacred and indissoluble brotherhood of man through one common father, God. Henceforth Freedom had a place whereupon to stand. Archimedes could plant his lever; the world began to move.

Centuries before the Christian era Buddha had put forth the same truth, but it had never grown. Either the concurrent doctrines of poverty and renunciation, better suited to Asiatic indolence, hindered its effect; or else, perhaps, the doctors of Buddhism were more successful than even the Christian in persuading their disciples of the utter worthlessness of the present life,

and the wisdom — for the unclerical at least, of being content with only spiritual equality. The enterprising disposition of the European possessed a hardier logic. Notwithstanding the passive character of Christ, and the Apostolic avoidance of interference with political systems or between the classes of society (wherefrom their teaching has been haled in as witness for slavery) maugre the reiterated exhortation to "submit to every ordinance of man," the dogma of equality remained at the root of the new faith, to be carried as the vital sap through all its branches, toward the fulness of its ripe fruit. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." What then are they? Shall the Son of God be a thing for Cæsar? When it was perceived that all men, the enslaved as well as the free, the poor as well as the rich, plebeian as well as the patrician, were "of one blood," the children of one common Father, whose regard saw only the human soul, whether under imperial purple, or in the filth of trampled rags, the bond of authority, the idolatry of caste, was broken. If the outcast were as the emperor before God, why should he not be the emperor's equal upon earth? Rome, taking her priests from the plough, asserted this equality, so vindicating the inherent right; and the base-born and the beggar clomb above the thrones of princes: a teaching not to be forgotten when the priest himself, then faithless to the spirit of his power, renewed the heathen division into castes, the clerkly and the lay. Then Huss took up the text: all men if equal are priests, bearing the cup to the people. Luther followed, urging the right of conscience in spiritual affairs. The Encyclopedists

and Voltaire were echoers of the same claim, yet not pushing consequences to their full extent. The dogma advances, from thought and word to very deed. Men rise and trample on the necks of kings, proclaiming a political as well as a religious equality. To the social is the next step: there is no retreat. Is not equality the law there also? Free-trade springs from the same seed; and the reaction against the hierarchal in force, Proudhonist anarchy, voluntaryism, communism, are reached. The world tastes even of the worst, though it be never so briefly, to learn in every way the flavour of equality. What matters it that we yet but experiment, that yet no-where the Christian hope is realized even in outward form; that society, as in heathenest days, maintains its old fatal division of ruler and ruled, or of rich and poor, a still less tolerable establishment. What though in one or other of those decayed empires may be found the types of our improved institutions? The falsehood of all that inequality is not believed in as of old. If yet we have not done, we have learned. Who sees not that the days of inequality are numbered? The world leaps not from change to change, but slowly and cautiously steps through long periods of transition wherein the many-sided experiment is tried.

So the experience of the past accumulates, and the world has not to relearn its lesson. So, letter by letter the lesson of *equality* has been spelled until it is nearly learned. Many a word will be misunderstood till the whole sentence shall have been mastered; but at last, tried in every way, equality is recognized as true, true not indeed as the end, but as the means, the ground of

universal freedom, the base of the world-building, the beginning of the world's sure progress; and, freedom thenceforward established as the inalienable birthright of mankind, the political lesson of the New Testament is completed, the evening and the night fulfil another day and again a new era dawns on the insatiate hopes, the toils, the progression of Humanity.

Equality is a gain for the individual. If not for the sake of others, still for my own sake I should care to establish the equal right of freedom. Am I weak, it is my protection. Am I strong, can I be sure that there is none stronger? Equality is the one only assurance of universal freedom. If freedom be not universal, I may be among the exceptions. Once break the rule, who shall be sure? But now, in the universal equality self embraces the whole world; and the next progress is beyond self. Duty succeeds to Right. Right takes its place at the feet of Duty. It is for Humanity that we are free.

Equality and Freedom are means, not ends: their true significance *the unchecked opportunity for growth.* There are yet work and worth before us. The heaven of the brave man is not a haven of rest. Although we establish our freedom upon an enduring basis, we win therefrom no title to repose, as if our initial triumph had snatched a millennium from eternity or ransomed from traditionary tombs the pleasant garden of content. God's angels, Memory and Hope, have for ever barred the paradise of unplucked knowledge; and endowing us with the wisdom of our faults and promises of worth unknown as yet, with flaming swords lighting the path

of Time, point to the Future as the only goal of man. As one lives not for himself alone, but for his fellows, so generation after generation lives and acts for those that follow, even as fathers for their children. Not for present enjoyment, albeit cheerfulness is indeed a joy, the passage of beauty a delight for ever, and even the torture of the martyr's wreath of fire not hindering his serenity of soul; yet not for enjoyment, but for works of future worth, man's life arises from the earth like a blade of wheat-grass appointed for the harvest. And here we tread the threshold of the new era, the era of *organization for the sake of universal progress*, that the free growth of individuals may be ordered for a more abundant garnering. The Christian gospel brings not instruction here: nor need any marvel thereat, calling to mind its aim (before spoken of), not inculcation of systems of government (void of that as of lessons in mechanics or in finance), nor even the establishment of order, but rather a breaking down of such order as then was, the inequality of caste, and the abused and unjust authority of tyrannical and patriarchal ages, by assertion of the right of the individual, redeeming the souls of men with the faith that they were amenable to none but God. All that fusion or blindest obedience could do for organization the unchristian empires had achieved. Of a horde of slaves the faith which places the lowest man in immediate relation to God, the faith which is the source and the cause of duty, has made, or yet shall make, a race of men. The new testament learned, the gospel of equal freedom once understood, slavery thenceforth becomes impossible, and a second

age of our world (whose chief motive power has been this religion of nearly two thousand years) completes its ordered cycle.

The God of the world's first day was Freedom, very God however blindly or unworthily adored: God, the Father, the Creator, who, brooding over the chaos of the world's brutality, bade the light appear of human life: God whose angel drove man from the paradise of a bestial content, into suffering and sin, in order that through the knowledge and experience of good and ill men might become godlike, wise and strong unto their own assured salvation.

The God of the second day, of these two thousand years called Christian, is the Word wnich proclaimed men to be divine, sons of God, and equal brothers on earth: so rebuking the selfish isolation of the heathen freeman. And this Word has not been peace, but a keen sword to pierce through and through until all of the bond are free. The first law was only growth; our second gospel is righteousness.

The God of the Future, the motive force to rule the approaching time, the promised Comforter to come, is the Spirit of Wisdom, which is more than Truth and Love and yet one with them, the Spirit that shall bind together the whole human race in their nations and in their families, the many sorts of grain in their several sheaves, and all unto one harvest. This is the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son, the Spirit of Harmony, which alone is Peace, which, following the knowledge of true liberty and the triumph of a loving equality, shall touch our brows with holy flame when

the Day of Pentecost is fully come. Then will begin the third day, the third chapter of the book of human life, the chapter of duty, of organization, of progress, the work of REPUBLICAN FRATERNITY.

Between a democracy and a republic is a difference. Athens called itself a democracy. The people were "masters," but did not rule. There was liberty, but not equality. The inequality of class distinction was still continued as the normal condition of society, and the liberty was for the freeman only. The Athenian democrats kept slaves.

The little Swiss cantons of Zug and Uri are, in the form of their government, pure democracies, but along side of the popular power runs the directing influence of the priest. Zug and Uri are "catholic," and there is no horror of universal suffrage while the priest may rule the consciences of the suffragists. These priest-ruled democracies are theocracies of slaves.

What form of government (to speak now only of the form) prevails in the United States of America? Is it democratic? Is freedom universal, for the white, the red, the black, the yellow? Is that worst monarchy or aristocracy of mere Wealth disallowed in this home of equal right? I do not speak of my own knowledge, but Theodore Parker told me* (is all now changed?) that, although some two hundred and fifty thousand

* "America is ruled by a troop of men with nothing but money and what it brings. The consolidated property of one eightieth part of the population controuls all the rest." — *Theodore Parker's words*, 1854.

slaveholders at the South should cease, as happily they have ceased, to rule the decisions of Congress, yet by means of wealth one eightieth part of the population can and does controul the rest, leaving the remaining adult male millions just the freedom of changing their masters at every election. America does not seem to be even a democracy.

A real democracy is an *assemblage* of the free, where every adult has equal right, equal place, equal voice, equal opportunity. A republic is something more than a mere Swiss assembly: it is *organization*, of the free. One is freedom; only the other is freedom turned to account, put to use. A real democracy is a beginning of a republic; but a sham democracy, like that of Uri or that of Athens, or — it must be said — like that of the United States, is not so much as even a beginning of the republic.

In 1848 they proclaimed the "French Republic." It was not a republic, not even a democracy, for (saying nothing here of the woman half) real power was not in the hands of the enfranchised moiety: the free men of France were not the rulers of France: it was said they chose their rulers. Representatives they called them; but "a rose by any name would smell as sweet." A master surely is not less a master from being called something else.

The French democracy chose their representatives, most of them traitors to France. Grown tired of them the democracy fell back upon another choice, this one the worst of traitors, the vilest knave in France, not of course this time as a representative. though indeed he

was that. They hailed His Odorousness with another name. Democratic France has not shown itself to be very republican.

An aristocracy is the governing power in the hands of the few, a minority. Nowadays the few take care to exercise it. In old times when they chose a feudal representative they found he was a master. Latterly, the English aristocracy have avoided this folly. They now only put a man of straw on the throne — man or woman, it matters not, just to occupy the place to keep each other out. The powers in their hands they use, trusting no deputy. When they allow the straw figure (scarecrow, Carlyle calls it) a voice, it is only that the people may be deceived into believing the Guy alive, and so be uncertain who their real masters are.

Democracy is the governing power in the hands of all the people. Why should not all use it? Unused power is no better than impotence. Simply to choose our masters occasionally is not freedom. Democracy becomes merely an idle word if it abdicates in favour of an aristocracy. It is not really democracy when a "representative" aristocracy rules, however appointed, chosen, or deputed. American democracy is not real while "one eightieth part of the population controuls all the rest." And you cap the inconsistency with a mischievous President in place of a harmless Guy.

A real democracy, an assemblage of the really free, is the beginning of a republic. The free are assembled together, not only to stand anarchically one against another, each on his abstract right, until a few, say only an eightieth part, combine and rule; but to turn their

freedom to its full account by organizing their powers for the good of the whole. Such organization of the powers of all for the good of the whole, a government of all, by all, for all, is the Republic. Democracy, if not the basis of this, is anarchy.

Among monarchists and aristocrats are honest men, men loving order, seeing the worth of organization and the necessity of giving an aim to power. These men become tyrants or but condone or consent to tyranny because they see the people choose the anarchical side of democracy instead of the orderly republican. The tyrants catch at such recruits, and borrow from them the words of *law* and *order*, to hurl like thunderbolts into the popular camp. We have too much deserved it, we Englishmen, of old England and New England also, with our noble individualism and self-assertion run mad into all sorts of empirical wildnesses.

Royalty, real kingship, the rule of him who worthily can, even when the place is taken by violence, has a good in it. When one man might indeed seem to stand by divine right above the herd, a God among beasts, and when the great truth of human brotherhood was all unknown, the king was needed. Then, as now, there was necessity for association to obtain power to force a way for progress. How obtain it? The mere brute has no will, but must be led or goaded by the shepherd or drover. Mere slaves must be chained together. So kings, the capable, led or drove or bound together the unthinking, unwilling masses; and cleared forests and drained swamps, and built pyramids, if nothing better. Law and order were in the hands of an Alfred. That

is the better side of monarchy. There is an evil side also, for to every principle there will be two sides, the better and the worse.

When capability passed from the one to the few, the power for good and evil of course was there also. This is the "constitutional" transition-state of men halting between the opposite poles, monarchy and democracy (aristocracy being only monarchy held in commission) the two principles of authority and conscience. Great things have been done in this transition-time by those aristocracies that honestly dared to rule to the best of their ability. The rule of our Commonwealth's Men, to speak strictly, was aristocratic, though those nobles looked and prepared for the republic. Freedom's best lovers might well prefer the godly law and order under a Cromwell to the lynch-law of democratic America or the disorder of a people, English or American, which does not perceive that true freedom is but the ground of brotherly organization and that there is no freedom of worth without equality. Nevertheless the principle of monarchy or aristocracy being false, its best results can be but unsatisfactory; and no real necessity exists for the true principle of democracy being abused.

Still only democracy is insufficient. Democracy has but one word on its banner, "THE PEOPLE;" but one definition, "The people are the sole source of power." There is no aim in this, no hope or religion. It is the mere egoistical assertion of universal rights, not to be universally used. Your fathers did their best for the time they lived, that sceptical eighteenth century; but the Christian assertion of rights has done its work, we

need to advance the programme of human endeavour from a bare statement of right to a clear proclamation of the consequent duty.

The republican banner bears on it a religious creed, connecting the passing with the eternal, giving also the aim of the republican life. Our European republican formula, "GOD AND THE PEOPLE," implies a belief in *organization of the people in order to do the will of God*, the association of the whole people, not under Judge Lynch or a Louis Bonaparte, nor even under a godly Cromwell, but under God, their only sovereign, not to make believe to elect occasional masters, but to enact the laws of God in statutes to rule the current life of all. A republic is the organization of the democracy to realize in daily human action the prayer of all life to the Father — "Thy will be done on earth!"

Is there such organization now?

Among the nations of Europe there is not. Between England and Ireland festers an unhappy quarrel, disorganizing both. Russia ever rends the Promethean heart of Poland. The Pope and the Gaul [1869] play Antichrist at Rome. Greece writhes under the Turk. Nay! is it not enough to know that in central Europe there is still an Austria, our European China, the type of the old dynastic anti-national division of the earth? In Europe we are yet struggling for the mere establishment of nations as nations, so that they, recognized as individuals of the human family, may by their perfect independence and equal freedom be enabled to begin their organization. It is a time of war in Europe, war against the arbitrary usurpations of greedy kings and

unprincipled statesmen; and until the sword shall be sheathed, in the day of the peoples' victory, when the political map of Europe is remade, we can not hope to set our house in order.

Political organization imperfect, how can social be otherwise? What social organization even in wealthy and "practical" Britain, with her millions of miserable poor, and her hundreds of thousands of English and of Irish exiles, not sent forth as a father sends his sons, but driven out like Ishmael into the wilderness? What organization in France, *la belle France*, more horribly debauched and depraved than imperial Rome herself, thirty millions of souls submitting to the ruffianism of a Dutch Napoleon? And is the New World so much in advance of the Old? What organization have you in this young Republic of the United States? Is not the name almost a mockery,— one need not say since the Rebellion of the South, but so long as a Northern man is not safe where the rebellion has been put down? Are Georgia and Tennessee and Texas all organized? "Wait a while!" Are New York and Massachusetts? In your magnificent Empire City is not organization enough to sweep the streets after a snow-storm. The snow of a month past blocks the most public ways; and daily, for the month and more, is there a waste of human energy and horse-power, enough, fitly ordered, to have cleansed in a day the Augean thoroughfares.* In this city of the Puritans you may have a cleanliness which is next to godliness, but have you the godliness?

* Exactly true in 1869. Better now does not affect the main question.

I am not asking for the whipping-post or for a scarlet letter branded on a woman's heart; but I ask for some preventive organization to give the offending and the outcast at least a chance of virtue. What chance with your present ordering of labour and trade? Is labour ordered for the benefit of all? Our improved civilized labour-system, here and the civilized world through, is not one of supply to meet demand, but of not needed supply to tempt demand, producers producing against each other, each for his own profit, not the consumers' need, and pushing each other into bankruptcy, leaving the poor to starve. I beg pardon of the "economists" for doubting the economy of all this. And your buying and selling is what? The game of greedy middlemen, robbing both sides, in approval of the Jewish proverb, "As mortar lieth between stones." Trade and labour unorganized are left absolutely to chance: or at most some partial protection begged, not without suspicion that after all the most anarchical "free-trade" may be the correcter principle, and organization of any kind a mistake which would not pay. Social organization? Ask your criminal population! Ask the unfortunate women of all Christian streets! Ask the strangers you take into your families as helps! Are you ordered to your satisfaction even in your own homes; how many of you? You spend more money upon cold iron, for locks, bolts, and fetters, than would warm the hearts of the most indifferent of your servants; more money on prisons than would give homesteads to the houseless; more money on inefficient police and idle punishment than would educate the whole community. You will

say that you are educated. Educated arithmetically and irreligiously, educated to pick and steal. You can not even so clothe and train your "lower orders" that their indecent rags and lewd manners shall not offend the good taste of the *élite* of your society. You carry the same anarchy into both Church and State, having your workdays ruled by elected judges, your sabbaths by priests not always of the elect. Like your whiskey bars or party clubs, your gospel stores are set up one against another, often but adventures for pew-rents as the clubs are conspiracies for party and personal gain. Not the gift of the Spirit, but of the Gab is sufficient to make the priest; and John Morrissey is fitly sent to Congress by constituents whose brains are in their fists. Your fathers had some idea of an ordering of society. To the mark of their time, although not for all times, they framed their loyal constitution for the defence of individual right, a true Christian equality, whereupon they based their Declaration of the universal right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It was an insufficient theory: for the real object of society is not pursuit of happiness but following righteousness: not mere insisting on our rights but ordering of duties. But even on your fathers' ground, on the ground they cleared for you, what are you doing?

LIFE — ay! in the Five-Points? *The right to life!* Society does not protect it, but does occasionally hang a homicide, to maintain the principle. *Liberty!* Of the workman, who under any name whatever, though he have the ark of the covenant for ballot-box, is still to all intents and purposes the slave of the capitalist

who employs — I misuse the word, who exploits him. *The pursuit of happiness!* Where? In the shadow of Wall-Street, or in some dancing-saloon or den of dog fighters? Shall we pursue it there; or may we stop to admire a politer exhibition in the proud Fifth-Avenue palace, whose marble floors are inlaid with the sadly-beseeching faces of the little children whom your social ordering has murdered?

Organization! when you can not fix the the proper social position of woman; when you uplift neither the negro at the South nor the poor slave at the North; when you dare not, as a nation, even whisper a word of encouragement or sympathy to help the struggling republicans of other lands. Most exactly speaking, the only social organization you have is for theft, private and public; with some sad endeavour at a parody of organization among the Mormons,— more earnest, it must be said, than any thing elsewhere.

Organization for the sake of duty, to yourselves or to the world! Alas! the best-natured and most-gifted, who should therefore be the most conscientious, keep from politics, because their pure taste is shocked at the rowdyism, the corruption, and the inanity, that in the House of Representatives, in the Senate chamber, and in the presidential chair, represent the petty disputes of parties and misrule this "free and glorious republic." Will organization come while the best so abstain from any attempt to begin it, or even to make plain what it means? Is the righteous ruling of society, the orderly endeavour to do God's work upon earth, only a matter of my taste or liking, or of yours? What! we preach

or only dream of better days, the millennium that has to come, we meditate upon a new religion, and yet do not hold ourselves religiously bound to take an active part toward its realization? Sadder than ignorance or depravity, it seems to me, is the self-sufficiency or self regard, the cowardice or sloth, or find whatever other condemning word you will, of that man or that woman whose lips have been touched with coal from the altar and who yet goes not forth to stand between the dead and the living, to stay the plague.

But there are exceptions. Some, believing it to be a duty, and notwithstanding all distaste, do go forth, and — vote for Butler or for Grant. For four years, or for two, your conscience may be at rest. You have deserved well of your country. Well done, good and faithful servant! But why not put your other prayers also into a ballot-box? Sons of the Pilgrim Fathers! hide the religion you are free to exercise, and secretly depute some pious representative or president to pray for you until the next election! Is the law-making to daily influence your lives, either to supplement or to controvert God's Law, a less religious matter than the monotonous mummery of your amusing churches?

Republican Organization :— I have said that as yet there is no such thing. The early morning of our third day is yet dark; clouds overhang the sepulchre. Only in one direction, as seems to me, may we see an opening rift and there discern the colour of the dawn. The only understanding that I can see of the problem

of the Future is apparent in that one single dogma of the European Republican party, the simple dogma of THE DIRECT SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE. It may be well to explain what is meaned by that.

A ship-load of emigrants from the Old World lands upon some transatlantic shore. Men and women are there, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, some of both men and women with only the kinship of faith and purpose. They have turned away from the tyrant anarchs of their own land; they have vowed their lives against tyranny, whether of the priest who would take the place of God or the lawgiver to whom God is not. Equal one with another, they stand on the new shore free to begin the ordering of the future. They may ask this man or this woman, gifted with power of eloquent speech, to express the thanksgiving or the prayer that is common to all; this man or woman, proved high of heart or wise in counsel, to utter words of cheerfulness or of advice. They may appoint this other, or two or more, readier than the rest with thought and voice or pen, methodical and capable and prompt, to draw up a scheme of laws or regulations for the ordering of the coming days. Where men are, there must be modes and stated ways, some paths determined, to prevent jostling and for easier universal traveling. All these sayings and doings are as service rendered from equal to equal, rewarded or not according to circumstances. But when the hymn and the common prayer are done and the project of law is explained, the little company confer together to ascertain and then assert their will. Children will be left out, but neither man nor woman

will be excluded or excused. This and that law will be discussed, and adopted or rejected as the majority on each may decide. On this law is a male majority, accepting it against the voices of the women; on the next the women's votes shall prevail; on a third there will be yet a different sorting, for affirming or refnsal. When the code is proclaimed, none can say a majority tyrannized: for no one can dissect a code adopted in such a manner. This is the direct sovereignty of the people, pure democratic government. When, a little later, our emigrants have built their houses, and hall for public meeting, if they have escaped from the old superstitious separation of earth and heaven, six days for man and only part of the seventh for God, will not their town-hall be also their church? Can they invent a form of services likely to be more acceptable to the Eternal than the devout considering by what new law or what alteration of old law they may help their lives to be yet more holy, more thoroughly divine or godly? Will not they naturally deem this law-making the one most important service, since every law is as a prayer to the Highest for better direction, and for such help as society may give its members? If they begin their lives thus religiously, and so religiously continue, why should the increase or multiplication of their communities be any hinderance to their course? And will it appear to men, or to women, of such standing, either a righteous or a wise or a tolerable thing that some few, or any fraction or larger portion of their number, shall hold all the land as proprietors, to the exclusion of the rest; that some few or, any one, shall claim a right to

withhold, either of money or of goods, the fair profit and wage belonging to the labourer; that some few or any number shall claim and exercise a right of saying to the rest — "You shall only do so and so. This you may do, and that you may not do, for we make the law and *you* will be better employed in our factories and in our fields, and *you* in attending to your households"? Will they who meet as equals before God, in petition or for praise, meaning to make of each day's action a prayer and a thankful song, the song and harmonious chorus of the whole congregation,— will they depute a perpetual curate to pray for them, a representative to dictate their laws, a capitalist to keep back of their food and well-earned worth, or some untried or tried shepherd to lay their weakly consciences in his bosom and to lead them by hook or by crook, they knowing not whither, to their own ruin or injury of neighbours? Whether they have houses to build, or seed to sow, or harvests to gather in, or corn to grind, or thanksgiving and rejoicing for work done, or planning or preparing for the future, will not they hold themselves able and ready, individually and collectively, for all occasions and emergencies; and will they tolerate any privilege except capacity for better service, or ever abandon the right of perfect equality, the loving freedom which has place in that, and the close association which will keep them as one family throughout all time?

This is *republican organization.* Why should not the several States of your Union, of your "Republic," be so ordered? Do communities become weaker as they increase in numbers? Are many weaker than a few?

"It is a mere Utopian Dream! No such company of saints has ever been found together. We may believe in a Communion of Saints, but certainly not on earth. We have to deal with things that are, with the millions of a sophisticated and complicated system, saints and sinners, and an over-proportion of the last."

On one day, throughout the extent of your States and Territories, you count the votes of the whole land for President. This man, of whom you may have no real knowledge, shall during four years command your police and armies, and sway your policies, and rule or at least affect your course at home and abroad. It is not difficult then to get the opinion of the country on a given question. You can get it in one day, perhaps might get it not less distinctly without the caucuses, stump-oratory, processions, and fireworks, that occupy so many weeks or months before. Would it be more difficult to poll the whole population to say whether or not the black or red man shall be subject to the same laws as the white man? Will any one given to statistics calculate the time lost in electioneering (not electing, but bunkum and blue lights), and add to that the time you will have to spend in endeavour to influence your representatives, to only keep them straight! I guess it might be found to be even a longer time than would be required for the whole country, time after time, as often as occasion called, to vote, and consider before voting, upon all the useful laws which will get passed by Congress during the reign of Ulysses Grant.

In some new township, when they would mark out a road, or build a town-hall or a bridge, the town-folk

meet, take counsel together, and vote their will. One polling-place not sufficient, they order more. Are the gravest national questions of slavery or freedom, war or peace, or others affecting our larger dealings within our own borders or toward other States, less important than these mere local questions; or not so easy to vote upon as the choice of a representative or president?

Your laws should be the will of the people, the true expression of the popular conscience. Are they now? They are the expression of the will of the party which has a lease of power, and the country is continually in dissension because of party rule. Why is there always a discontented minority? In the sense existing now there would be no minority when the people voted the laws, to the sparing of a few very clever philosophical arrangements. It would be difficult to find two laws for which the same votes would be cast. There would not be either a dominant or disappointed party, since the majority would be for only a single law.

Two things would be gained by the people directly voting their own laws. Their real will and conscience would be represented and expressed, which now it is not; and the habit — say merely the habit of voting, not secretly, but openly as a patriotic duty, would be a valuable education for the popular mind, the popular conscience also.

In war-time you have conscription. You hold none excused, not even a peace-man (and you are right) if his service is needed by the country. Why excuse in time of peace? Mark that man as infamous who withdraws himself from the councils of his country when

his intellect and conscience are as needful as a sword for the safety or the welfare of the Commonwealth!

But "shall we have no governors?" No governors, but efficient servants and wise counselors. Not legislators, but only faithful administrators of the people's law. Proposers also, those administrators, of projects of law, to be submitted to the people. Others, not in virtue of any position, but in the right of only genius, would be at liberty to propose new laws. If they could get a hearing, their projects also would be considered by the people. In what other manner shall the whole people take part in that conscientious action which is required of a man in his singular and private conduct, but which seems with one consent to be ignored when it is a question of national integrity, not only the act of one individual? "A Commonwealth," says Milton, "ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body: for look! what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one man the same ye shall find them to a State."

We need to put an end at once to the tyranny and the charlatanry of politics. We need to make religion practical. Speculations as to the apartments we each may occupy in heaven do not concern our neighbours. But it concerns us all how we worship in our streets and in our market-places, as well as in our homes and in our schools. Have done with the duality of life! Work out your Lord's Prayer before you trouble your minds with the forms of farther litanies! This earth, this earthly tabernacle, this temple of humanity, which

is our Father's House, should be in deed our house of prayer, but we have made it a den of thieves. Break the tables of the money-changers! remove from their seats the "representatives" who sell you as though you were doves! Break up the corporations of thieves by the organization of honest folk! Lift the people out of the mire of a low materialism by showing them the beauty of true patriotism, teaching them what religious action is and requiring the lowest to fulfil his patriotic duty. Prevent the forging of naturalization-papers or the tampering with the ballot-box by ordering an open public manifestation of the wills of all classes and of all conditions toward the settlement of every question in which the public welfare and the public conscience are concerned! Infuse into your national body the living fire and vigour of a man! Let it no longer be only a slouching, cowardly, indifferently vicious boy! The whole shape and framework of society needs new modeling. Think how it shall be designed! In great troubles a convention of the whole people is required. Direct sovereignty of the people is only a permanent convention. And when is not need of consentaneous action for the common weal?

And three questions may then obtain their solution, which under present circumstances you fear to touch, the religious question, the woman question, and that of education. [Yet three more, labour, trade, money, wait also for the true republic.] Men will no longer be ashamed to be thought religious when the business of all is organized upon that basis: religion recognized as the science of life, politics the practical application

of religion. Men will not then leave religion to their women and their babes. Woman will obtain her place as the real helpmate of man. We do not want her in the political arena now; we would not have her in the dirty corners of chicanery and fraud, into which even not too decent men are ashamed to descend. But in the new Church of the Future the priestess shall again stand beside the priest and the sybil's voice be heeded on the royal road of the world's progression. Then too the little children, "of whom shall be the kingdom of heaven," a heaven upon earth, will be educated to the height of their assured destiny. Now you teach them ciphering, and a few phrases to be got by rote, then turn them into the desert to take their chance. They recollect only the arithmetic. O Hagar! why hast thou withdrawn thyself? and the lad is left to die. But let your own lives be religious, and for those happy young ones there will be no leaving school. All life will be a schooling, no forgetting or falling back. Life's whole current will be religious and educative, bearing all on and onward to the eternal peace of God.

The practical outcome of all I have so lengthily yet inefficiently been endeavouring to urge; for though I do not expect an immediate acceptance of our theory, yet every earnest speaker asks some kindly echo of his utterance. I have not spoken for your amusement or my own. Will you take away with you the kernel of my discourse, in which haply there may be a chance of growth as well as present application. Take this as of

some little immediate intention :— that private virtue, and private seeking after religion, and protests against the insufficiency of politics, are not enough.

Private virtue may be enough for children; but of men and women we demand the fuller performance of public duty. Else they are but deserters of the right, be they never so virtuous at home. And for the new religion for which earnest souls are hungering, I dare say to you, in God's name, cower no longer over fires only smouldering, lift your eyes from the hearthstone, look abroad and see! A new religion is already come, waiting for you in the senate-house, in the market and the fields. Wisdom crieth in the streets, calling upon you to organize your work, your lives, against the rule of the omnipresent Anarchy. And from Europe comes the agony of struggling peoples, asking of republicans in name a true republican sympathy, and such action as should follow that. One heart-word spoken by you would rend off the fetters of the kings and enable the freed nations to begin the *universal republic*. With us, with you, the new religion is political organization on a religious basis, a true marriage of Chureh and State. The first step toward that is a party bound together by the desire to learn what republicanism really is, how to make that the law of the land, and how to help our brothers throughout the world. When you have such a party, the party of the full direct sovereignty of the people, the party of the organization of religious duty, of dutifulness at home and abroad, no matter where, you will have founded the first Church of the Future. Who, in the New England of Sir Harry Vane,— who,

in the birth-place of old John Brown, and filled with his spirit of self-sacrifice,— has religious faith enough to lay the first stone?

I am only a stranger among you, grateful for your hospitality. Have I leave to ask you this?

W. J. LINTON.

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DARWIN'S PROBABILITIES

A REVIEW
OF HIS "DESCENT OF MAN"

The assertion which outsteps evidence is not only a blunder—

HUXLEY

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1896

AS the old School of Etymologists showed, if we are at liberty to interpose as many links as we please, it becomes easy to imagine that things the most heterogeneous should spring from each other while, however, the hypothesis of gradual change — change proceeding by infinitesimal stages which melt into each other so that the eye can not detect where the one begins and the other ends — makes such a transition easier for *imagination*, it does nothing to diminish the difficulty or the wonder of it for *thought*.

CAIRD

GIVE unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear that they can not be doubted.

HUXLEY

PROBABILITIES

IN the following argument, or only critical remarks, I am not questioning the theory of Evolution, nor disputing the correctness of Mr. Darwin's view of the origin of man: I only propose to show the nature and value of the evidence offered by him in his one book, THE DESCENT OF MAN (edition of 1886, Appleton): strictly confining myself to what he has put before his readers in that book, in which he tells us that he deals with the question — "*firstly whether man is descended from some pre-existing form, and secondly the manner of his development.*"

"It is notorious" [he writes at *page* 6] "that man is constructed on the same general type or model as other mammals." And "*consequently* (*p.* 25) we ought frankly to admit their community of descent." This is the gist of his argument. But is community of descent a necessary or logical consequence of construction on the same general type or model?

"All the bones in the [human] skeleton [he writes, *p.* 6] can be compared with corresponding bones in a monkey, bat, or seal. So it is with his muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and internal viscera. The brain . . .

follows the same law." Other animals are liable to the same diseases; and [*p.* 7] monkeys man-like will get drunk and so have head-ache next morning. Similar parasites plague both ape and man. Gestation [*p.* 8] follows the same law. There is also the same law of lunar periods; and "the stumps left after amputation of his limbs, especially during an early embryonic period, occasionally possess some power of regeneration as in the lower animals."

Letting pass the amputation in "an early embryonic period," and merely observing that pigs and ducks can also get drunk, though we may not be sure of an after head-ache,— even if all of the foregoing paragraph be accepted, must it necessarily indicate other than one general type or model? Similarity of pattern may lead us to suppose, but does not surely prove "community of descent."

But we are told of proof in "rudimentary remains:" the mammæ of males; the incisor teeth of ruminants, which never cut the gums; and the outer shell of the human ear, which being useless may be considered as a rudiment. These are observed by Mr. Darwin, who informs us that "the ears of the chimpanzee and orang are curiously like those of man. . . These animals never move or erect their ears: so that they are in an equally rudimentary condition with those of man so far as function is concerned. Why these animals as well as *the progenitors of man* should have lost the power of erecting their ears we can not say." [*p.* 14]

First, how know we that "the progenitors of man," (not heard of till page 13, then barely mentioned, and

unaccounted for thrust before Mr. Darwin's readers), did ever possess this power?

"It may be (continues Mr. Darwin, *p.* 14) although I am not satisfied with this view, that owing to their arboreal habits and great strength, they were but little in danger, and so during a lengthened period moved their ears but little and thus gradually lost the power of moving them. This would be a parallel case with that of those large and heavy birds which from inhabiting oceanic islands have not been exposed to attacks of beasts of prey and have consequently lost the power of using their wings for flight."

Another unsatisfactory "consequently." We require proof that they ever had such power. "May be," as a basis on which to build consequence, is not sufficient. The supposed arboreal habits of supposed progenitors are so far only unsupported assumptions.

This unproved *consequently* and *may be* and *probably* continually imperil the value of the Darwin argument. At *p.* 12 we are told that "the chief agents in causing organs to become rudimentary *seem* to have been disuse,"— rudiments "*may occur*" in such a way,— the process "*probably*" aided, &c. At *p.* 13 we learn that "some few persons have the power of contracting the superficial muscles on their scalps, and these muscles are in a variable and partially rudimentary condition." A case of a distant cousin, of a family possessing this power, is offered as "good illustration how persistent *may be* the transmission of an absolutely useless faculty, *probably* derived from our remote semi-human progenitors, since many monkeys have and frequently use

the power of largely moving their scalps up and down."

But how does this frequent monkey action establish "semi-human progenitors;" or, presuming there were such, support the probability of their having a faculty absolutely useless to them?

At *p.* 14 it is "*probable* that most of us . . could recover some power of movement." Consequently it must have been lost by semi-human progenitors. And we are told of "a little blunt point projecting from the inwardly folded margin" of the human ear, sometimes in one ear only, which, "*it seems probable*," is a vestige of the tip of a formerly erect and pointed ear. I am not disputing the correctness of Mr. Darwin's observations; but I question his deductions when based upon merely seeming probabilities. His conclusions *may be* also correct; but, as given in his own words, they are not proved, nor provable, not logically conclusive however actively jumped at.

"The homological construction of the whole frame in the members of the same class is intelligible if we admit their descent from a common progenitor, along with their subsequent adaptation to diversified conditions. On any other view the similarity of pattern between the hand of a man or monkey, foot of a horse, flipper of a seal, wing of a bat, &c., is utterly inexplicable. It is no scientific explanation to assert that all have been formed on the same ideal plan." [*p.* 24]

Certainly not! Neither is it a scientific explanation to assert that all are descended from a common stock, developed from an only supposed original.

Mr. Darwin says on: "With respect to development

we can clearly understand, on the principle of variations supervening at a rather late embryonic period, and being inherited at a corresponding period, how it is that the embryos of wonderfully different forms should still retain the structure of their common progenitor. No other explanation has ever been given of the marvelous fact that the embryos of a man, a seal, a bat, a reptile, &c., can at first hardly be distinguished from each other. In order to understand the existence of rudimentary organs we have *only to suppose* a former progenitor possessed the parts in question in a perfect state, and that under changed habits of life they became greatly reduced, either from simple disuse or through the natural selection of those individuals which were least encumbered with a superfluous part. . . Thus we can understand how it came to pass that man and all other vertebrate animals have been constructed on some general model, why they pass through the same early stages of development, and why they retain certain rudiments in common. *Consequently* we ought to frankly admit their community of descent." [*p.* 25]

Consequently because we have "only to suppose:" to suppose the very basis of the argument — an early progenitor, and also to suppose his possession of those rudimentary parts in a perfect state. Rather we ought to frankly admit the insufficiency of *consequence* based only on convenient supposition, whatever the want of a more satisfactory explanation: which later considerstion in no way affects the Darwinian question.

"Although man may not have been much modified during the stages of his existence through the increased

or decreased use of parts, facts show that his liability in this respect has not been lost; and we positively know that the same law holds good with the lower animals. *Consequently we may infer* that when at a remote epoch the progenitors of man were in a transitional state, and were changing from quadrupeds into bipeds, natural selection would *probably* have greatly been aided by the inherited effects of the increased or diminished use of different parts of the body." [*p.* 35]

Nay! infer that a law observed in the lower animals may hold good with man, but we can not *consequently* include in the inference that man had progenitors in a transitional state changing from quadrupeds to bipeds. It is pleasant to be informed by so close an observer of our semi-human progenitors that they "would not have practised infanticide or polyandry, the instincts of the lower animals are never so perverted." [*p.* 46]

joke! As any one may know who has had to keep rabbits or a lady dog.

One need not dispute the supposition that the early progenitors would not have perfect use of their hands for so long as they were "especially fitted for climbing trees." "Such rough treatment would have blunted the sense of touch. . . From these causes alone it would have been an advantage to man" [our supposed four-footed progenitor] "to become a biped; but for many actions it is indispensable that the arms and the whole upper part of the body should be free, for this end he must stand firmly on his feet. To gain so great an advantage the feet have been rendered flat, and the great toe has been peculiarly modified." [*pp.* 51, 52]

This of the supposed four-footed progenitor! Were we sure of him, succeeding suppositions might be easy and probable. But do the most likely of suppositions give sight of this progenitor? Even though "we know that the anthropomorphous apes are now actually in an intermediate state, and approach more nearly to the bipedal than to the quadrupedal type." [*p.* 53]

The family of the Simiadæ "is divided by almost all naturalists into the Catarhine group, or Old World monkeys all of which are characterised by the peculiar structure of their nostrils and by having four premolars in each jaw, and the Platyrhine group, or New World monkeys characterised by differently constructed nostrils and by having six premolars in each jaw. Some other small differences might be mentioned. Now man unquestionably belongs in his dentition, the structure of his nostrils, and in other respects, to the Catarhine or Old World division; nor does he resemble the Platyrhines more closely than the Catarhines in any characters excepting in a few of not much importance and apparently of adaptive nature. It is therefore against all probability that a New World species should have formerly varied and produced a man-like creature with all the distinctive characters proper to the Old World division, losing at the same time its own. There can *consequently* hardly be a doubt that man is an offshoot from the Old World Simian stem." [*p.* 153]

Proof that he is not derived from one monkey is no proof that he is an offshoot from another,

"If the anthropomorphous apes of the Old World be admitted to form a natural sub-group, then, as man

agrees with them, not only in all the characters which he possesses in common with all the Catarhine group, but in other peculiar characters, such as the absence of a tail and of callosities, and in general appearance, we *may infer* that some ancient member of the anthropomorphous sub-group gave birth to man. It is not probable that . . a member of one of the other sub groups should have given rise to a man-like creature resembling the higher apes in so many respects."

"A naturalist would undoubtedly have ranked as ape or as monkey an ancient form which possessed many characters common to the Catarhine and Platyrhine monkeys, other characters in an intermediate condition, and *some few*, *perhaps*, distinct from those found now in either group. And as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarhine or Old World stock, we must conclude . . that our early progenitors would be properly designated." [*pp.* 154-5]

Does the argument amount to any more than that a naturalist would properly designate as ape an ancient form with Catarhine peculiarities? But where is the showing that the ancient form existed as a progenitor of man? What reservation is there in that "we must not fall into the error of supposing the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock was identical with or even closely resembling any existing ape or monkey."

"We are naturally led to inquire where was the birth place of man at that stage of descent when our progenitors diverged from the Catarhine stock. The *fact* that they belonged to this stock clearly shows that they inhabited the Old World; but not Australia, nor any

oceanic island, as we may infer from the law of geographical distribution. In each of the great regions of the world the living mammals are closely related to the extinct species of the region. It is therefore *probable* that Africa was formerly inhabited by extinct apes allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee; and, as these two species are now man's nearest allies, it is *somewhat more probable* that our early progenitors lived on the African continent than elsewhere. But it is useless to speculate on this subject." [*p.* 155]

Very useless! Our early progenitors only supposed to have existed, their belonging to and diverging from the Catarhine stock can hardly be called "*fact*" even if, as opportunity for new supposing, Africa formerly was "inhabited by extinct apes."

"We have seen that man appears to have diverged from the Catarhine or Old World division of the Simiadæ *after* these had diverged from the New World division." [*p.* 157]

We have not seen it. Divergence of the Catarhine from the New World division has no where been laid before Mr. Darwin's readers even as a probability.

Passing that, we learn that the Lemuridæ, standing below and near the Simiadæ, show "many gradations leading insensibly from the crown of the animal creation down to creatures from which there is but a step, *as it seems*, to the lowest, smallest, and least intelligent of the placental mammalia." Whence "it is *probable* that the Simiadæ were originally developed from the progenitors of the existing Lemuridæ, these in their turn from forms standing very low in the mammalian

series." . . "The Placentata are generally *supposed* to have been derived from the Implacentata or Marsupials, not however from forms closely resembling the existing Marsupials, but from their early progenitors. The Monotremata are plainly allied to the Marsupials, so forming a third and still lower division in the great Mammalian series. . . The Monotremata are eminently interesting as leading in several points of structure toward the class of reptiles. . . Attempting to trace the genealogy of the Mammalia and man lower down, we have good reason to believe that no true bird or reptile intervenes in the direct line of descent."

—"Every evolutionist will admit that the five great vertebrate classes, mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes,— are descended from some one prototype. As the class of fishes is the most lowly organised and appeared before the others, we may conclude that all the members of the vertebrate kingdom are derived from some fish-like animal. . . Lastly, one single member of the immense and diversified class of fishes, the lancelot or amphioxus, is so different from other fishes that Häckel maintains it ought to form a distinct class in the vertebrate kingdom." . . It presents "some affinities with the Ascidians, invertebrate, hermaphrodite, marine creatures, permanently attached to a support. They hardly appear like animals, consisting of a simple, tough, leathery sack, with two small projecting orifices. They belong to the Molluscoida, a lower division of the great kingdom of the Mollusca; but they have recently been placed by some naturalists among the Vermes or worms. Their larvæ somewhat

resemble tadpoles in shape, and have the power of freely swimming about." It has lately been observed that these larvæ "are related to the Vertebrata," and "it seems that we have at last gained a clue to the source from which the Vertebrata were derived. We should then be justified in believing that at some extremely remote period a group of animals existed,—resembling in many respects the larvæ of our present Ascidians, which diverged into two great branches, the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of Ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the Vertebrata." [*pp.* 157-8-9, 60]

And so, in the gloom of unknown time, we discover the progenitors of the Ascidians (a species of worms, whose larvæ somewhat resemble tadpoles, with power of swimming about) and, gaining what seems a clue to the origin of the Vertebrata, are justified in believing that a suppositious group of animals diverged into two branches, the one retrograding, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom through a Catarhine ape to man.

Accepting these seemings and suppositions, as quite sufficient ground for belief, we may consequently give a readier belief to whatever may seem in accordance, analogous, or not decidedly opposite: as follows:—Our early progenitors were "covered with hair, both sexes having beards;" their ears "probably pointed;" their bodies "provided with a tail;" their "limbs and bodies acted upon by muscles only occasionally reappearing, but normally present in the Quadrumana."

Their feet were "prehensile;" they, "no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, and frequented some warm forest-clad land;" the males with "great canine teeth which served them as formidable weapons. At a still earlier period they must have been aquatic in their habits, . . the lunar or weekly recurrent periods of some of our functions showing that we still retain traces of our primordial birth-place — a shore washed by the tides. At about the same early period the true kidneys were replaced by the *corpora wolffiana*; the heart existed as a simple pulsating vessel: the *chorda dorsalis* took the place of a vertebral column. These early ancestors of man, thns seen in the dim recesses of time, must have been as simply, even more simply organised than the lancelot or amphioxus." And some remote progenitor of the whole vertebrate kingdom appears to have been hermaphrodite. [*pp.* 160-1]

It is merely an assumption that "a group of animals existed, resembling in many respects the larvæ of our present Ascidians, and which diverged into two great branches, the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of Ascidians, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the Vertebrata." And this assumption or supposition is based absolutely and only upon other assumptions and supposed probabilities, which in Mr. Darwin's opinion justify belief.

His whole argument is resumed briefly at pages 164-5. ~~164-5~~. 248 —"The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of Vertebrata at which we can obtain *an obscure glance* apparently consisted of a group of marine animals,

resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians." These, only supposed to have existed, supposed also to have diverged into two branches, one of retrogression, one of development, "*probably* gave rise to a group of fishes as lowly organised as the lancelot, and from these the Ganoids, and other fishes like the Lepidosiren, *must* have been developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us on to the Amphibians, We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately connected together; and the Monotremata now connect mammals with reptiles in a slight degree. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes — namely mammals, birds, and reptiles, were derived from the lower vertebrates, amphibians and fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are *not difficult to conceive* which led from the ancient Monotremata to the ancient Marsupials, from these to the early progenitors of placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the Lemuridæ, and the interval is not very wide from these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded."

There is nothing even certainly named between the Ascidian larvæ and the Old World monkeys; and this so frail imaginary pedigree fails, for Mr. Darwin can only say "it is against all probability that some New World species should have formerly varied and produced a man-like creature." . . Consequently he is "an offshoot from the Old World Simian stem." [*p.* 153]

But as this, like the Catarhine branching off, is only a supposition, need we trouble ourselves trying back to supposed progenitors of Ascidians.

Such is a throughly fair statement of Mr. Darwin's views in his own words from the "DESCENT OF MAN," in corroboration of which views (or conjectures) he offers to his readers suppositions, probable or seeming, based upon observations which, however numerous or indisputable, can only have been partial, and consequently inconclusive. No array of probabilities may be conclusive except to those "who from general reasons believe," beginning with belief in assertion only. In a strictly logical argument, the only argument of worth in scientific if in no other matters, there is not room to infer, to appeal to analogy, to suppose, to talk of probable or somewhat more probable, or to call the utmost probability fact. Take all I have fairly given in Mr. Darwin's own words, nothing strained or twisted, or unfairly disjoined or suppressed, into a court of law, as evidence or argument, and would it stand?

I have dealt solely with his book on the "DESCENT OF MAN." Carefully reading it and depending only on it, I find myself in this dilemma:— Either I have to take the observations and random deductions as only required to clinch a fore-settled tolerably sure theory proved by evidence elsewhere, this book merely some feeble supplementary illustration of that; or I have to look only to the book itself for the question with which it affects to deal:— "*Firstly, whether man is descended from some pre-existing form, and secondly the manner of his development.* From the "Descent of Man" I gather

a vast number of observations showing the wonderful variety, and no less wonderful unity, of life; but of Man's descent, or ascent, from any other animal I find nothing but conjectures to show that it might be so. Nor can I find in the whole book evidence of any one species changing or developing into another.

To conclude :— I neither deny nor do I discuss the probability of Mr. Darwin's guesses; I only contend that in this his book he does not produce fair ground of probability, that his "consequences" logically are not consequent, and that his "fact" is not always fact. His "*may be*" may have likelihood of correctness, but even so far is not clear from his book. He does not answer the question he puts before his readers: that of man's general descent and the special descent from an ape. What he has given us is no answer. Because man did not originate from a Platyrhine ape does not warrant the conclusion that he can only be an offshoot from the Catarhine; and that a mollusc, of a time far beyond knowledge or observation may have diverged into two kinds, one progressive one not, is conjecture too weak to build on. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Darwin's observation, I doubt not his belief: but — "a belief is void of justification unless its subject matter lies within the bounds of possible knowledge, and unless the evidence satisfies the conditions which experience imposes as the guarantee of credibility."

W. J. LINTON.

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